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Spring, 1975

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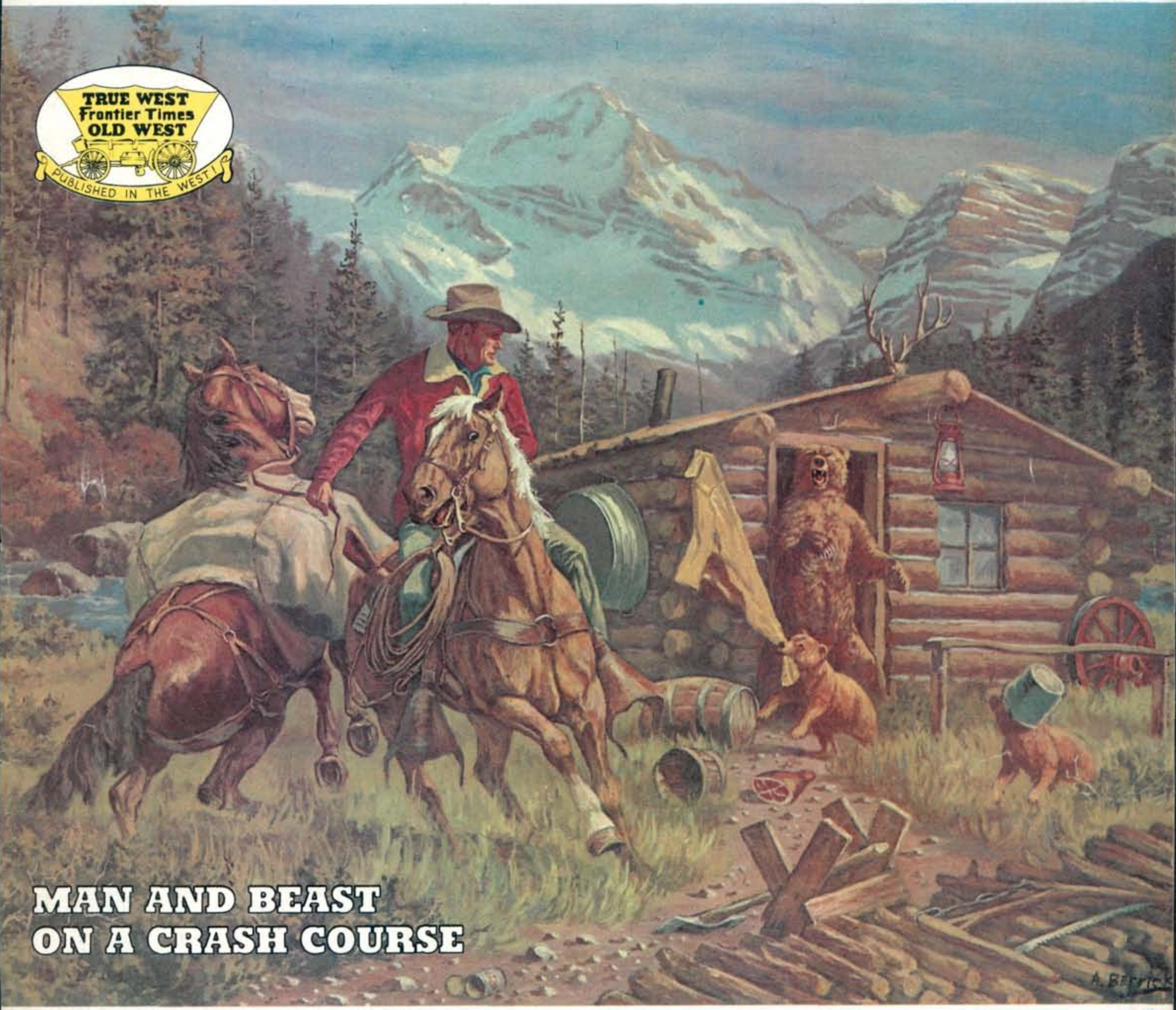
TREASURE OF THE ESTRELLAS

A MAN WITH THREE GRAVES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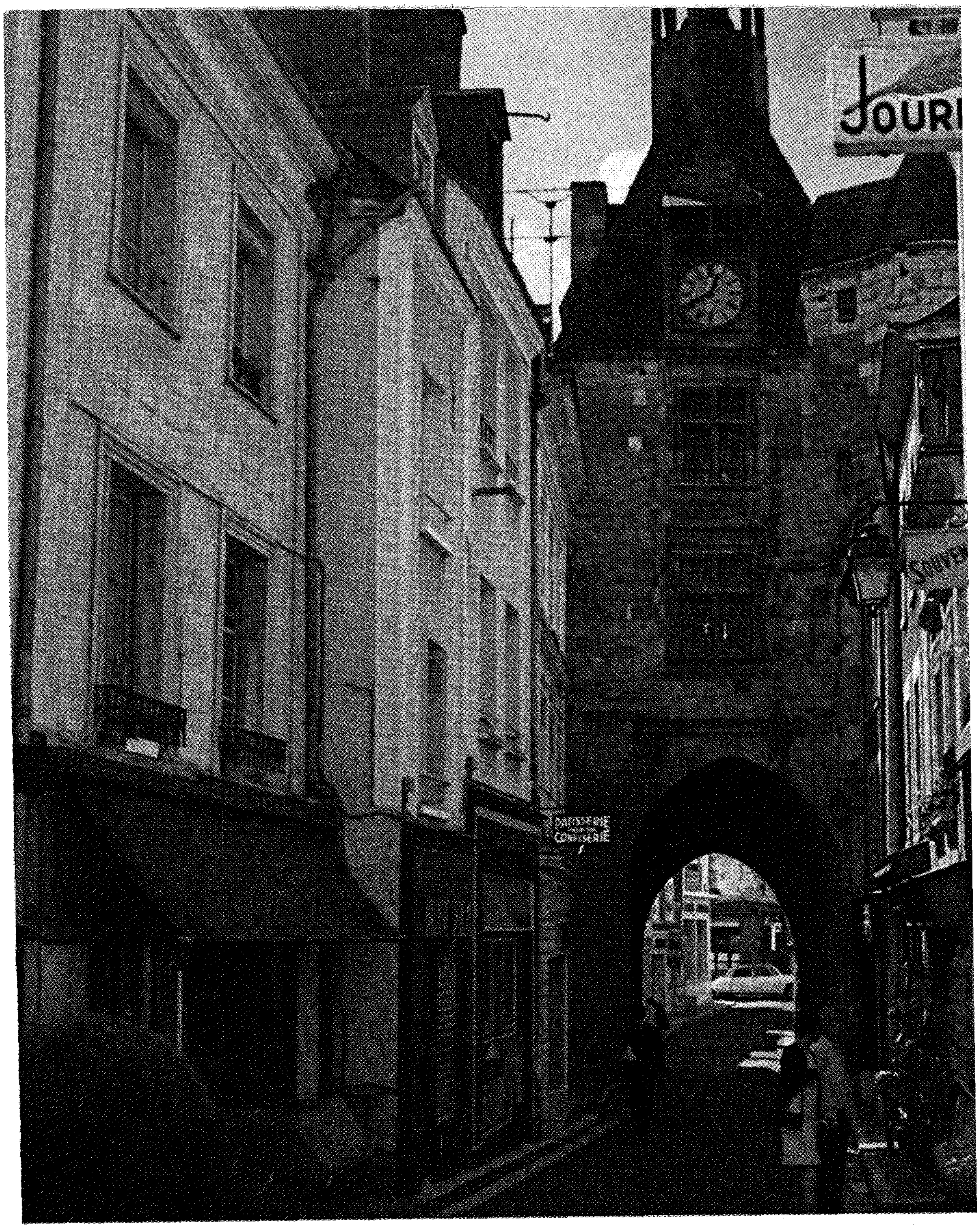

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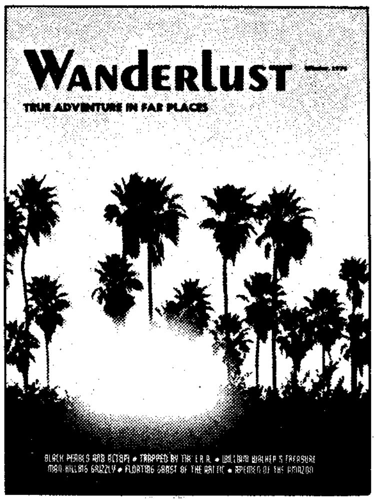
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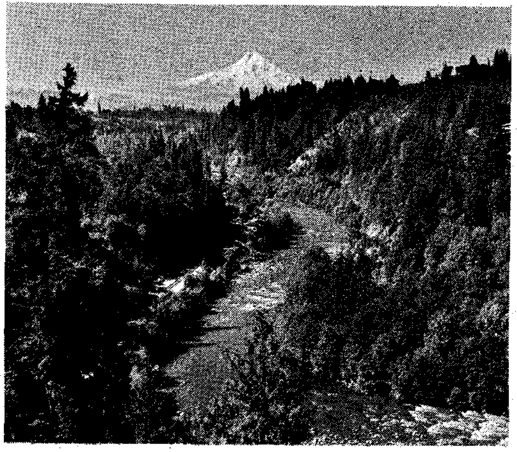
By Larry Warren

BEGINS on PAGE 6!



SPRING, 1975 VOL. 11, NO. 3 WHOLE NO. 43

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Cover: Andrew Berrick
Alpine Drama

"We can never become a nation of snobs so long as we are willing to poke fun at ourselves. . . ." holds as true today as in the late 1880s.
See page 22

Due to the Civil War, for a brief time, Missouri's loss was Denver's gain.
Turn to page 32

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I Need Some Answers BAD!

BY HOOTENANNYING DANG I am so disconglomerated that I can't even spell cat backwards. Come to think of it, I never could and that makes it even worse. A man who can't spell kitty backwards is not close to having an answer to something that happened some time ago and continues to happen to this very day.

In short, we launched OLD WEST with the Fall, 1964 issue. We ran a rare old book in each issue plus reprinting the valuable first editions of TRUE WEST, as well as some new material. That was quite a package! But we could print more pages in those days for a whole lot less than we can print less pages these days! To make it brief, it was a financial impossibility to continue that package without charging like a dollar a copy which at that time would surely have been frowned upon. Even now, I'm not so sure it wouldn't be frowned upon.

What we *can* do is continue reprinting those extremely valuable and rare editions of TRUE WEST. They were undoubtedly very popular because our newsstand sales dropped the *very issue* we discontinued and started printing all new material. This reprinting the old issues would *not* make the originals any less valuable. Just the same as reprinting a valuable old book doesn't make the reprint worth $150—or whatever the original is worth. However, it would give you the *material* from those old issues which so many of you seem to want.

Since we had to stop reprinting the scarce old books at about the same time, this here old cotton picker can't figure out just what caused the slump in newsstand sales—dropping the old books or the unavailable first editions of TRUE WEST reprinted. TELL ME QUICK!

We could even reprint the old books that cost all the way from $25 to $200 in FRONTIER TIMES, for instance—but we would have to run them in two or three issues in order to get them in and still have room for a number of new articles in the same issue. Then we could reprint the early issues of TRUE WEST in OLD WEST. When you get to thinking about all these things it keeps you up nights and I will just do what I have always done and that is holler HELP! to the people I can always depend upon—you readers. We might could throw in several new articles along with the reprints of some of those old issues of TRUE WEST since we had about twice more advertising then (believe it or not!) than we do now. Also, some of the early issues were forty-eight pages.

In short, let me know what *you* want. If you want us to continue exactly as we are now, say so. If you would like some old books that you can't get without reaching deep into the old hind pocket, or reprints of early unobtainable issues, or both—let me know fast-like—*real* fast!

Now, let's get into this bottom-side up thing that I have been writing on for some time—adding a little to each issue. If you want to read it as it was written, just read the last part first (written in September), the middle part second (written in October), and the first part last (written in November). That makes about as much sense as anything Hosstail does so you should feel perfectly comfortable doing this! Part of this has been run in TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES but it is a thank you note from the bottom of my heart and I don't want anybody to miss it—especially the OLD WEST readers. So here we go.

Sonofagundoggone!

I AM SORT OF disappointed in a way. If that left eye goes all the way out I could put a black patch on it and maybe even effect sort of a dashing, Romeo-ish look. Every man would like to be worldly, adventurous, and exciting to the point that merely swishing by some lovely young thing would electrify her pulse to a near shameful degree. This kind of knighthood atmosphere about a man blots out years like a thirsty horse sinking his head over his nose into a cool bucket of water. If you want to go far enough, you could even indulge in seeing yourself, spraddle-legged, hand resting on a cutlass in a cavalier manner—pirate's getup. Then there is even the cattle rustling—badman angle. . . .

Somewhat reluctantly, I think that I must forego this chance to be a globe-trotting heart-stopper if the encouraging treatments that Dr. Wootten Brown work out as they seemingly will. I was told by an expert on the retina that I had only a one-third chance to see out of that left eye, which makes a body feel lower than the taproots of thirsty Johnson grass scrounging for water during a drouth. Of course, you would want to add the fact that a cataract is forming in the other eye and it is only a matter of six months to a year when it will have to be whacked out and I'll run the same chance of seeing only one color in it, if the same complications arise.

In case you are a new reader (and thank God for every one we have!) I mentioned something about eye surgery in a former piece and the letters are still pouring it about it. I didn't want to bore anybody with details but I am amazed at the number of kindred souls who have had something wrong with their eyes and can feel along with you through your miseries. Even those who haven't had eye trouble write in sending their hopes and prayers that things will go along all right, and after so many of those it touches a man right here.

So, assuming that you are interested, I am explaining a little more in detail since it is cotton-pickin' heck to turn letters out like I used to—and we have had a rule around here a long time to answer every letter the writer wants answered.

It all started out as a simple cataract operation. Naturally, I was amazed to learn that I had them in both eyes and made the stunningly "original" remark, "Doctor, I thought only *old* people had cataracts!" It seems that people beginning even in their twenties have cataracts these days. It is generally just a very simple operation, and seldom any complications. But old Hosstail never gets by that easy. If there is a 5% chance of complications, by golly, I'm going to get complicated!

Actually, what happened is too complicated to complicate further here, especially with a complicated mind like mine is right now.

TWO HOURS LATER. If the above seems a bit facetious, even silly, I agree. To tell the truth I was just sitting around home talking to you all on a little old dictating machine to pass the time till my doctor's appointment. I had been told that it would help clear those microscopic cysts that keep me from seeing anything through my left eye, if I were to take a series of cortisone shots *inside the eye*. Now, there are five things that are a part of me that I never wanted cut on or a needle stuck into and my left eye is one of them. So I was sort of whistling in the dark like a little boy going through a dark forest when I was writing the above. There wasn't a soul in the house to talk to except you all, somewhere out there in this troubled world, but I learned a long time ago you readers can take my mind off anything!

Well, this is a last minute follow-up. I have just returned from having that needle pierce the inner eye and I can give a sort of hollow chuckle and say it wasn't so bad after all. The more I go to this doctor, the more respect I have for him—he is going to cut an impressive swath in the medical world before he throws a wide shadow.

Enough regarding my physical troubles right now. I just want to say that until you actually *believe* that you are slowly going blind, you don't know what a tremendous relief it is to have hope again.

Now, I am going to give all of you who read my "thank you note" in the January FRONTIER TIMES a chance to turn the page and read something really worthwhile. But there are some who read FRONTIER TIMES but not TRUE WEST, and vice versa, and I just don't want to miss the chance of *most* sincerely thanking *every one of you people* for what you are doing for us now.

(Continued on page 52)

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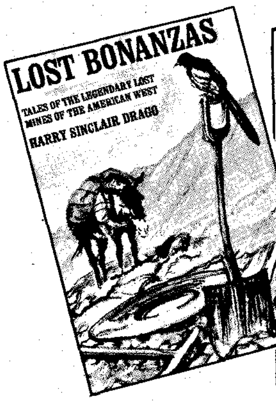
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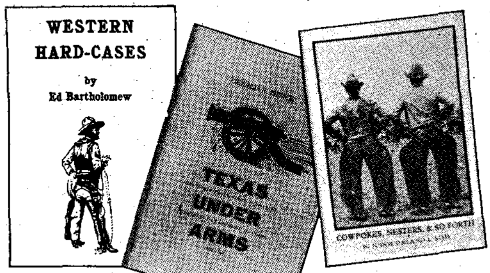
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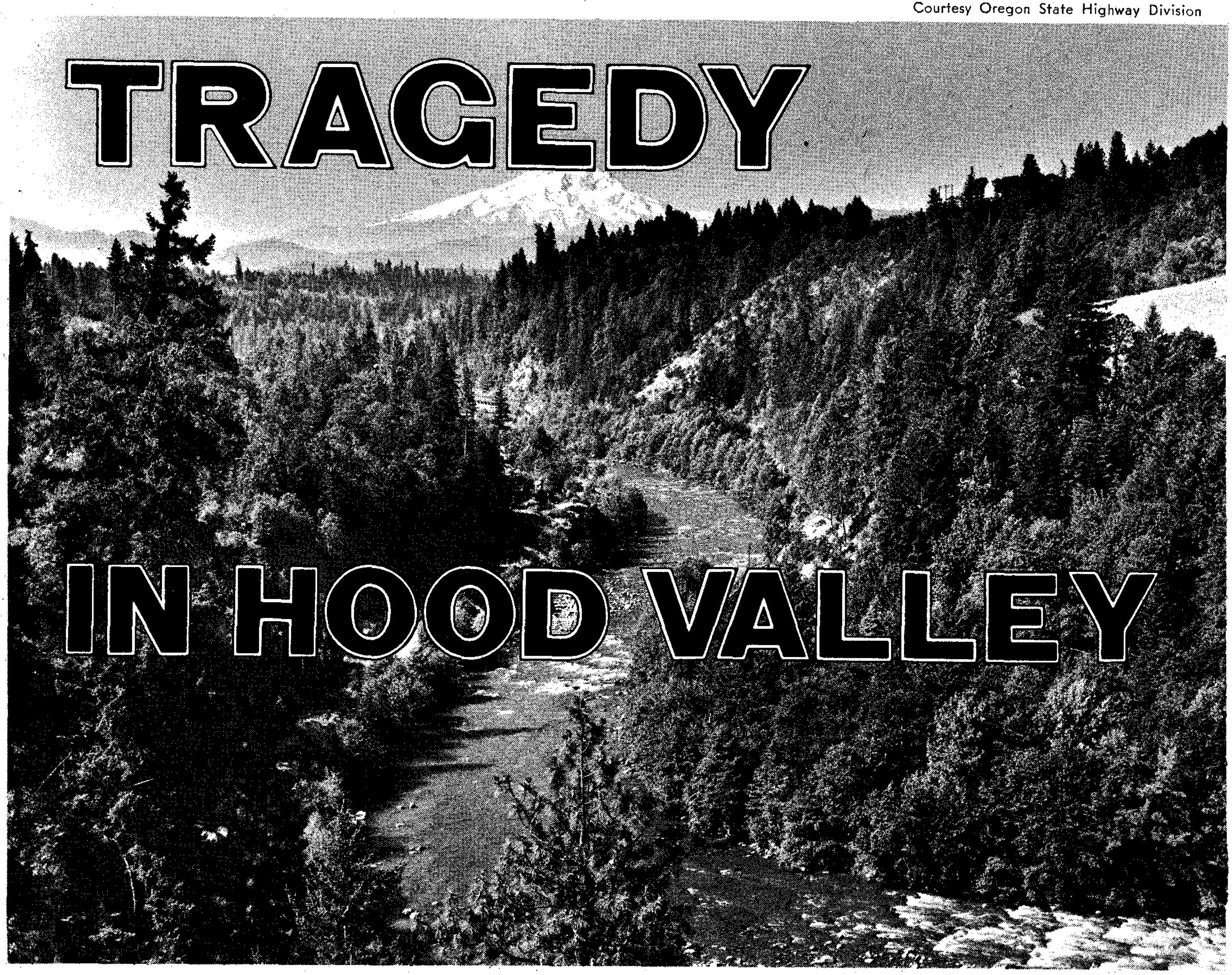
TRAGEDY IN HOOD VALLEY



"My piece of land"—how many Westerners died for it? How many more were willling to?

HOOD RIVER VALLEY, running from the base of Oregon's famous Mt. Hood to the town of Hood River on the south bank of the mighty Columbia River, is one of the West's major scenic attractions—a picturesque panorama of apple and pear orchards flanked by endless forests—certainly an unlikely setting for perhaps the most bizarre murder case in the state's history.

It all started on the stormy evening of March 8, 1900 when Norman Williams, one of the upper valley's pioneers, drove a wagon pulled by two horses out of the town's Fashion Livery Stables. Not only was it bitterly cold from the knife-like wind whipping off the Cascade Mountain Range and down the Columbia River Gorge, but it was so dark that H. D. Langille, one of the stable owners, lighted a lantern and hurried after the rig a few minutes after Williams left.

A moment later he saw the wagon in front of Thompson's Boarding House. As he approached the vehicle, Williams and a woman of perhaps sixty came out the boarding house door. Langille then noticed another woman already on the wagon seat—a much younger one and extremely attractive.

"I think you'll need this, Mr. Williams," the liveryman said, handing the lantern to the tall, muscular man of fifty or so. "Twenty miles is an awfully long drive on a night like this."

Williams thanked him for his thoughtfulness and helped the older woman onto the wagon seat. Neither of Williams' companions spoke as the homesteader took the reins and started the team. Soon the rig had disappeared into the blackness and it was the last time the women were ever seen.

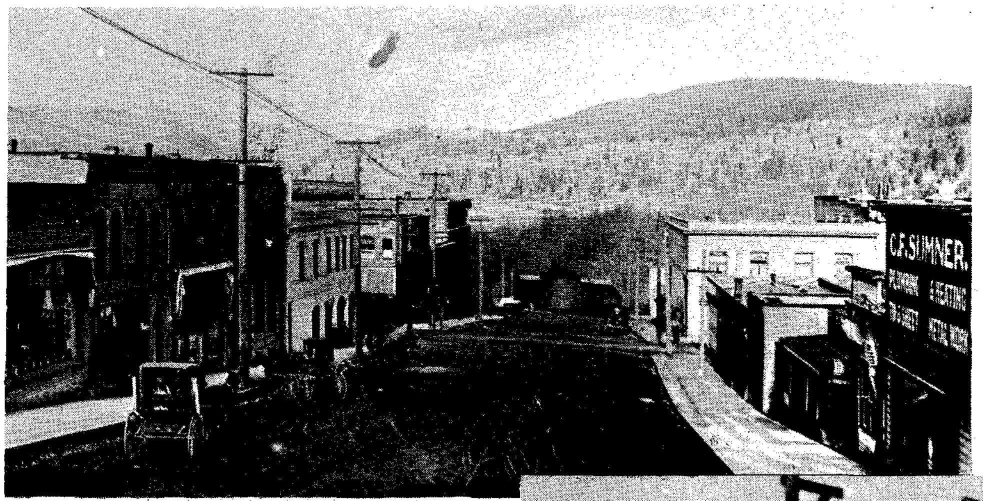
On the following morning, around 8:30, Williams brought the rig back to the livery stable, paid his bill to Langille, and left without mentioning his passengers of the previous night.

ON a February morning in 1904—lacking a month of being four years after the women vanished—a young man of some thirty years, neatly dressed and wearing a trim mustache, stepped off the train at Hood River carrying a suitcase.

Telling the station agent he wished to rent a buggy, he was directed to the Fashion Livery Stables, now solely owned by Bert Stranahan, who had bought out Langille when the latter took a federal government job as an inspector of forest reserves. At the stables, the newcomer told Stranahan he wanted to hire a rig and go to Norman Williams' homestead. "I have no idea where it is," he said. "Could I get somebody to drive me?"

Business being slow at that time of year and the weather that morning being unseasonably warm, Stranahan agreed to make the long drive, saying his assistant could look after the place. In a matter of minutes, the proprietor had a horse hitched to a rig and was about to climb in.

The newcomer halted him, saying he would like to take a spade along in case he wanted to do a little prospecting. This was something new for Stranahan, a longtime resident of Hood River, for he had never heard of any gold being found



Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

BY LARRY WARREN

Photos Courtesy Author

Left: Second Street in Hood River at the time of the story. Below: Fashion Livery Stables from which Norman Williams drove Alma Nesbitt and her mother into a stormy night. It was here, also, George Nesbitt accompanied by Bert Stranahan (inset), began his quest for evidence.

Opposite page: The Hood River shown here as it meanders through the gorge it takes before confluence with the Columbia River at the town of Hood River.

on a Hood River Valley ranch. But being accustomed to strange requests, he picked up one of the stable's shovels and put it under the buggy seat without comment.

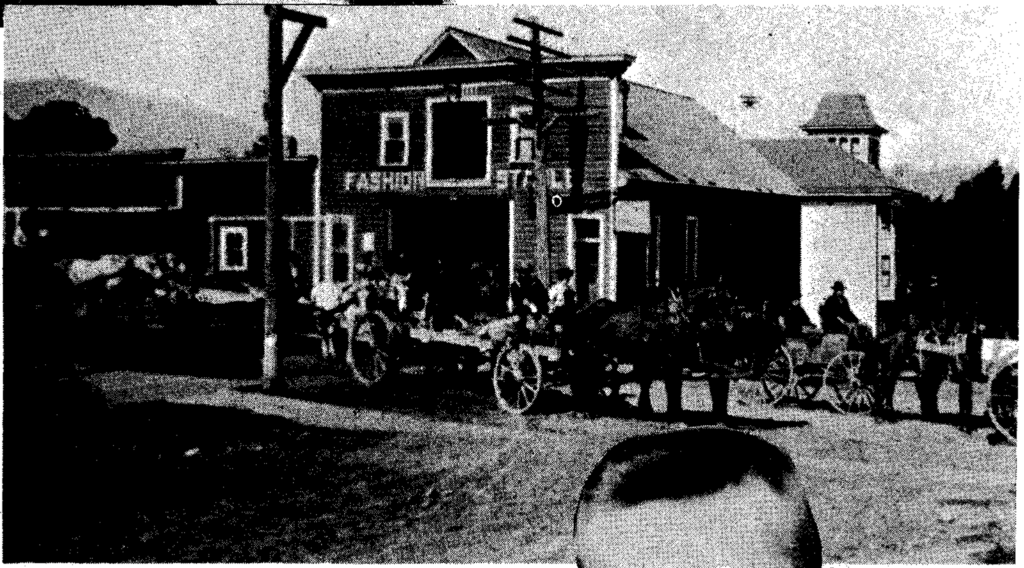
The twenty-mile ride to the Williams homestead in the Parkdale District was made mostly in silence. The young man said his name was Jackson and that he used to know Williams in Nebraska.

"By the way," he inquired, "how is he getting along? What do the folks around here think of him?"

Stranahan replied that he really didn't know much about the man. Like all homesteaders, Williams stayed on his place most of the time, "proving up on it" for the required number of years so as to get permanent ownership. He didn't seem any different from the other settlers in the valley.

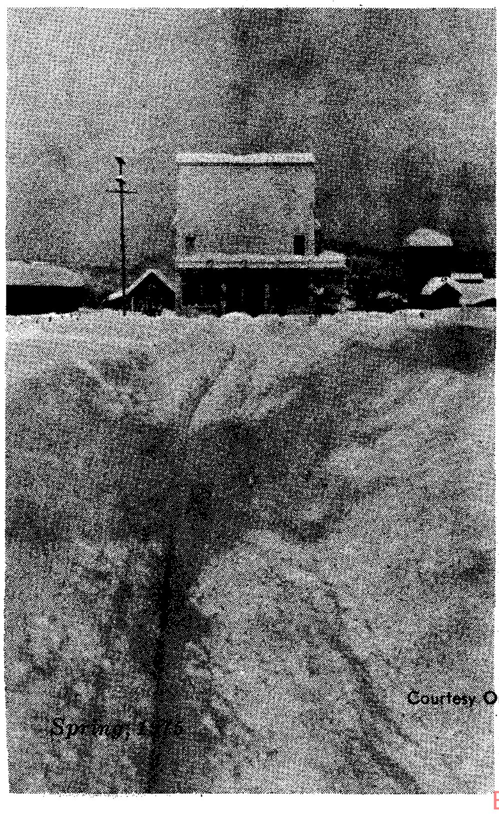
"Come to think of it," Stranahan added, "I haven't seen him for a long spell. Fact is, I can't remember when it was. But then, folks come and go."

Reaching the Williams homestead, they could see at a glance that the place had been abandoned for quite a while. The crude cabin, barn, and henhouse



Above and right, Courtesy Hood River County Historical Society

Left and below: Winter scene of Parkdale, in the old days, near which the Williams and Nesbitt homesteads were situated. Both show how rugged conditions were for the homesteaders in winter. Road in the foreground leads to the town of Hood River. Note below, team and wagon struggling through a snowdrift.



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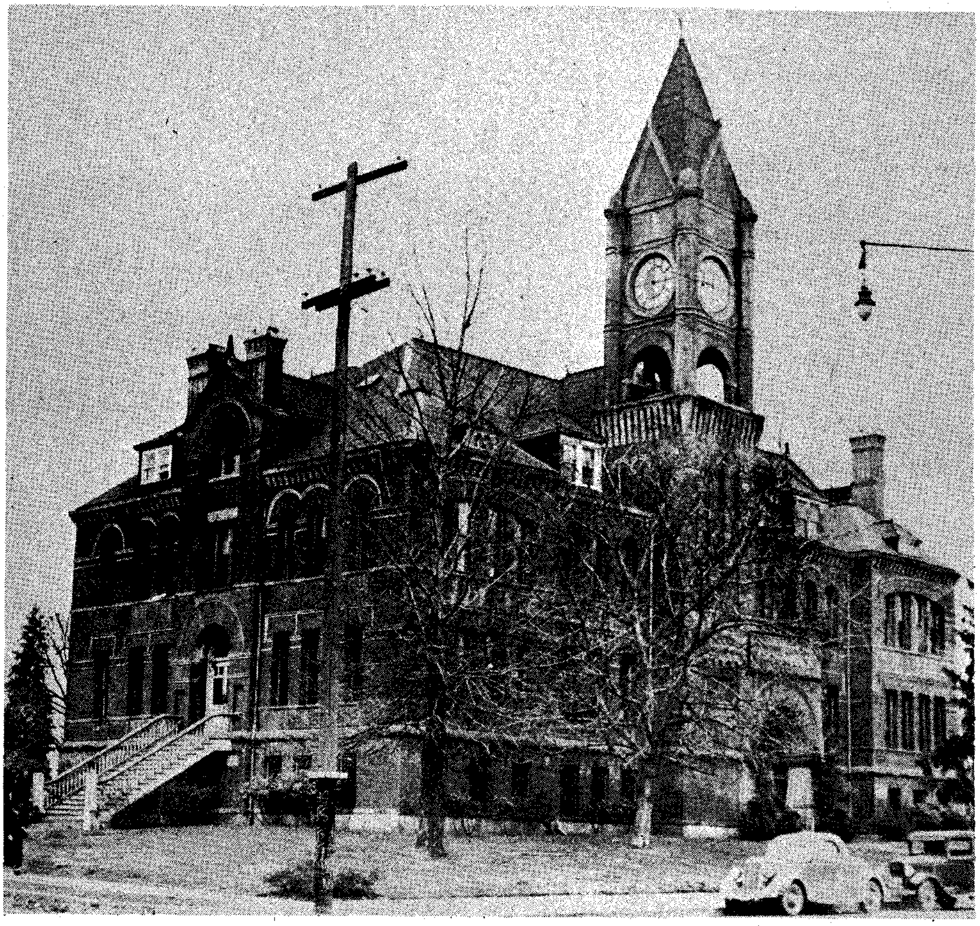


Above: Clarke County Courthouse in Vancouver, Washington where Deputy District Attorney Fred W. Wilson (top left) conducted his investigation. Left: District Attorney Frank Menefee of Wasco County aided in the investigation and prosecution.

were in a sorry state, with wild grass growing up in front of the doors, boards of the buildings loose, and everything in a rundown condition.

Jackson removed his hat, coat and vest, rolled up his sleeves, took the shovel from the buggy and began prodding the earth between the cabin and the barn. Then he repeated the process around both buildings, while Stranahan, being a person who minded his own business regardless of what curious things went on, sat in the buggy, puffing his pipe and saying nothing. Finally Jackson entered the broken-down henhouse. In a few minutes he reappeared, showing excitement for the first time.

"I think I'll dig in there," he said. "The dirt seems less solid than it should be. You'd better unhitch the horse. We might be here all day."

The puzzled liveryman took the horse out of the shafts and into the weather-beaten barn, and then went into the henhouse. He immediately saw that the ground was depressed in an oblong shape.

Jackson, his face tense, was digging determinedly. Later on, Stranahan offered to spell him and hadn't dug long before realizing that the comparatively soft dirt was covering some kind of a hole roughly two feet wide and six feet long. This was more than the liveryman's curiosity could stand. Here he was, on an abandoned homestead, digging into a hole, and for what he hadn't the foggiest notion.

In an interview years later, in which he related all the details of this episode, he recalled that he felt as though he were alive and awake but playing a role in a most unreal dream. Nevertheless, being a practical man, he shook off the uncanny feeling and exclaimed, "Look, Mr. Jackson, just what in the hell are we supposed to be digging for?"

"That I don't know," was the strange reply. "All I know is that something tells me this is the right place."

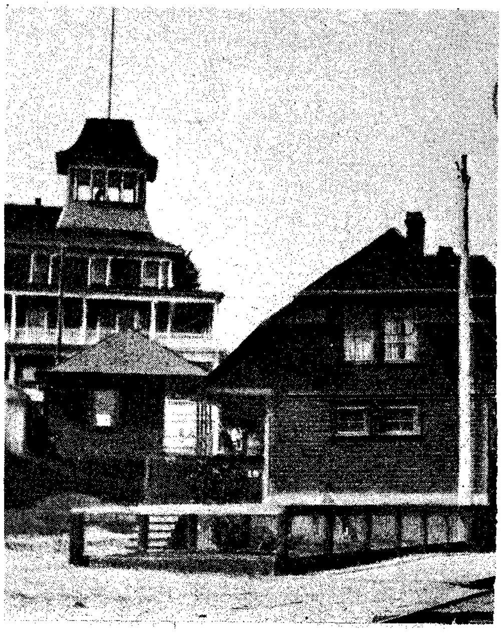
Jackson took the spade and started digging again. Soon the opening was four feet deep. With Stranahan assisting, they eventually reached five and a half feet, and then the shovel hit something solid. Removing it from the dirt, they saw it was a length of cedar board, a foot wide, two inches thick, and five feet long.

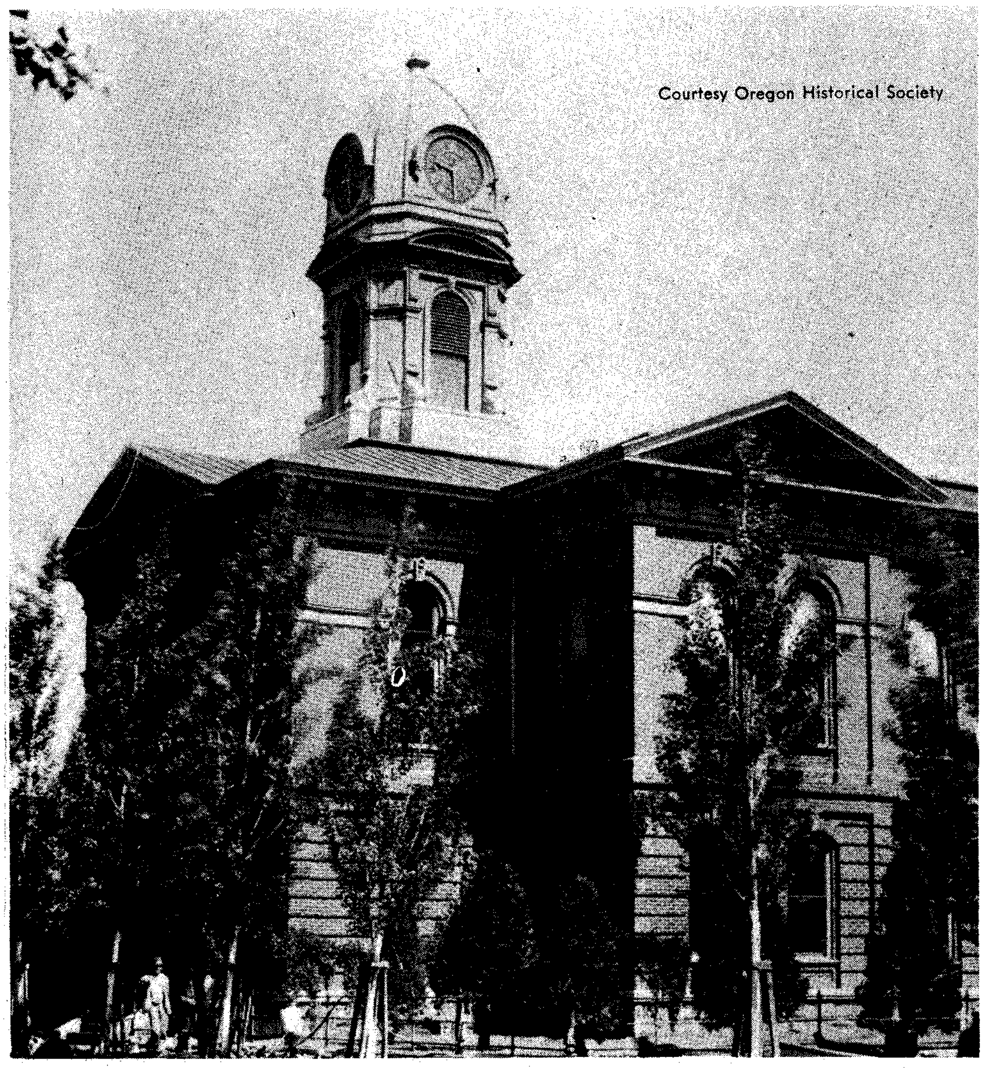
The young man turned to his companion and said grimly, "I think we are going to find what, what—," he paused, then asked whether the liveryman had brought along a lantern. Stranahan nodded, got it from the buggy and passed it down to Jackson, who had been feeling around in the bottom of the hole.

He soon held up something. "I think it's sacking of some sort—probably burlap," he said. Holding the lantern closer, he was certain.

By now it was nearly dark. The young man handed up the lantern and told Stranahan, "We'd better quit now. We'll

Below: The depot at Hood River, from an old postcard, where Williams claimed he took Alma Nesbitt and her mother so they could board a train for Portland.





Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

Courtesy Oregon State Sheriffs' Association

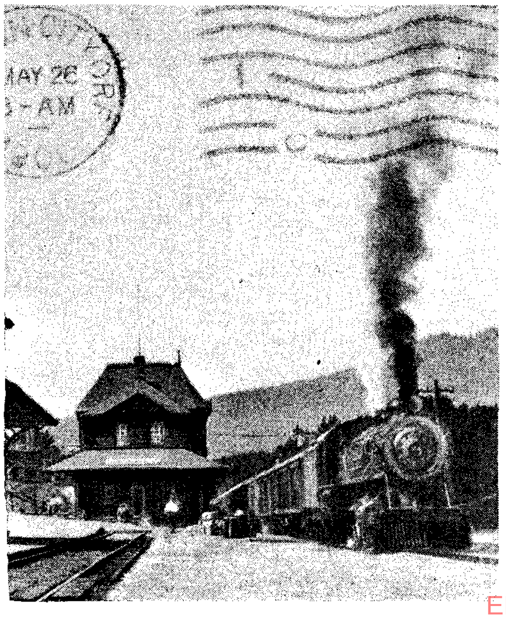
Above: The old Wasco County Courthouse, at The Dalles, where Circuit Judge William L. Bradshaw (top right) presided at the sensational trial and sentenced Norman Williams (lower right), shown here in the official Wasco County photo.

leave everything as it is until daylight. It's likely to be very important."

The liveryman hitched up the horse and the two men drove to the nearest ranch, where they were given supper, lodging, and breakfast.

RETURNING to the henhouse by 7 a.m., they could clearly see several pieces of rotted gunny sacks at the bottom of the hole. Carefully bringing them up, the men discovered large dark stains in which strands of hair were matted. Jackson gingerly put the material in his suitcase and silently walked to the buggy. But his companion was not so silent and wanted an explanation.

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society



"My name isn't Jackson," the young man admitted. "I'm George R. Nesbitt." The stable owner said the name didn't mean anything to him. Nesbitt promised to tell him all about it on their way back to town.

As the buggy headed down Parkdale Road, the young man said he was from Omaha, Nebraska and was in Oregon to look for his younger sister, Alma, and their widowed mother, Mrs. L. J. Nesbitt.

The liveryman then vaguely remembered that a woman, or women, named Nesbitt had once lived on a homestead around Parkdale. He told his companion this, adding, "As far as I know, they're still up here."

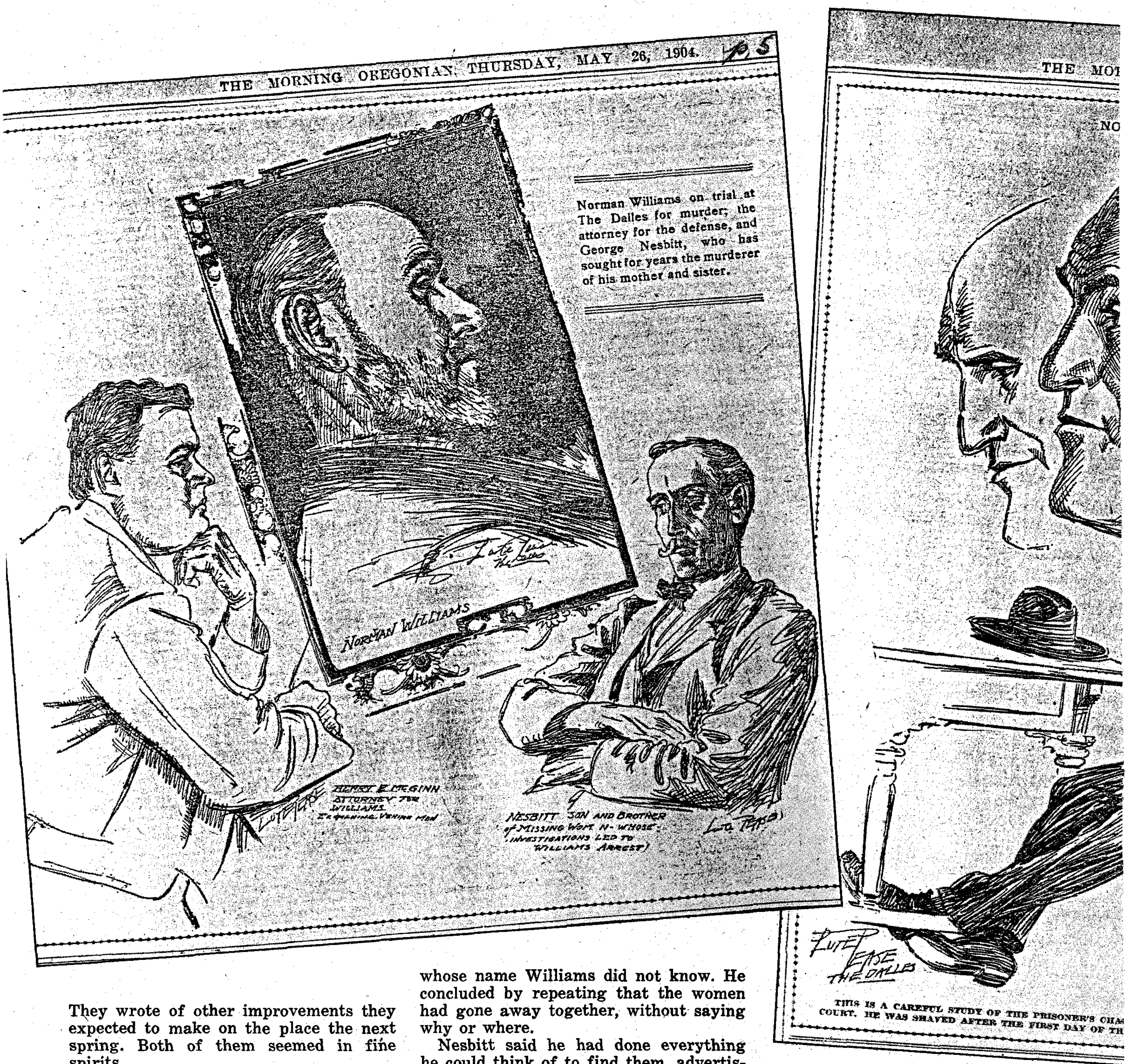
Nesbitt shook his head, and then went on with his story. In 1899—five years before—Alma had come to Hood River to take up a homestead next to Norman Williams' at the latter's urging. Although he was more than twice the girl's age, the two had been close friends, if not sweethearts, for several years in Omaha.

After Williams had come to Oregon in 1897 and filed a homestead claim in the Hood River Valley, he wrote frequently to Alma, telling her of the rugged beauty of the region and the golden opportunity to acquire some of the best orchard land in the world, from which a fortune could be made.

"Alma was always adventurous and romantic," Nesbitt continued. "For months, back home, she seemed to talk about nothing but how much she wanted to be a pioneer. She wanted to go into the wilderness, get a homestead, and 'tame the ground'."

Williams' letters finally brought her to the Hood River Valley early in 1899, and a few months later, the mother also came West. During the next few months the women wrote frequently, telling how well they were getting along in their new life on the homestead.

Williams had helped build a small house on Alma's claim, Alma had hired men to grub stumps and plow the fertile soil, and the two women had toiled with their own hands at planting apple trees.


THE MORNING OREGONIAN, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1904.
p. 5
NORMAN WILLIAMS
HENRY E. McGINN
ATTORNEY FOR WILLIAMS
Examining Venire Men
NESBITT (SON AND BROTHER of MISSING WOMEN - WHOSE INVESTIGATIONS LED TO WILLIAMS ARREST)
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THE DALLES

Norman Williams on trial at The Dalles for murder; the attorney for the defense, and George Nesbitt, who has sought for years the murderer of his mother and sister.

THIS IS A CAREFUL STUDY OF THE PRISONER'S CHA
COURT. HE WAS SHAVED AFTER THE FIRST DAY OF TH

They wrote of other improvements they expected to make on the place the next spring. Both of them seemed in fine spirits.

"But after March 8, 1900," Nesbitt related, "they stopped writing. The last letter, for some reason, was mailed from Portland instead of Hood River. What was stranger, they said they were coming back to Omaha. Didn't give any reason, but they didn't come back and I haven't heard from them since."

Stranahan wanted to know why Nesbitt had waited almost four years before doing anything about the women's disappearance.

"I didn't wait," he replied. "First, I wrote to Williams at Hood River, and several weeks later he replied that Alma and Mother had gone away and he had no idea where. I wrote again and Williams finally answered, this time going into some detail."

Alma had promised to marry him, the date had been set, and then she had started going around with another man, whose name Williams did not know. He concluded by repeating that the women had gone away together, without saying why or where.

Nesbitt said he had done everything he could think of to find them, advertising in newspapers all over the West offering a reward for information, and writing to postmasters and police chiefs of many cities and towns. After four years of failure, he had come to Hood River in a desperate effort to locate a clue to his family's disappearance.

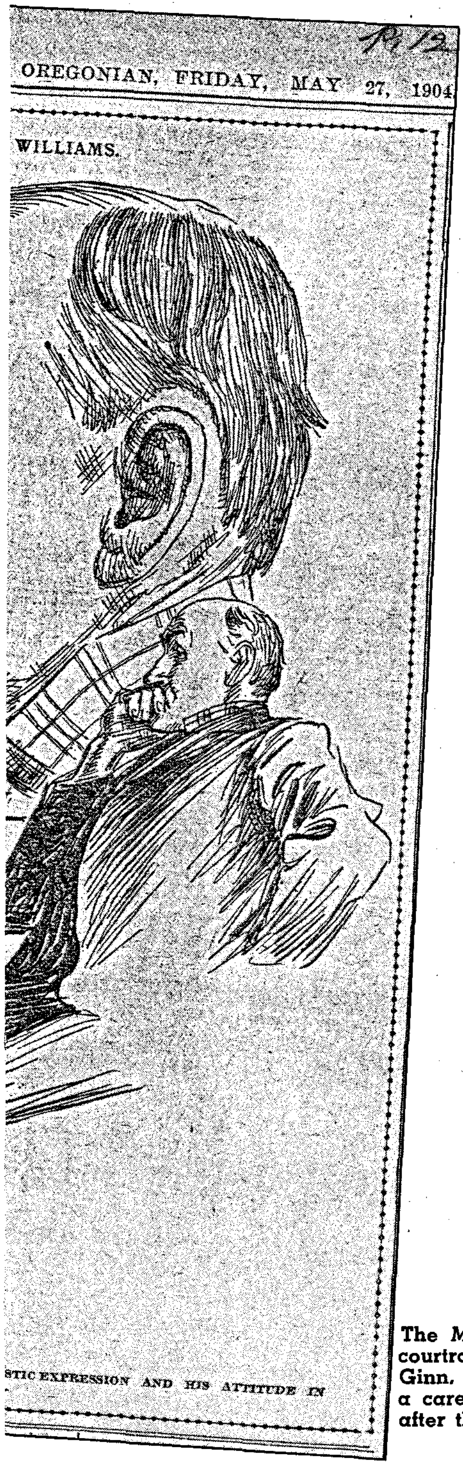
When Stranahan remarked that Nesbitt surely had suspected something or he wouldn't have taken along a shovel to Williams' place, the Nebraskan said, "I can't tell you why I did it. I honestly don't know myself. I guess it was just one of those strong hunches we get sometimes. I just couldn't get a shovel out of my mind. Sounds queer, I know, but I simply can't explain it any better."

When the liveryman wanted to know what Nesbitt had expected to find, the latter shook his head. "I really didn't know," he admitted, "and I'm not sure I've actually found anything. But I'm going to take the matter up with the authorities."

JOURNEYING the twenty miles eastward to The Dalles, seat of Wasco County, on the following day, Nesbitt told his story to District Attorney Frank Menefee and his deputy, Fred W. Wilson.

When they examined the pieces of stained burlap under a magnifying glass—the only scientific instrument in the county those days—the dark stains looked like blood or any other nearly black substance. And the hairs clotted in the sacking could have come from a dog, fox, coyote or any other animal in the remote valley.

Although the evidence really meant little, if anything at all, Wilson was impressed by Nesbitt's earnestness. The deputy, a native of the county who had


P 12
OREGONIAN, FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1904
WILLIAMS.
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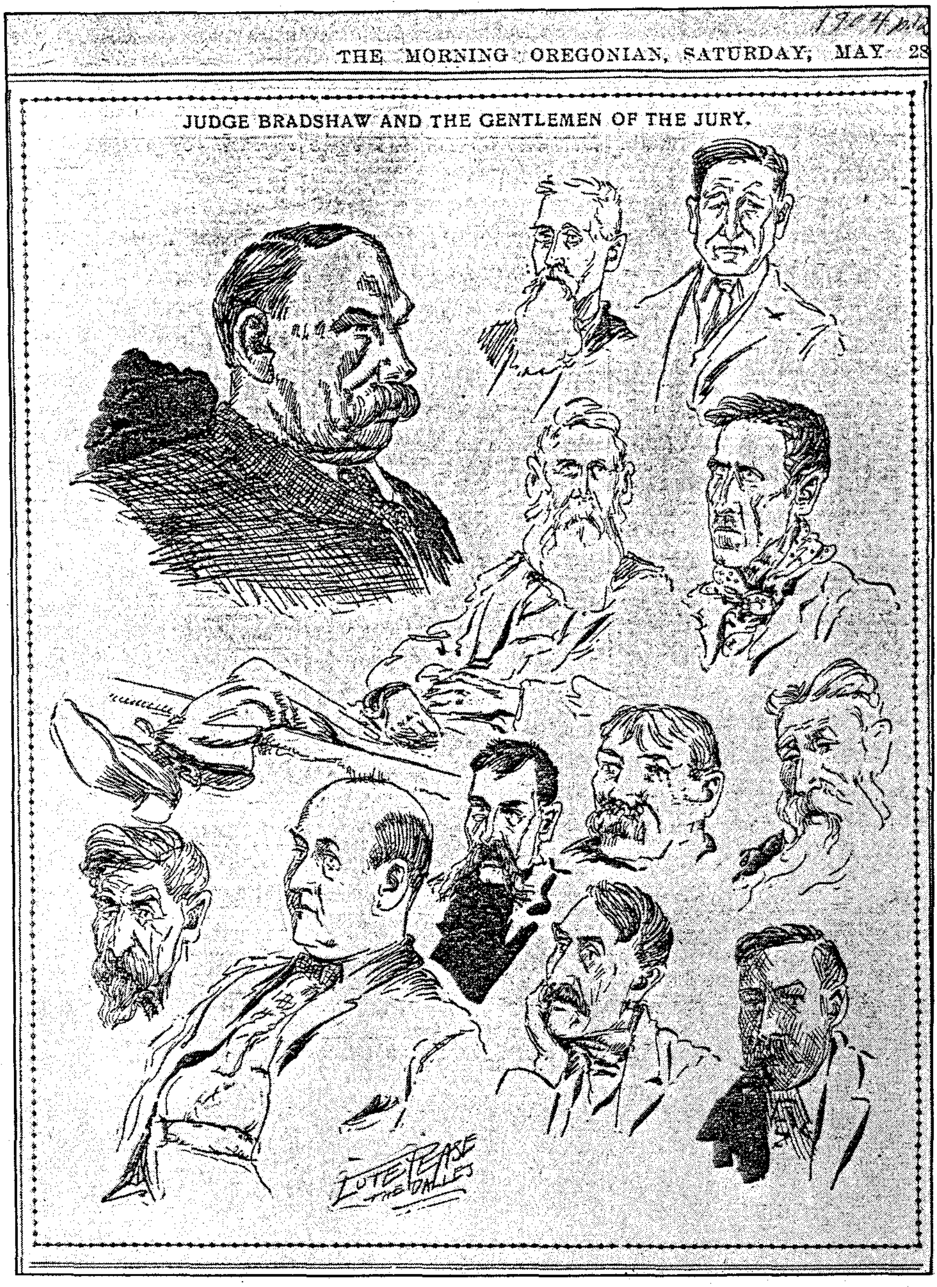

1904
THE MORNING OREGONIAN, SATURDAY, MAY 28
JUDGE BRADSHAW AND THE GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY.
LUTE PEASE THE DALLES

The *Morning Oregonian* (left to right) on May 26, 27, and 28, 1904 featured the trial with these courtroom sketches by Lute Pease. At the far left: Norman Williams (center) with Henry E. McGinn, his attorney (lower left), and George Nesbitt (lower right). Left: the caption reads, "This is a careful study of the prisoner's characteristic expression and his attitude in court. He was shaved after the first day of trial." Above: "Judge Bradshaw and the gentlemen of the jury."

received his law degree from Johns Hopkins University some twelve years before and was doing an excellent job as the district attorney's assistant, asked his superior for a chance to delve into the case. Menefee told him to go ahead—that this, his first criminal case, would be good experience.

Wilson's first move was to send the stained pieces of gunny sacks by express to Dr. Victoria Hampton in Portland, the state's largest city, some ninety miles west of The Dalles. Dr. Hampton was earning quite a reputation in her profession, in those days known as "chemist and microscopist." This was rather daring on the attorney's part, for the profession was new—at least in Oregon—and Dr. Hampton was a woman. In 1904 Oregon was almost exclusively a man's world.

Wilson then issued a warrant for the arrest of Norman Williams but he was nowhere to be found in the Hood River area. So wanted notices were sent to every community in the Pacific Northwest, and he was located working in a sawmill in Bellingham, Washington, some 300 miles north, near the Canadian border.

Attorney Wilson hurried to that town and with the Whatcom County sheriff went to the house where Williams was living with a woman. "Meet my housekeeper," he greeted them casually. "Now, what can I do for you gentlemen?"

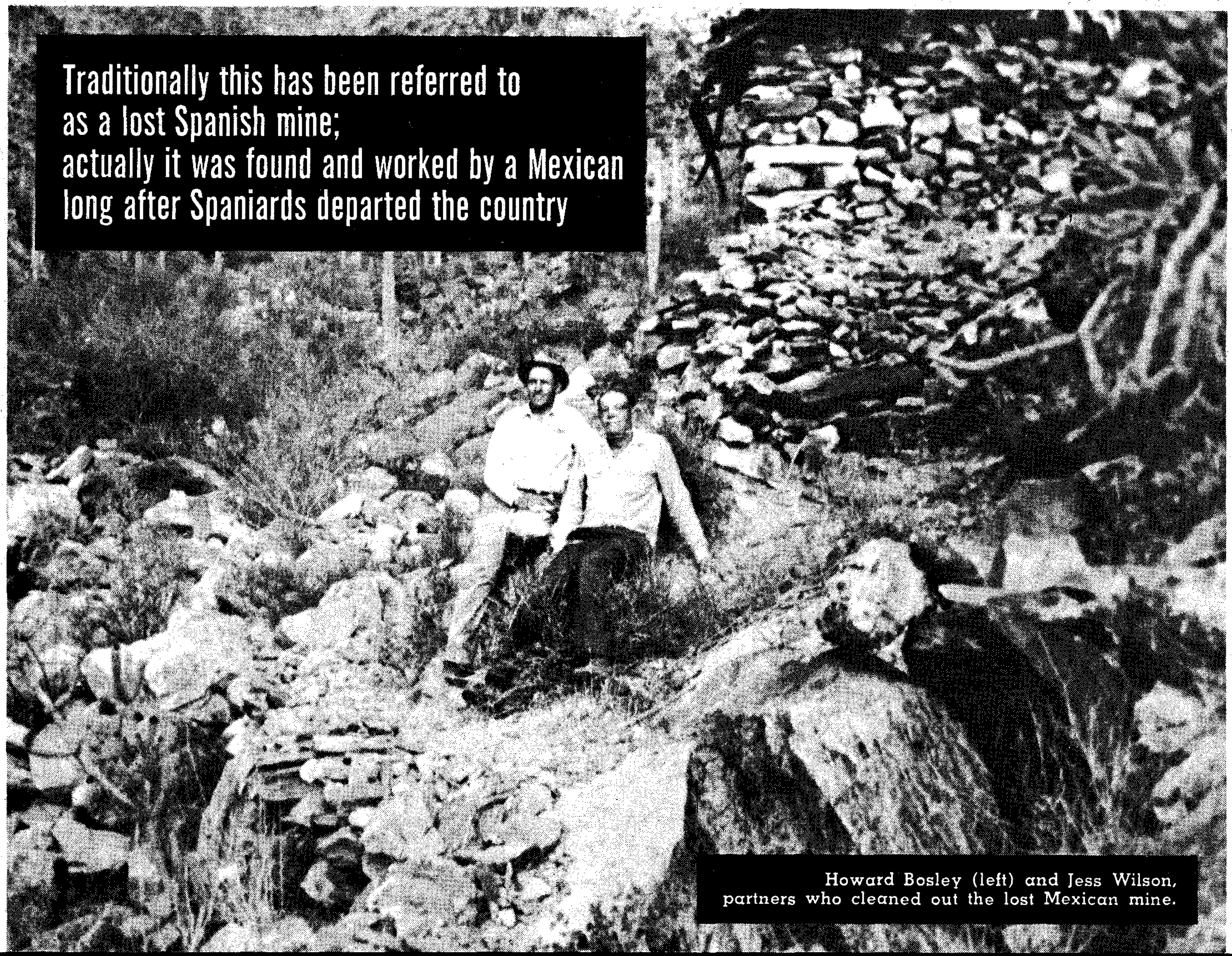
When he heard he was wanted for questioning in the disappearance of the Nesbitt women, Williams appeared genuinely surprised. He said he couldn't understand why he should be wanted in connection with a girl who had promised to marry him and then had thrown him over to run away with another man. He readily agreed to waive extradition and return to The Dalles for whatever help he might be, which he said probably wouldn't be much.

Wilson and Williams reached The Dalles on February 11, 1904. The suspect, rather handsome and looking younger than his years, flashed a friendly smile when brought face to face with Nesbitt. "George, it's good to see you after all this time," he told the grim-faced young man, who remained silent.

Williams denied knowing what might have happened to Alma and her mother. He said he had never seen them since the morning he had driven them from

(*Continued on page 35*)

Courtesy Howard V. Bosley



Howard Bosley (left) and Jess Wilson, partners who cleaned out the lost Mexican mine.

Traditionally this has been referred to as a lost Spanish mine;
actually it was found and worked by a Mexican long after Spaniards departed the country

Treasure of the Estrellas

BY MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

THE FIRST SPANIARDS, and Father Kino, exploring north along an ancient Indian trail into the Gila and Salt River valleys, camped below a range of gaunt mountains. The cloudless night sky was an infinity of clear blue-black where stars shone in breathtaking splendor. The awed Spaniards named the mountains the Sierra Estrella—Star Mountains.

While searching them for a pass into the Gila Valley the explorers discovered a solid stone mass with the contours of a giant's head. They called the natural wonder Montezuma's Head.

The inhabitants of the river valleys—the Pima, Papago and Maricopa Indians—were friendly to the white strangers. They knew where shiny yellow metal existed, and without hesitation revealed the sites, to the Indians' eventual exploitation. The Spaniards' route in Arizona became known as the "Old Spanish Trail."

Many of the ore-bearing bodies were mined. In succeeding decades due to changes of Spanish policy and savage Indian raids, they were abandoned. In almost all cases they were blasted in and concealed. A few of the important old mines were in the mountains below the Gila River of central Arizona within sight of Montezuma's Head. After American occupation of what is now Arizona a number of them were found and worked out. Some proved to be valueless glory holes.

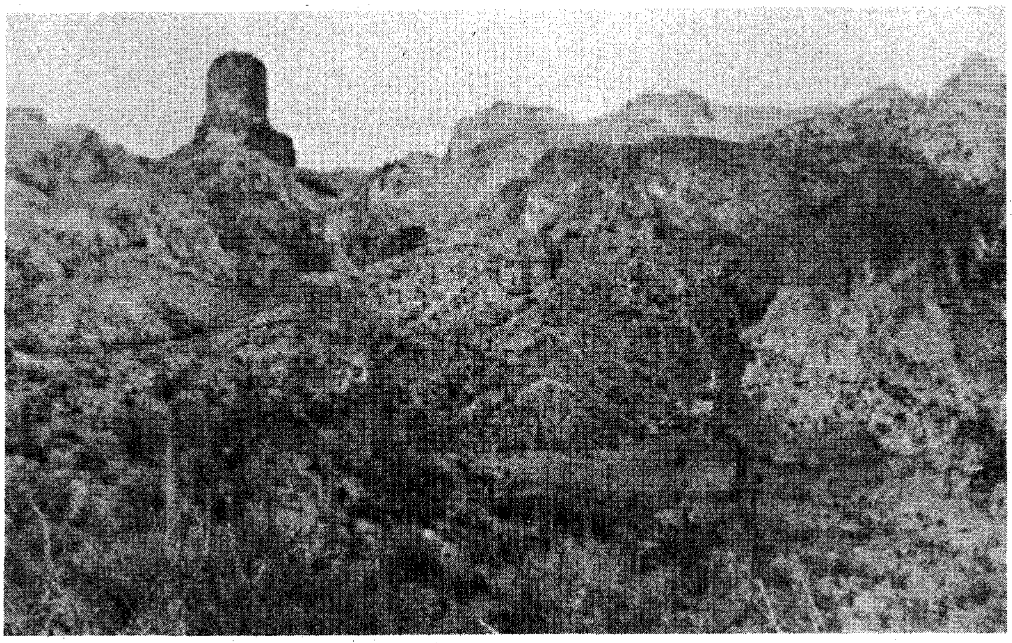
Supposedly the richest of these legendary diggings has several names—Lost Estrella Gold, Lost Mine of the Stars, Montezuma's Mine, and other inept titles. The mine's very existence has been based solely on Indian legends of nearby tribes. But as sometimes happened, the legend derived from a basis of facts, although colored by human imagination.

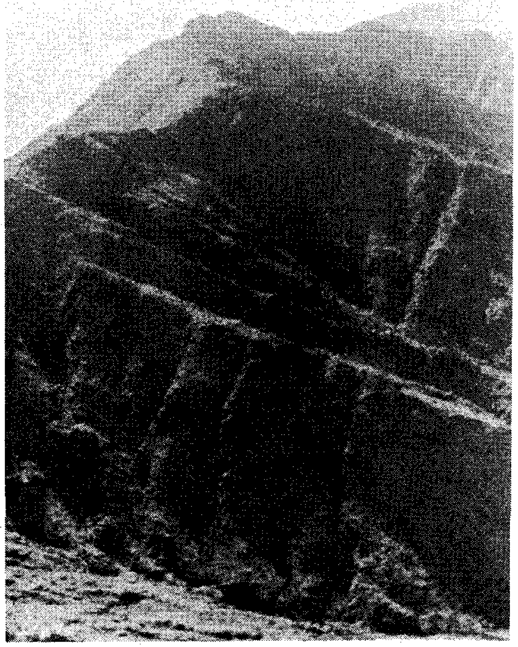
This mine has been briefly and warily recorded as never found. Many doubt that there is such a mine, despite the fact that in the 1930s a professional treasure hunter reported finding it.

While he did uncover a worked-out lost Spanish mine in the Estrellas his was not the most storied one. It remained for others to discover and open up.

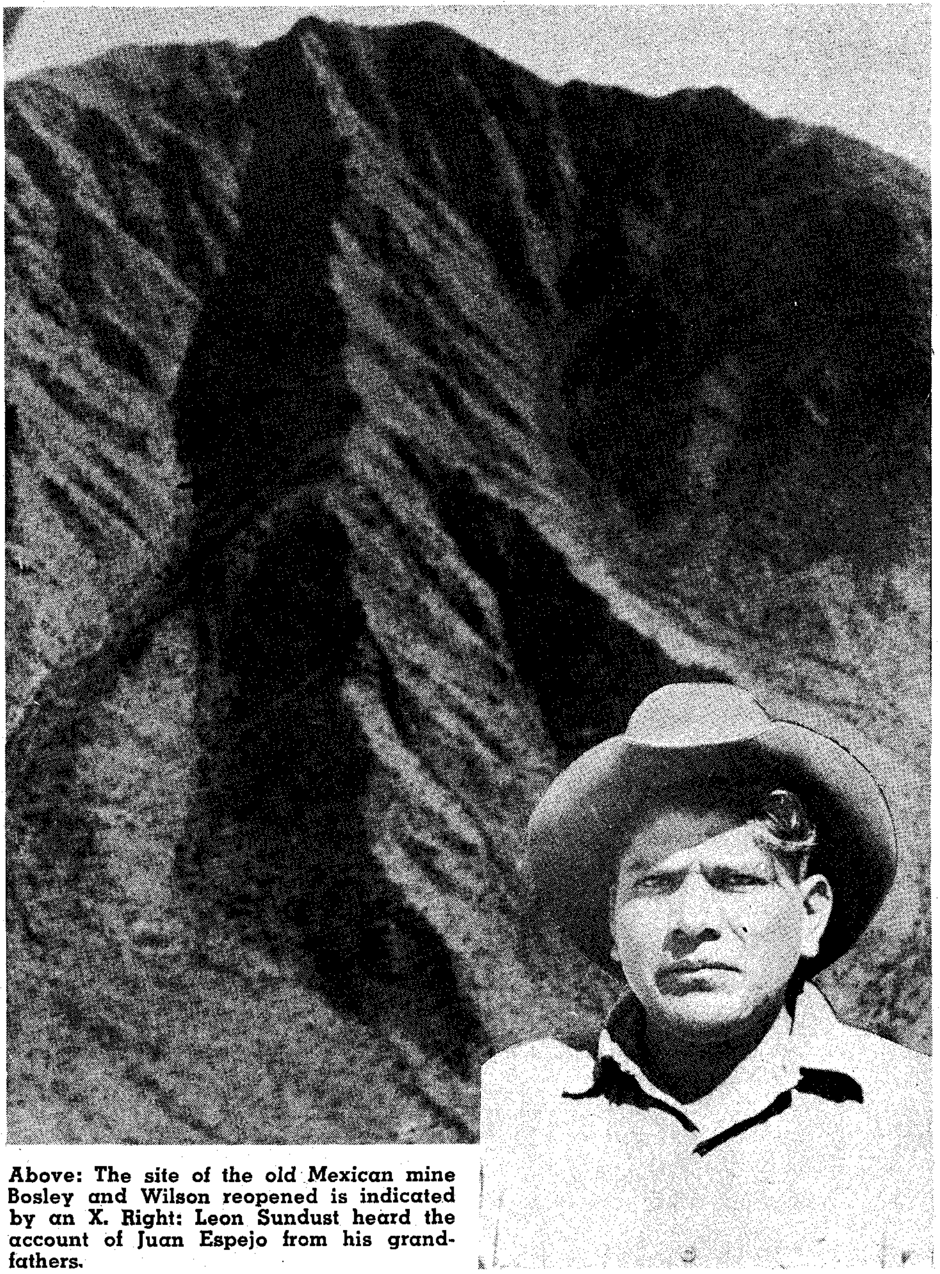
Its history begins in 1850, according to the Maricopa time-counting stick. Some say it was discovered by a "fat" Mexican from Guadalajara named Ortega. Others insist his name was Campoy. The Maricopa historical account gives his name as Juan Espejo. Since "Juan" is a common name among them, therefore one they would easily remember, I'll have to buy their statement. Too, the original story was handed down among

Mountain photos this page are aerial shots, Courtesy Howard V. Bosley





Above: Montezuma's Head, giant landmark in the Estrellas. Above left: The old Spanish Trail passed through this break in the mountains below the unnamed butte, left.



Above: The site of the old Mexican mine Bosley and Wilson reopened is indicated by an X. Right: Leon Sundust heard the account of Juan Espejo from his grandfathers.

them almost intact for more than a hundred years. There is a special reason for this, involving two of their people. The grandfathers of renowned rodeo performer Leon Sundust gave the details into his keeping after he returned home from school in 1910.

According to the Old Ones, Juan Espejo came up from Guadalajara with fifty retainers, meaning peons and slaves. His wealth accrued from Sonora mining but he was seeking richer ground. The Papagos chased him out of their desert country, so he entered that of the Maricopas, about where their small reservation is located south of Phoenix today.

The Maricopas told Espejo they knew where yellow metal could be found in the Estrellas west of their villages. An old man agreed to guide Espejo to a rich vein of it. Going along with him was his fifteen-year-old grandson.

THE OLD MAN took Espejo around to the west side of the mountains and up a steep, stark canyon half-way to a sawtoothed crest. There he showed Espejo a thin vein of gold in milk-white quartz pitching down into the earth through a mass of hard rocks. When men were set to work, the old Maricopa led Espejo down the wash breaking out of the canyon to where coarse gold could be panned.

Espejo had his retainers build an arrastre, and dam the wash for water to work the crushed ore. Two miles west, a charcoal kiln was constructed. Men were put to panning the gravel for nuggets. Ore from the canyon was brought down, crushed, and the gold recovered. Much of it was molded into bars.

Up above in the canyon a stone building, its walls laid without mortar, was

Photos this page, Courtesy Howard V. Bosley

Above left: This stone building was constructed at the mine without mortar in 1850. The fallen roof of the building (inset). Above: The first headframe placed in the shaft of the old Mexican-worked mine.

built across from the mine. Poles of the flat roof were overlaid with ocotillo and covered with dirt.

The Mexican party worked the mine and panned the wash all fall, all winter, and into the summer of 1851. Fanciful accounts based on folklore state that Espejo, or whatever his name, heard that a force of American soldiers were approaching. They would cross the Old Spanish Trail below the mine. He feared that they would follow his sign in and seize the gold. It was what Mexican authorities would do. Frightened, he loaded up his wealth and equipment and started to flee.

This may be the true reason for his flight, for according to the Maricopa Indians he did prepare to depart suddenly. A large number of burros (or small Mexican mules) were loaded with fifty bars of gold and thirty animal-skin bags of dust and nuggets.

Sending the main party on down the trail with instructions to camp, Espejo took the old Maricopa and his grandson to a cave by a side trail. He planned to cache his wealth to save it from American seizure. The old Indian was put to digging a hole in the cave. After bringing in the loaded burros, Espejo ordered the Indian boy to return to the main party. Instead of doing so the Indian youth hid in some nearby rocks. He was puzzled by what was taking place and uneasy about his grandfather's well-being. After the hole was dug, the boy observed his grandfather and Espejo pack in the bags and bars of gold.

When the last had been lowered, he stole over to one side of the cave entrance. He saw Espejo hold a torch of ocotillo in his left hand while the old Maricopa started filling the hole. Suddenly Espejo brought up an iron rod from behind his back and bashed it down on the old man's head. The lifeless body of the Indian fell into the hole. Propping the torch upright, Espejo completed filling the hole. At this point the victim's grandson fled in terror.

Pure fictional accounts, or those based on much guessing, state that Espejo then rejoined his party. That night he apparently succumbed to a heart attack while asleep. Thus the location of the golden hoard was lost as far as the Mexicans were concerned.

But, say the Maricopas, it didn't happen that way. The boy, running toward home, met a party of his tribesmen not far from the mine. They were coming to see what had happened to the old man and his grandson, and to see if the Mexicans were still in the country.

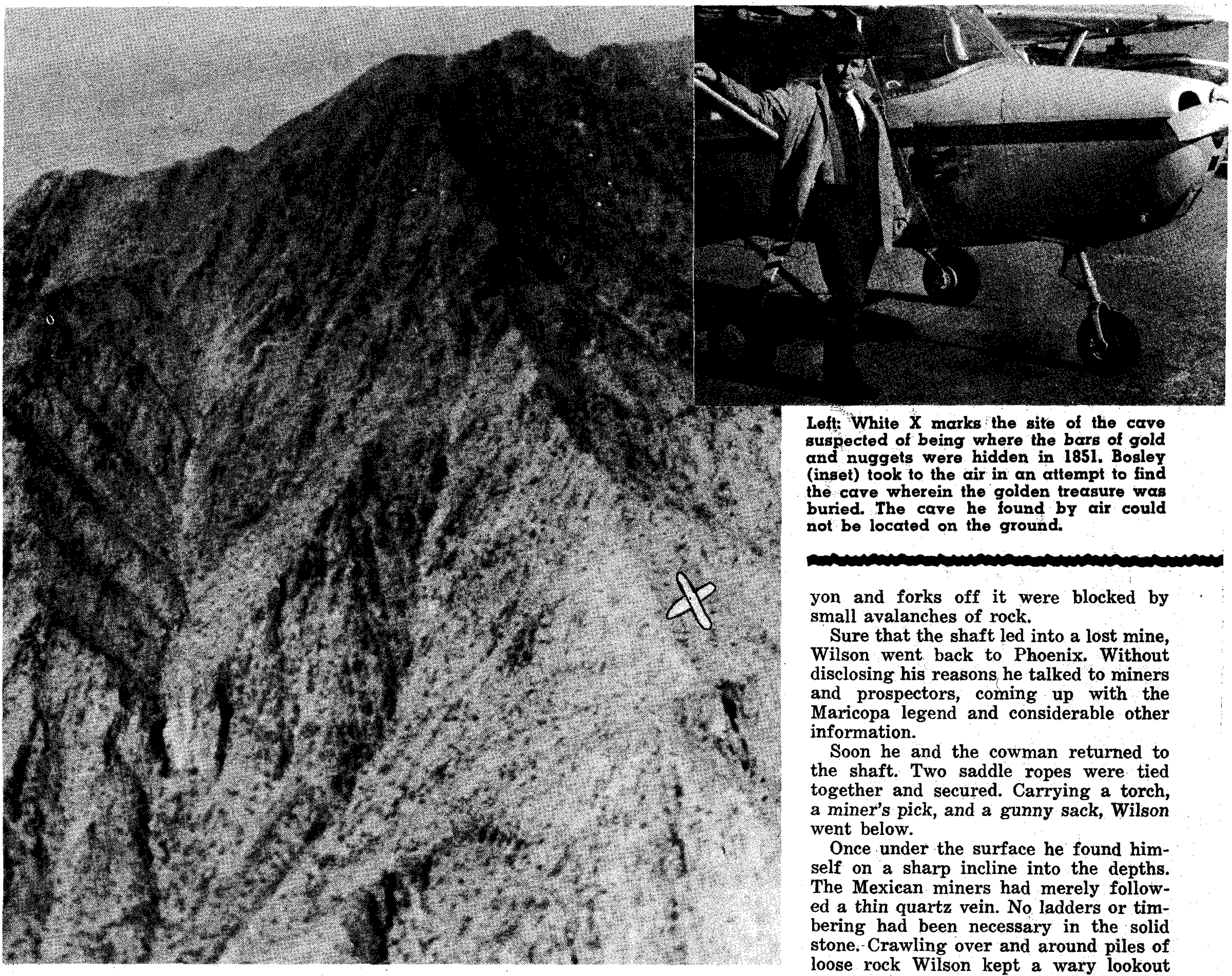
On learning of the crime the Maricopa party slipped in on the sleeping Mexicans that night and struck vengefully. Most of the Mexicans, including the redoubtable Espejo, were clubbed to death where they lay. Only a handful escaped with their lives. Returning to Guadalajara they could only tell vaguely of great wealth buried secretly to the north.

THIS ACCOUNT passed from the Maricopas to their first cousins, the peaceful Pimas, and thence to the Papagos. Because of so many varied yarns the actual mine was shrouded in a mass of conflicting details for more than a century. Even so, countless men have hunted for it down to this day. Some of them found other wealth in the Estrellas, one or more of which were silver lodes.

In 1884 two never-named Frenchmen sold almost pure silver in Phoenix. They claimed to be mining it in the Estrellas from old workings but kept the location secret. In Phoenix in 1886 they made their last sale; they returned into the mountains never to be seen again.

The years moved on. Mines were discovered adjacent to the Estrellas, and gold was brought out. But no one got weauthy. Then an unusual turn of fate played a hand.

Aerial photo, Courtesy Howard V. Bosley



Left: White X marks the site of the cave suspected of being where the bars of gold and nuggets were hidden in 1851. Bosley (inset) took to the air in an attempt to find the cave wherein the golden treasure was buried. The cave he found by air could not be located on the ground.

In 1942 Jess Wilson prowled Rainbow Valley west of the twenty-five-mile long range of mountains. The sole inhabitant of the area was an old man, who had run cattle there for many years. After they became better acquainted the cowman told Wilson that he had once found an old mine shaft up in the mountains. Below it was a once dammed wash, an arrastre, a dump, and farther away a beehive kiln.

Curious but not excited, Wilson asked questions. The cowman had discovered evidence of mining at various times, and in 1928 had found the shaft while hunting strayed cattle. He tracked them into the mouth of a canyon, finding the remnants of a very old trail. On nearby rocks were pointing arrows and other sign markers. Going on, about half-way up he came onto a stone cabin, or maybe it was the remnant of a once larger building. He examined the site, since during all his years' sojourn below in the valley he had never heard of anything like what he found. A fork of the trail went directly across the canyon, straight to a shaft concealed by huge boulders. It looked like a mine operation, but the cowman, who knew nothing about mining, made no further investigation.

Casually the old-timer said that they might just as well go see it. Driving a beat-up truck he took Wilson across the desert to a drift fence marking the boundary of his range. No roads existed beyond, so the truck had to be left at the fence.

On the hike in, Wilson was shown remnants of the dam, the dump of crushed quartz and the arrastre. Later he also viewed the crumbling kiln. The rugged canyon was choked with loose rocks of great size, saguaro and thorny desert plants, but the two men climbed part-way to the mountain crest. The narrow shaft went down across the canyon from what remained of the stone building. The site was within two and a half miles of the great skyline landmark, Montezuma's Head.

The shaft was visible only when they stood directly over it. Most men passing by would have considered it no more than a pocket in the rocks. Masses of stone lay all around it, having tumbled down from the steep slopes on each side. Sections of the Mexican trail up the canyon and forks off it were blocked by small avalanches of rock.

Sure that the shaft led into a lost mine, Wilson went back to Phoenix. Without disclosing his reasons he talked to miners and prospectors, coming up with the Maricopa legend and considerable other information.

Soon he and the cowman returned to the shaft. Two saddle ropes were tied together and secured. Carrying a torch, a miner's pick, and a gunny sack, Wilson went below.

Once under the surface he found himself on a sharp incline into the depths. The Mexican miners had merely followed a thin quartz vein. No ladders or timbering had been necessary in the solid stone. Crawling over and around piles of loose rock Wilson kept a wary lookout for rattlesnakes but encountered none.

In the bottom of the shaft he discovered two tunnels. One drifted up the canyon and the other down. Entering the latter he crawled only a short distance to the end. There he could stand upright, the overhead being eight feet. This tunnel ended in a lens, and pitched straight down into the earth.

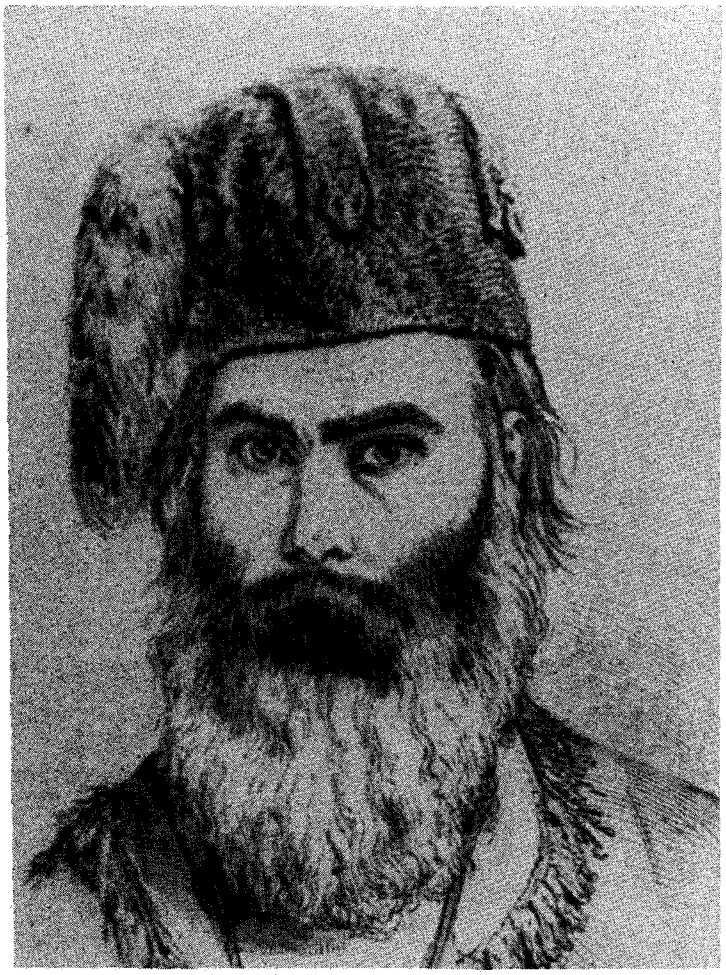
The vein he could reach was rotten quartz. He easily knocked off enough to fill his sack. On returning to the top he told the cowman that the ore looked good. He would carry it to Phoenix for assaying. This he did, taking it to Charley Deal, owner of the Arizona Assay Office. The gold ran to the stupendous figure of $59,000. Wilson sold what he'd brought out for a good price.

FORMERLY Wilson had owned a grocery store in Safford, but for some reason had been forced to close the business. Now on the verge of becoming rich, something else happened to him. Of this he would never talk, and whether or not he entered the armed forces is unknown. At any rate he disappeared from Arizona until 1960.

(Continued on page 38)

MAN and ON A CRASH

James C. Adams once remarked there was something of the human in a bear; might it not be also true that there was something of the grizzly in this famous mountain man who tracked them down?



James Capen "Grizzly" Adams.

BY CAREY BALDWIN

Photos Courtesy Author

"GRIZZLY" ADAMS, a young-old man with a long grey beard, beady eyes and sharply pointed nose, peered cautiously from behind a clump of willow brush. In the ravine in front of him, a mother grizzly and two young cubs played in a pool of water.

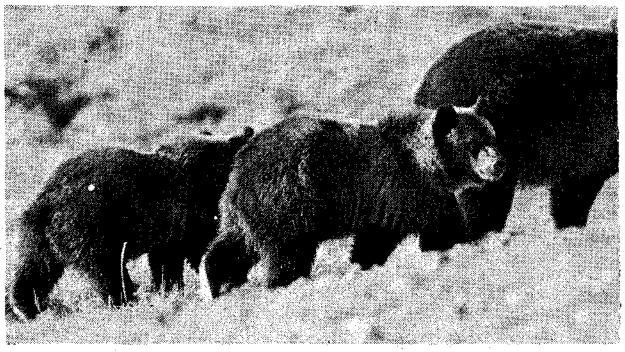
Patiently Adams watched until the animals were about to leave, then he raised his long muzzle-loader, took deliberate aim and fired. The bullet caught the big grizzly in the shoulder and she whirled to charge. Unable to reload, Adams swung at the bear with the butt of his rifle but she hurled him to the ground. As he fell he pulled his Bowie knife and plunged it deep between her ribs. Her teeth ripped into his shoulder. As they floundered in the stream, Adams realized that his only chance for survival was to lie perfectly still. The bear soon left him and hurried back to her cubs, which were bawling loudly a short distance away.

Grizzly Adams drew his six-gun to fire but decided to wait. He could see that the bear's life blood was rapidly draining. She seemed to realize that the end was near for she sat quietly. "As I watched her licking her young and giving them her last attentions," said Grizzly Adams later, "I thought there was something of the human in the bear and felt sorry that I had shot so affectionate a mother."

John Adams, better known as James Capen Adams, and best known as Grizzly, was born in 1812 in Medway, Massachusetts. As a youth he had been taught the shoemaker trade but an insatiable interest in wild animals drove him from the civilized tranquillity of New England to the rugged, unexplored West. He did rather well in mining and ranching in California but lost his small fortunes as quickly as they came. In the fall of 1852, discouraged with himself and mankind, he outfitted himself with a pair of oxen, a wagon, a rifle, two Bowie knives and a supply of grub and left San Francisco for the headwaters of the San Joaquin River, not far from

Courtesy Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma

Terrain typical of that traveled and hunted by Adams. A 1924 view of the Hood Canal, left, from the Olympic Highway; and in the Cascades this 1925 snow scene, right, taken from Panorama Point. A mother grizzly and her two cubs, below.



Courtesy United States Department of the Interior, National Park Service

BEAST COURSE

Courtesy United States Department of the Interior, National Park Service

Grizzlies were hunted and captured by Adams.

what was then called the Yo-Semite Valley.

As winter approached, the Indians left for the warmer valleys below and he was left entirely alone in complete wilderness. In these stupendous mountains, where "everything conspired to render the scenery grand and imposing to the last degree," he found rest, health, courage and eventually ambition.

The following spring his brother sought him out and tried to persuade him to return to their home. Grizzly refused, but did agree to try to capture some animals and ship them East. He had been wanting to see Washington and Oregon; and since he now had a contract for the capture of animals, he decided to make the trip. At the Howard Ranch he traded his oxen for pack mules and saddles, laid in a good supply of ammunition, and headed north with a guide by the name of Sykessey.

In northern California he picked up two Indians, young men who could speak some English. Adams called one Stanislaus and the other Tuolumne. They spent the summer hunting and trapping, and Adams discovered bagging big game alive was not as simple as he had imagined.

Shortly after their encampment, he found a bear trail through some chaparral. He soon located the den and one evening saw a mother grizzly and two cubs emerge. They were beautiful young animals about a year old. Observing that the bear cubs came down the trail at the same time each day, Adams decided to waylay them and shoot the mother.

In due time the mother and little ones ambled past. He shot the mother behind the shoulder with his Kentucky rifle. She dropped immediately, then rose and charged. Adams grabbed his second rifle and shot her in the mouth, ending her life. Grabbing a lasso, he raced after the cubs into dense brush.

After a persistent pursuit, he caught up with them but they turned and charged him. He had to seek safety in a tree to save himself. Even though they were only a little over a year old, they were dangerously large. When they left, Adams returned to camp, resolved to catch them in some manner.

Showing devotion typical of the grizzly, the young bears returned to their dead mother and spent the night by her side. When Grizzly Adams returned two days later with horses and lariats, they were still there. They were loath to leave their mother, but Adams frightened them into the open and eventually lassoed them. He put collars about their necks and chained them to a tree near camp.

One of the bears, a female he named Lady Washington, was wild and dangerous but in a few days Adams succeeded in getting her confidence and was able to lead her about. Shortly thereafter she learned to follow him without being leashed.

ONE DAY Adams had to go some distance from camp and decided to take Lady Washington, believing she would follow without trouble. The hunter and his Indian friend, Stanislaus, shot two deer and packed them on mules. Stanislaus was instructed to follow a circuitous route toward camp and try to shoot more game while Adams and Lady Washington took a direct route home. Since Stanislaus was going to do the hunting, Adams gave the Indian both rifles and headed back to camp with a six-gun and a Bowie knife.

They had proceeded some distance when Adams saw several deer grazing on the hillside. "It was foolish to try to shoot deer with a pistol but I couldn't resist the temptation and proceeded to creep through the chaparral to get a closer shot with Lady Washington following behind," Adams later described the incident.

As he crept through the brush, he realized he was working himself into a dangerous situation. He knew the country was thickly populated with grizzlies and he didn't want to run into one without his rifle. Turning to creep back the way

Courtesy Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma

he had come, he heard the rapid chopping noise that is the warning notice of a grizzly. Then, a short distance away, Adams saw a huge male. The beast lowered to all fours, strode closer and raised again on his hind feet. Adams knew he was out-maneuvered and virtually unarmed, a six-gun being of little use against such a huge animal.

Lady Washington watched her master. Quietly he removed the chain which had been about her neck. Then, trying to move silently toward a tree, he eyed his opponent. The big grizzly seemed to waver and Adams decided to change tactics. Slowly he filled his lungs and let forth an ear-splitting scream. Firing the pistol, rattling the chain and shouting threats, he charged the animal, Lady Washington beside him snarling ferociously. The old bear gave a startled snort and fled, Adams and Lady Washington giving chase.

Lady Washington had proved herself. From then on she was to be Adams' constant companion. On cold evenings he would sleep between her and the campfire to keep warm; she would partake of meals with him and even carry his packs. "I felt for her an affection seldom equalled by any of my human friends," said Grizzly Adams.

All during the summer Adams collected wild animals, furs, hides, and curios. Finally, learning that a boat was to leave Portland for Boston, he assembled his caravan, trading with a native village chief to get horses and help for the trip to the seaport. Portland was 300 miles distant and there were no roads, only trails beset with wolves, bears and numerous Indians, not all of whom were friendly.

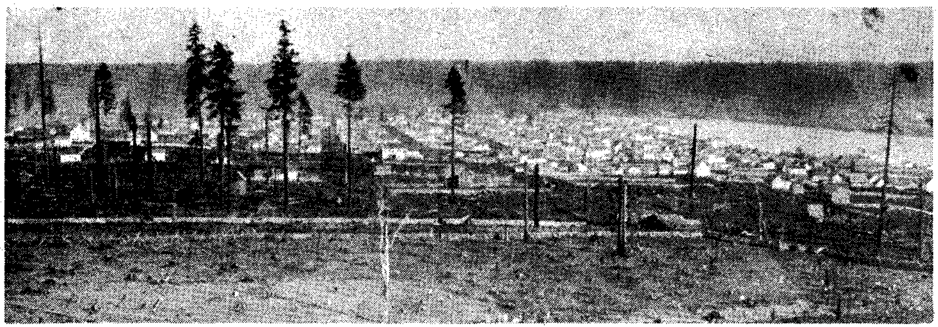
After making a trade with a native chief, Kennasket, Adams procured thirty-five pack horses and persuaded six local Indians to act as guides and helpers. The caravan must have been one of the oddest in the history of the West. One horse carried two young bear cubs lashed in baskets to an improvised saddle; one carried several fishers and some young foxes; two carried untamed wolves. In addition, four wolves, six bears, four antelopes, several deer and an Indian dog were driven along beside them.

All went well until the horses began to tire, their backs blistered from the crude saddles. Several nights the guides did not find watering places and one night a panther killed one horse and stampeded the remainder. Wolves continually harassed the travelers and fresh meat had to be supplied to keep the animals and the men in the caravan alive.

Finally the guides admitted they had lost the way and several days were wasted while they sought new trails. Reaching the upper Columbia, they camped one night on its banks while Adams explored the stream. He decided to build a raft to haul his animals.

Most of the pack horses made the crossing successfully, although two were overcome and floated downstream with their loads. As the raft was pulled into the current, the animals on board became restless. Suddenly the lariats that had been tied across the river broke,

Photo Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

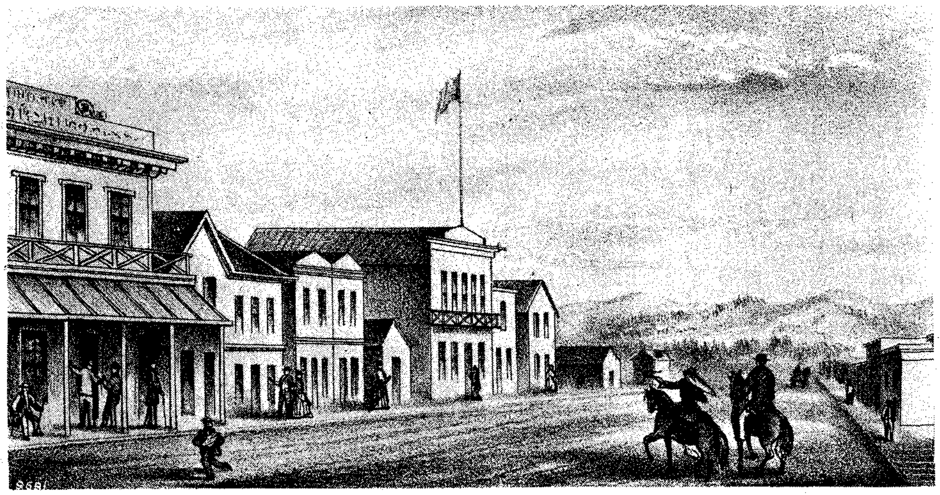


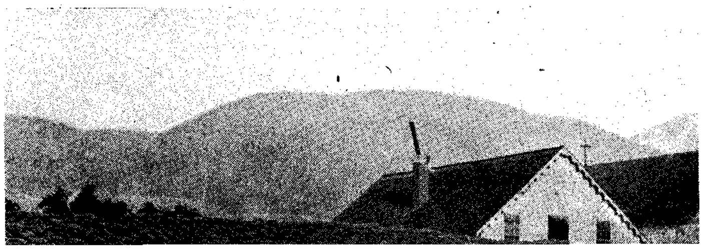
After trapping and hunting in Washington and Oregon, Adams shipped the animals from Portland shown above in 1857-58.

The hunter made his way through northern California and on toward Salt Lake City before heading back to the area near Pacific Grove, left.

And on to San Jose, shown in an 1851 drawing of Santa Clara Street, below; and shops north of the Mission, bottom left.

From there he went to San Francisco, bottom right; a view of the harbor in the 1850s.



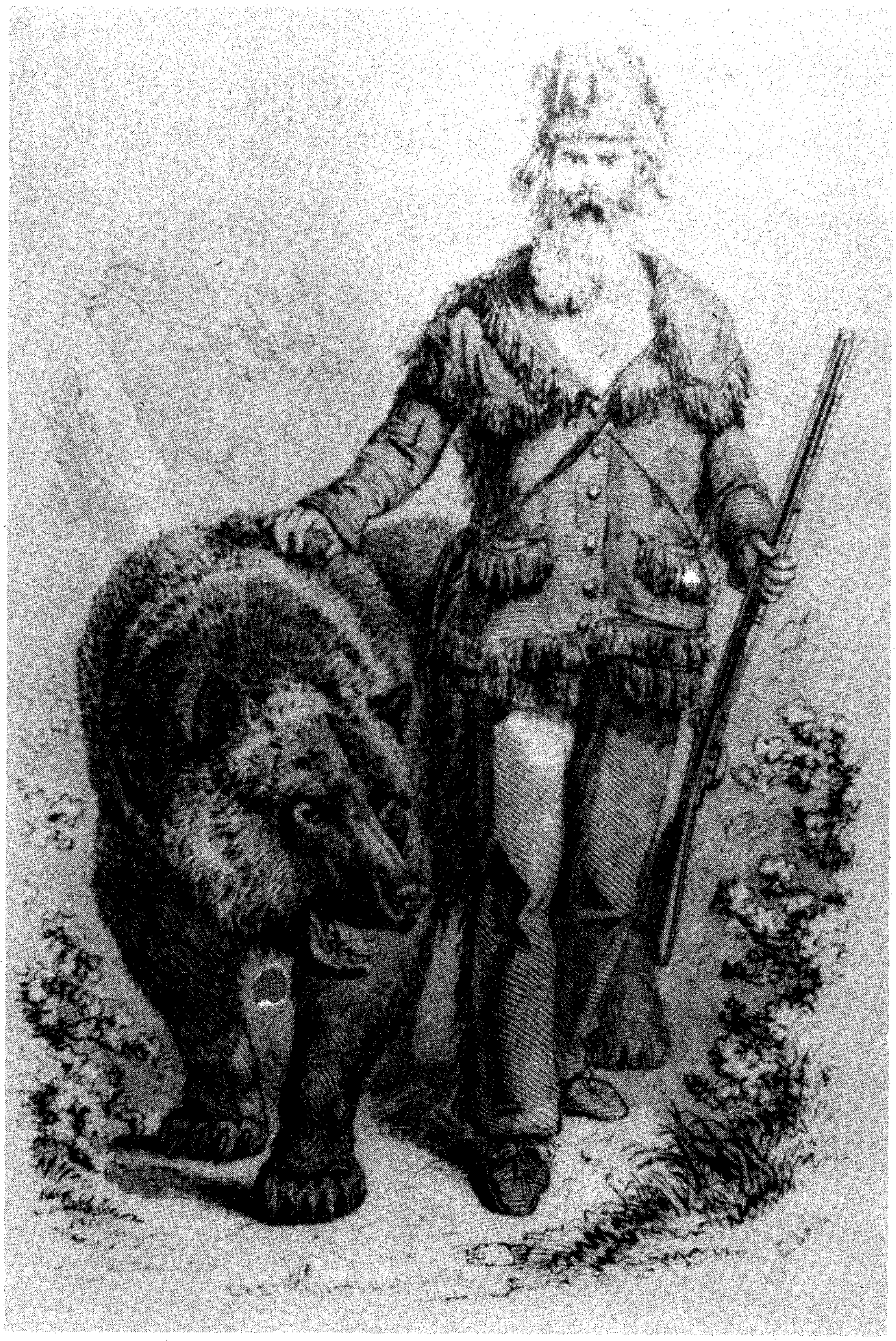


and the hand-built craft began to drift. Lady Washington and one black bear jumped overboard and followed the raft as the other animals panicked. When they finally landed some distance downstream, Adams had to fight to get them under control.

In the meantime, Indians had been congregating along the riverbank. Fearing attack, Adams led his weary, hungry group into the wilderness without pausing to rest. But they reached Portland and loaded the strange menagerie on the *Mary Ann* to be shipped to Boston. These animals reached their destination after the trip around the Horn and were sold to various collectors in the East. Lady Washington remained with her master. "This animal I could not bear to part with," said Adams. She was destined to make many odd trips with Adams in the years to come.

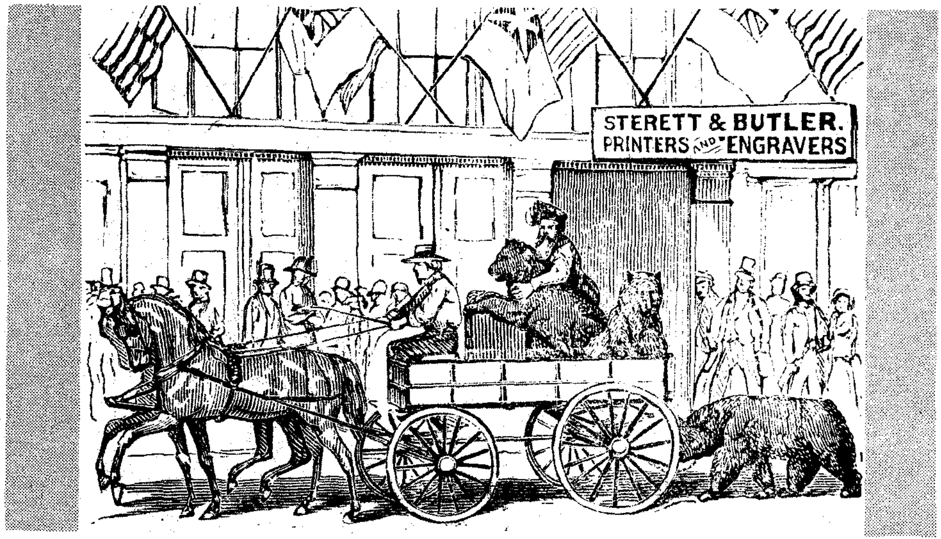
HIS VENTURE completed in the Northwest, Grizzly headed down the Willamette Valley of Oregon to California and his old stomping grounds in the Sierra Nevada Range. He apparently spent the winter trapping with his two Indian companions. Then in the spring, he headed for the Yosemite Valley. With a partner, a Mr. Solon, who had contracted with him to hunt in that area, he wandered through the mountains, hunting and exploring the unmapped highlands.

One day he discovered a large cave, apparently inhabited by a mother grizzly. It was located in a bottom of a deep canyon with steep walls covered with dense chaparral. Returning to camp, Adams packed his mule with supplies and went back to the den. He tied his mule some distance down the canyon and built a large fire nearby to keep panthers and wolves away. Then he set up vigil about 100 yards from the opening of the den. The sun set, darkness descended, and a cold wind came down from snow-capped mountains above him. A full moon made it light enough to see the bear should she leave her habitation.



Adams and Ben Franklin.

Sterett and Butler published the handbill, below, with Grizzly and some of his pets, as a souvenir of San Francisco's parade to honor the successful laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable in September 1858.



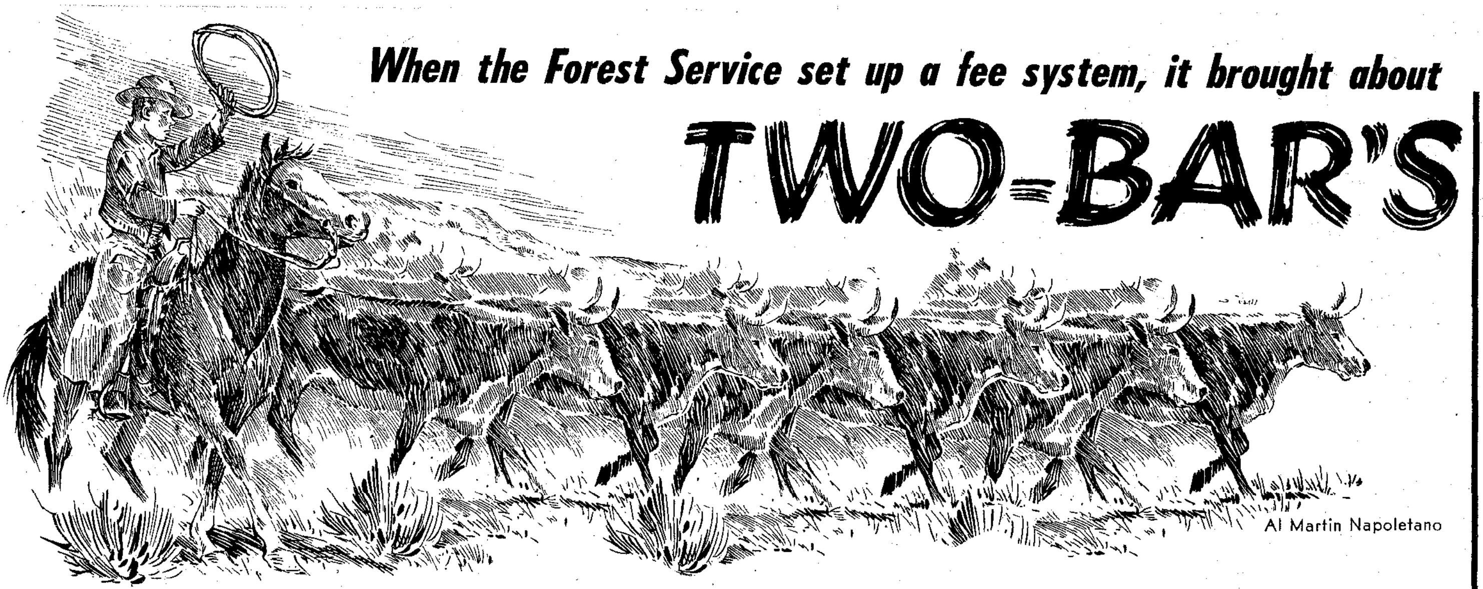
Courtesy California Historical Society, San Francisco

His long night's wait went unrewarded, however. When the sun broke over the hills, Adams decided to try firing his gun to see if he could get a response from the den.

While the echoes were resounding through the far canyons, Adams heard a shuffling in the den. He was elated—everything pointed to the presence of a mother grizzly and her cubs. After a long wait, during which he neither heard nor saw anything to indicate the bear would emerge, Adams hurried to his mule and cooked a hasty meal, then returned to his vigil. Nothing moved from the den all day; again, that night, he hurried down to the mule and moved it to fresh pasture. But in his haste he did not build a fire for her protection.

Again he sat down to wait and watch.

(Continued on page 54)


Al Martin Napoletano

When the Forest Service set up a fee system, it brought about

TWO-BAR'S BIGGEST ROUNDUP

BY V. S. FITZPATRICK

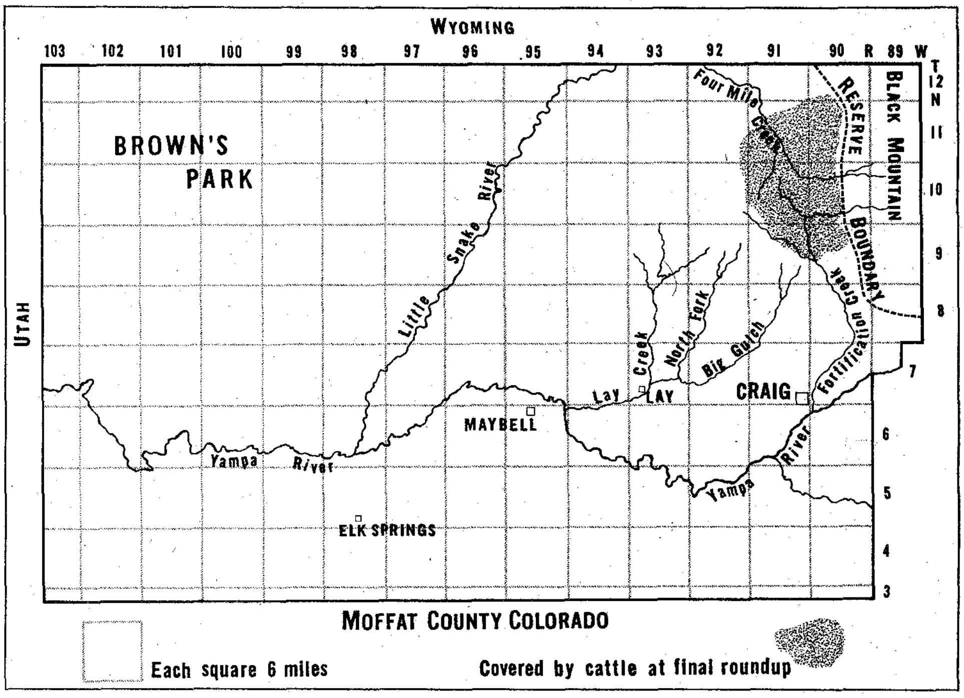
Photos and Map Courtesy Author

FOR YEARS I heard mention of the big roundup of 1909. One day, talking to my brother Arthur, it occurred to me to ask him what he knew about it. To my surprise I found that he knew a great deal. At the time he was only seventeen but was a rider for the W. H. Rose cattle and ranch outfit. W. H. Rose, "the Old Man" as Art usually referred to him, came into this country in the early '80s. He was one of the first homesteaders in the Craig, Colorado part of Yampa Valley. A Civil War veteran and casualty, he was a civil engineer and, with a crew, brought the first control line from Glenwood Springs to the southeast corner of Section 36, Township 7, Range 91, west of the Sixth Principal Meridian. The monument marking this point is buried in the middle of the intersection of Victory Way and Rose Streets in Craig. The street was named for him, and the log cabin preserved in a small park near the bridge at the eastern edge of Craig is the one Rose built on his first claim, in 1882.

Rose owned a ranch on the head of Fortification Creek north of Craig. He owned extensive ranch land adjoining the town and a handsome dwelling and huge barn. Art was supposed to inherit this barn at Rose's demise, but some legal sharpers made off with the will and probably most of the property and money. Rose's widow came to the end of life all but destitute.

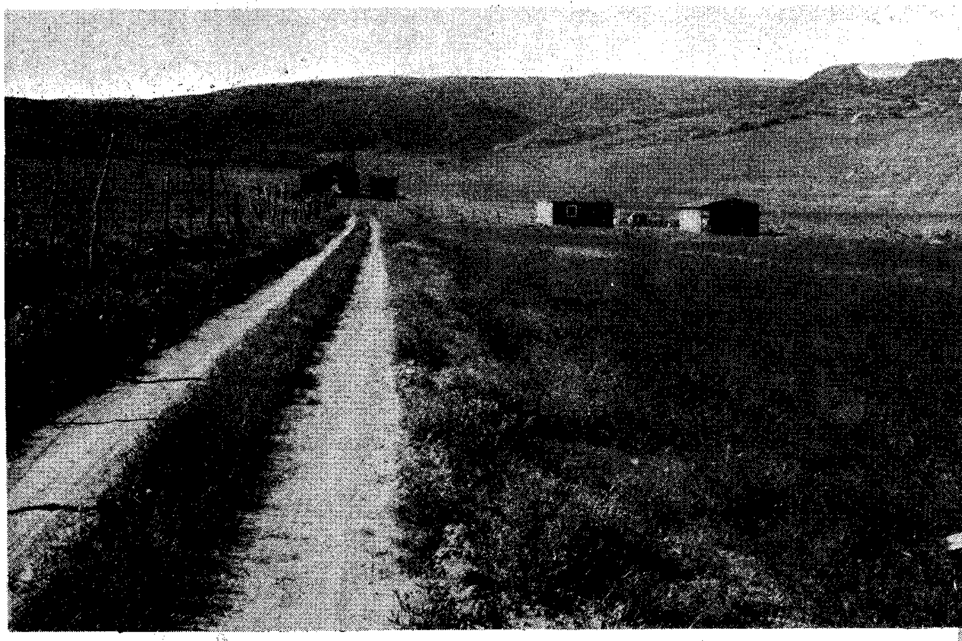
While Rose lived, Art was employed by him. The last few years of Rose's life, my brother was foreman of his ranches and cattle. It was in 1909 that the "Big Roundup" occurred.

Up to this time, the big cattle companies had pastured their cattle on forest lands without fee or restrictions. Chief of these companies was the giant Two-Bar outfit, owned outright by Ora Haley of Laramie, Wyoming. He also owned the Two-Bar Land & Cattle Company. The original Two-Bar Ranch was on the Yampa River near where Craig was later to be. This was in the late '70s. In 1880 Haley bought a ranch on Big Gulch, two and one-half miles northeast of where Lay post office is now. He also bought a ranch a half-mile north of Lay, and one on Snake River thirty miles west of Lay. Haley had more than 40,000 head of cattle at the peak of his operation in the '90s.

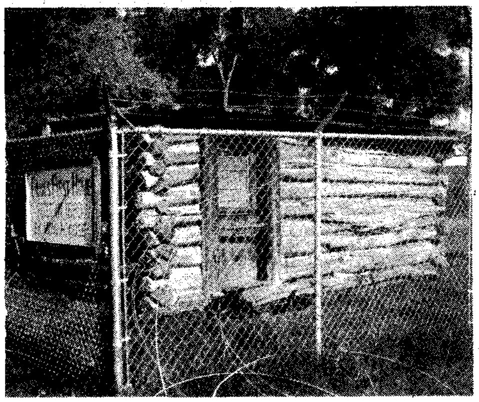


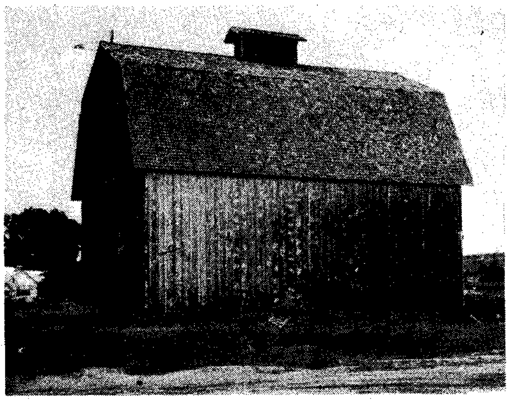
Things changed when the U. S. Forest Service initiated a plan of charging a small fee for each animal permitted to graze on National Forest land. For a year or two after the fee system was set up, the Two-Bar put their cattle on the forest just as they had always done, ignoring any payment. Probably lesser companies tried to follow suit. But in 1909 the Service had a new Chief Ranger, Harry Ratliff. He was a dedicated forest man and at once set about making preparations to collect the fees. As helpers he chose men who believed, as he did, that the cattle people should pay a small fee for the privilege of letting their cattle eat the grass owned by all the people. Jim Oliphant, for whom Mount Oliphant was named, Ray Peck from Hayden, and Sam Coleman from Steamboat Springs were his key men. With them on prominent and strategic points along the forest boundary Ratliff was all set for the "opening day" for grazing.

AS USUAL in May the shove-up had reached Fortification Creek extending north from Craig for twenty-six miles. This shove-up started at the K Ranch near the Utah line on the south side of Blue Mountain. This was low-altitude country with but little snow in winter. Fanned out on what was called



Above: Art FitzPatrick's ranch buildings, wheat fields, alfalfa meadow and spud patch. Right: Wearing the black angora chaps he wore at the time of the Big Roundup in May 1973 at 81. He continues working his ranch four miles south of Craig, Colorado. Below left: Cottonwood log cabin, the first house in Craig, built by W. H. Rose in 1880. It was dismantled many years ago, and in 1964 the Craig Lions Club commissioned Art to restore it at a park by Fortification Creek. Below right: This huge barn was built in 1902 for Rose, with Alec S. Robinson, carpenter-millwright fabricating the hand-fitted framework held together by wooden pins. Oscar Aiken was another carpenter on the barn, that when complete had stalls for five teams, ample space for wagon, buggy, a large grain storage room, harness room, and space for some farm implements. In its loft fifty tons of loose hay were often stored.





the "circle," the cowpunchers combed the country, taking the cattle off the good spring grass and moving them eastward, shoving ahead of them a constantly growing herd.

This particular shove-up included not only the Two-Bar, but the other big cattle outfits in the country. Each company taking part in the roundup sent a wagon and crew. The "wagon" was a good-size ranch wagon, drawn by four horses, and manned by the cook. It was both portable kitchen and storehouse for the food. Often, too, each wagon was accompanied by a second wagon carrying the bedrolls of the crew, hauled by a single team, and handled, usually, by a young fellow who helped the cook daytimes and night-herded the saddle horses. He was called the "cookee." In the case of the Two-Bar, the cookee did not nighthawk, as they had a big herd of cowponies and it took older and more skilled men to care for them daytimes, and others at night.

B. F. "Boston" Shedden, most famous horse wrangler in the West, was for years the Two-Bar wrangler. On a roundup such as the shove-up of 1909 he might have 100 head of horses in the cavvy. With horses in that herd from several different ranges, and all eager to get back to their home range, the skill and work it took to keep the herd intact may be imagined.

The six wagons and crews at the 1909 shove-up were sent by the Two-Bar, the Two-Circle Bar, the Sevens (7), the Reverse Four, the OVO and the Snake River Stockmen's Association. Several smaller cattle outfits, such as the Salisbury, and Temple and Rose interests were represented. These independents rode with one or another of the main crews. Art rode with the Snake River Association and ate at their wagon. At the end of the shove-up their wagon was camped just above the Davis Ranch at the Fortification Rocks, the impressive basalt dike that bisects the valley there. Other wagons were at other points on the creek.

Came the day when the cattle were to be checked onto the forest reserve by the men of the Forest Service. The Two-Bar was all set with a plan Haley and his foreman had no doubt worked out. Two-Bar cattle, instead of being bunched like those of the other outfits, were scattered for miles along the forest boundary. When the signal came for the cattle to be started onto the forest, the Two-Bar men went into action.

Certain natural trailways had been designated for the cattle to pass along so they might be counted and tallied. The Two-Bar had cattle on these trails, but they also had cattle on every ridge and in every gulch along the line. When the zero moment came, men began to shove Two-Bar cattle over the line in dozens of places.

It looked like a failproof scheme, but Haley had not properly sized up Harry Ratliff and his lieutenants. The Two-Bar herders found checkers at every point. They found these men to be grim, determined, and all set for any kind of fracas that might develop.

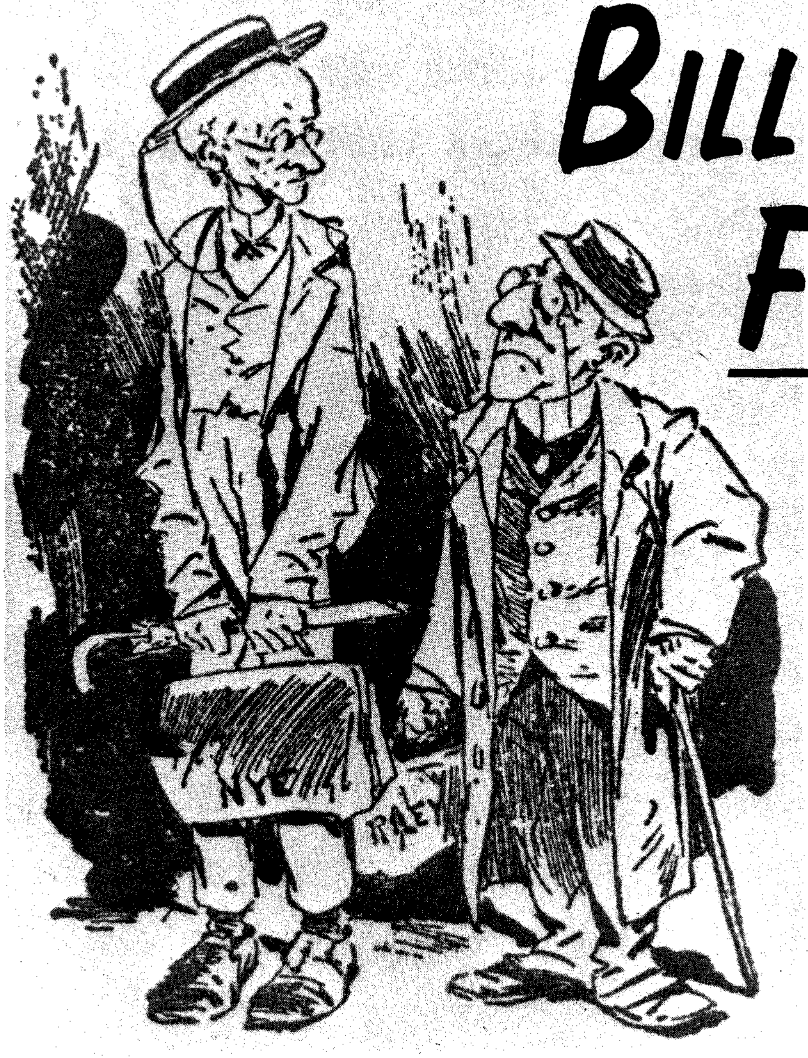
(Continued on page 62)

What would have passed for "backbone" in a more solemn man was

BILL NYE'S FUNNY BONE

BY MARY ALICE GUNDERSON

Photos and Cartoons Courtesy Author



Cartoon of Nye and Riley waiting for the train. Co-authoring *Nye and Riley's Railway Guide*, they dedicated the book to the man "who erroneously gets into a car which is side tracked. . . . We have each of us been that man," they said. "We are yet."

A THIN spring sun washed over the roofs of the few hundred houses clustered around the railway station in Laramie City, Wyoming Territory. Down to his last quarter and dime, twenty-five year old Bill Nye swung his peeling yellow cardboard suitcase onto the platform.

So it was, in May 1876; but by the 1890s Nye had become the nation's best known, highest paid humorist, earning more than $30,000 a year. Hundreds of thousands came to know this small Western town through his newspaper columns, books and lectures. "The altitude is high, the assessed valuation low; liquor plentiful, water scarce," he once wrote.

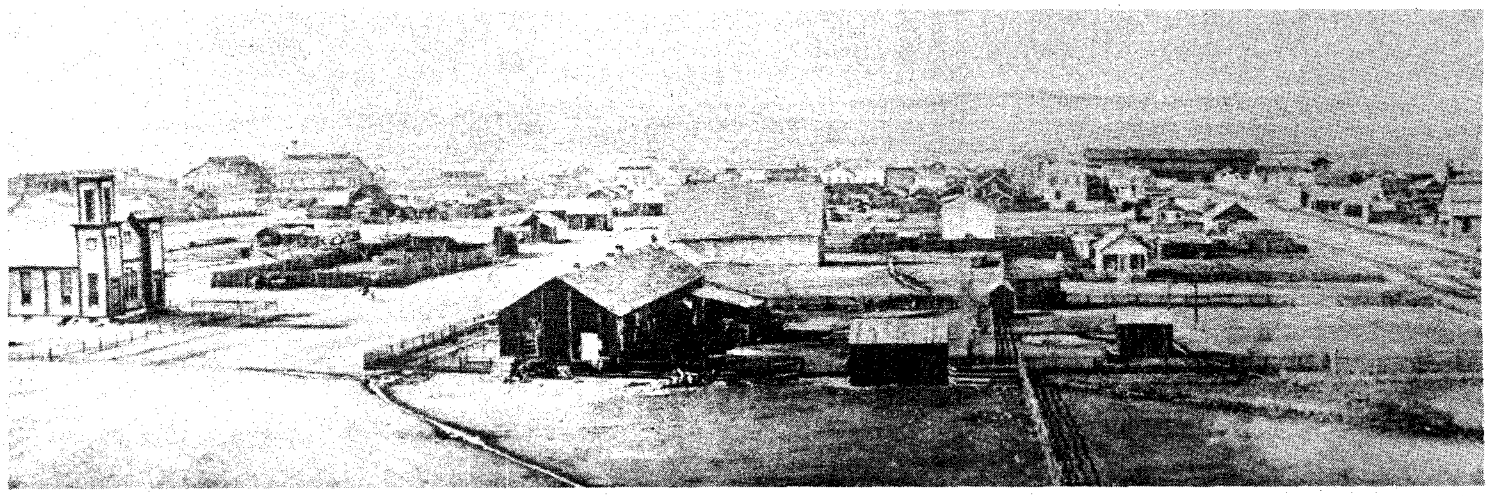
Fame propelled him from a rented room in Laramie to his own twenty-room house, "Buck Shoals," deep in the North Carolina hill country.

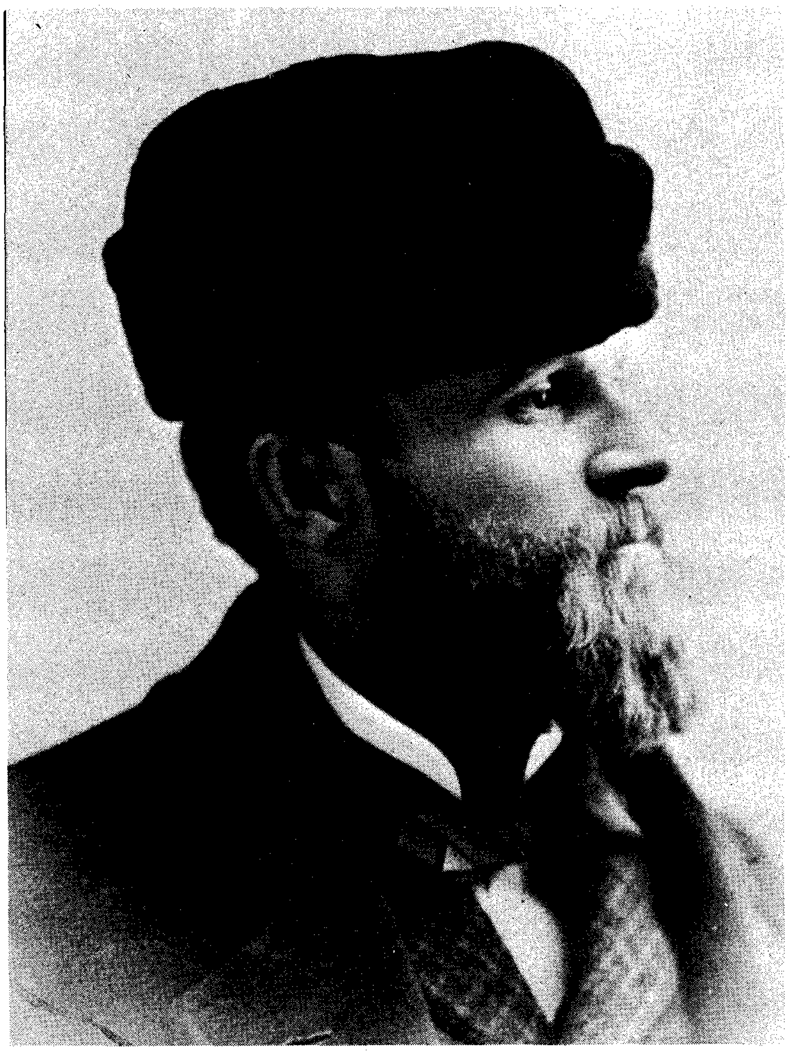
A washout at his chosen profession, the law—relatives said he couldn't speak in public—he lectured from coast to coast, in Canada and London. His burlesque *History of the United States* sold half a million copies but it wasn't funny. And all the money in his bankbook couldn't pay for the years of struggle with illnesses that sometimes left him too weak to write at all.

Born in Maine in 1850, Edgar Wilson Nye grew up with three brothers on a Wisconsin farm. He received the equivalent of a high school education, read law and tried his hand at teaching, clerking, and working in a mill. Now and then he wrote items for the local paper. When he failed his second attempt to pass the bar, he headed West with no particular destination in mind. Acquaintance with a man in Cheyenne who had connections in Laramie City got him his

Laramie, Wyoming about 1870.

Courtesy Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department





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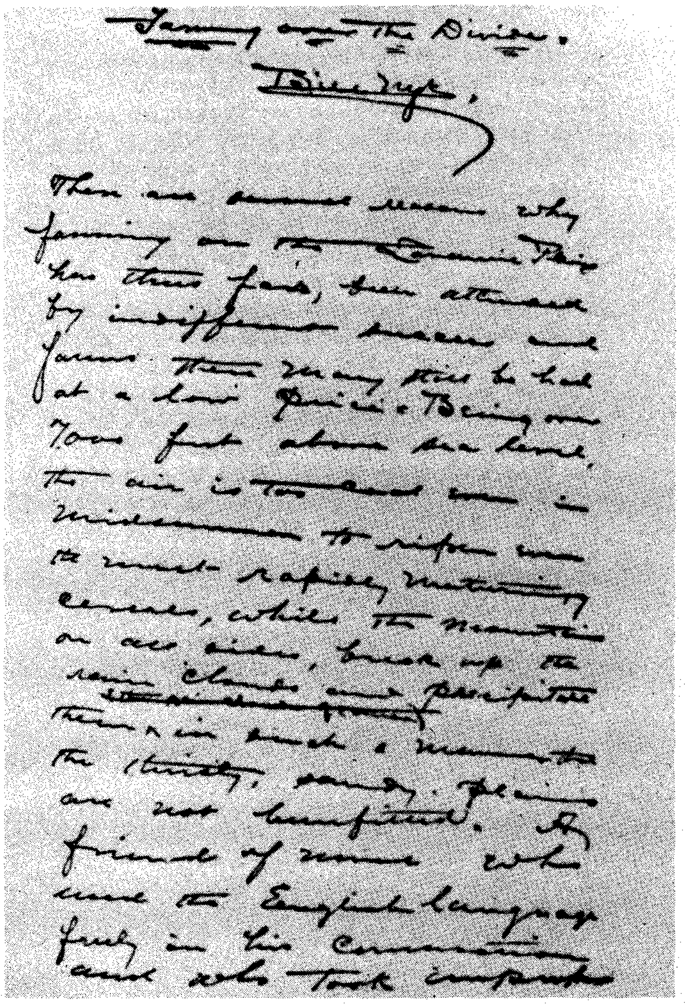


Above: Page of a Bill Nye manuscript. Left: Usually photographed wearing his hat; co-lecturer James Whitcomb Riley told audiences, "Nye is bald as a brickyard." Below: Nye's favorite writing chair.

job as assistant editor of the Laramie *Sentinel.*

A one-man operation edited by Dr. J. H. Hayford, the *Sentinel* ran a scant four pages. Articles were sandwiched in between ads for horse liniment and miracle salves. Nye's new essays bubbled with welcome humor. Luckily, he rejected an assignment to ride with Custer to the Little Big Horn.

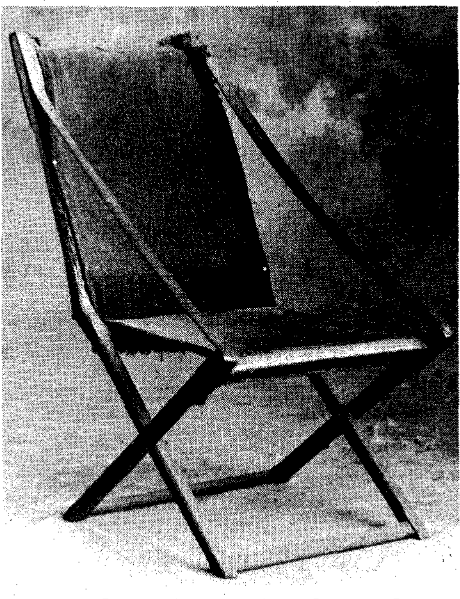
As his first summer in the Territory greened the Laramie plains, Nye began to learn the character of the land and its vigorous people. With them he rode horseback, fished the clear mountain streams, picnicked. He named his gold and silver mines "The New Jerusalem" and "The Vanderbilt."

Shaping his words out of the textures of this young and challenging country, Nye wrote in an exaggerated and rapidly changing style. Often he wrote about himself and his everyday activities. "I always like to tell anything that has the general effect of turning the laugh on me. . . ." He hated phonies and frauds; delighted in toppling revered idols and stuffy establishment conventions.

Through his paragraphs walk the cowboy, the woman who had come West to find romance, the Chinaman in his laundry, the railroad conductor, the outside-appointed official some called carpetbagger.

BEFORE his first year in Laramie was out, Bill Nye at last passed the bar, hung out his shingle, and married Miss Fannie Smith. He picked up additional money writing columns for other papers in the Territory, as well as the Denver *Tribune.*

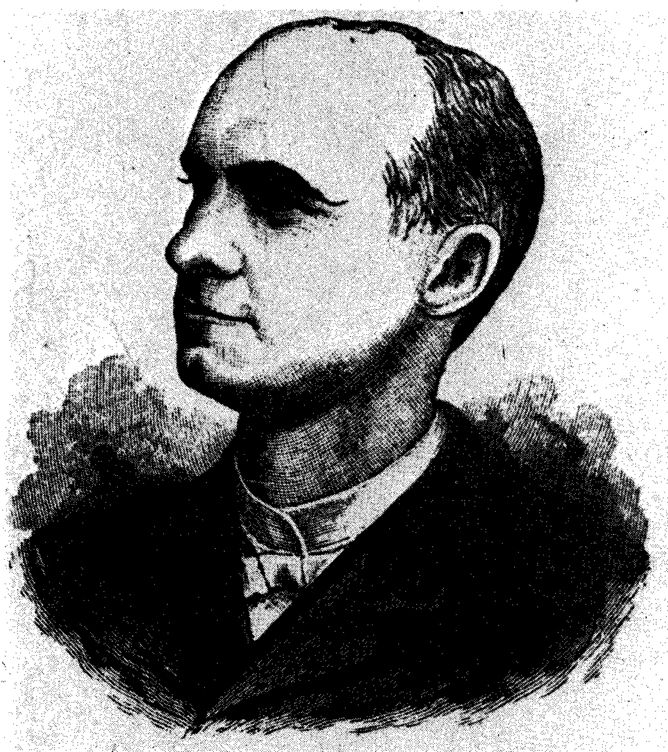
But editor Hayford preferred more factual reporting than he sometimes got from his assistant, who confessed he could "write up things that never happened with a masterly and graphic hand."



Courtesy Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming

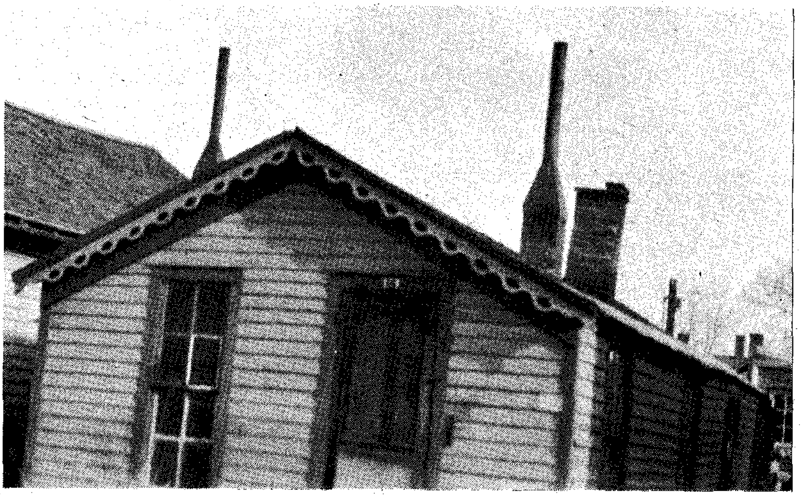
After six months more Nye quit the paper and ran unsucessfully for the legislature, then tried to support himself as a lawyer.

"While I was called Judge Nye . . . I was out of coal about half the time and once could not mail any letters because I did not have the necessary postage," he admitted. To keep groceries in the house

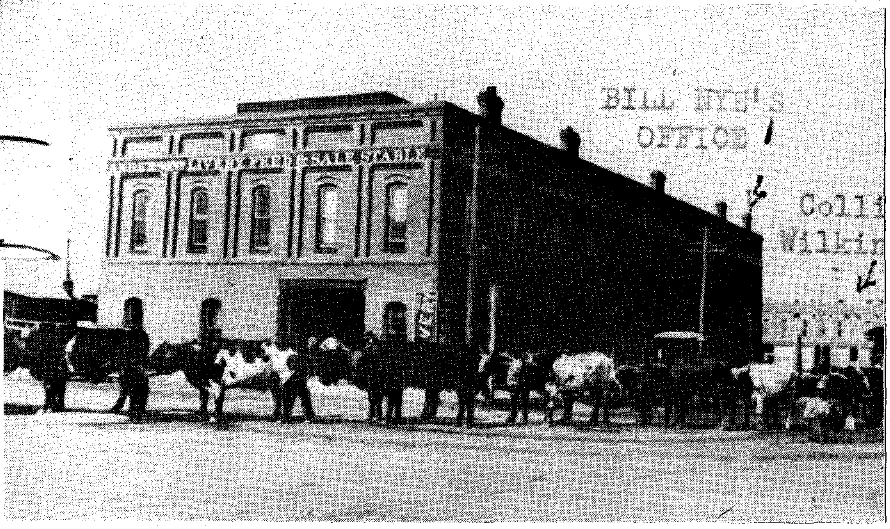


Hastily yours
Bill Nye

Courtesy Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming



Above: The Nye home in Laramie, taken in 1931. Left: A sketch of Nye by Fred Opper, reprinted from *Bill Nye's Western Humor,* by T. A. Larson by permission of University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1968. Below: The *Boomerang* was published in the loft of the Anderson Livery, Feed & Sale Stable. "That is the reason they called it a stock company," Nye wrote.



Courtesy Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming

he wrote columns for papers in Salt Lake, Omaha, for the Detroit *Free Press* and for *Texas Siftings.* He also served over the next several years as justice of the peace and U. S. Commissioner but could provide few luxuries for his wife and two young daughters.

A break came when Republican backers offered Nye editorship of a new paper and a welcome $150 a month. The first issue of the *Boomerang,* named for the orphan "narrow gauge mule" which had become Nye's mascot, came out in March 1881. Critics of the paper said it was called that because so many copies came back.

Securing rooms over a boot shop, Nye and his staff put out both a daily and weekly. Almost at once there were problems with the old "lemon-squeezer" hand press. Nye continued his popular column but made only a few scattered entries in the account books. Several times money ran so low he couldn't meet the payroll.

To cut costs the second year, the *Boomerang* moved to quarters over a livery stable. "The fumes from the stable came up through the floors and we all smelled too strong to go into respectable society," Nye confided to readers. The public was welcome to come up the stairs or "twist the tail of the iron gray mule and take the elevator."

The thirty-three year old humorist was on his way. He was named postmaster, an appointment formerly held for six years by Dr. Hayford of the *Sentinel.* His first two books—*Bill Nye and Boomerang* and *Forty Liars and Other Lies*—had been published in Laramie. A third book was in the mill.

Nye and two associates began finalizing plans to purchase a more up to date printing press in a push for nationwide circulation. Subscriptions to the *Boomerang* were on the increase. Then suddenly that fall Nye was stricken with a serious illness. Delirious and running a high fever, he was treated first for pneumonia, then rheumatism. For three months he lay ill at home. During a break in the February weather the Nyes moved to Greeley, Colorado to stay with his wife's relatives. Told he must live at a lower climate, Nye gained strength enough over the summer to return to Laramie to settle some debts and resign his postmastership.

With characteristic courage, he wrote of his illness, "One day I arose during a temporary delirium, and extracting a slat from my couch I smote [the doctor] across the pit of the stomach with it while I hissed: 'Physician, heal thyself'."

ALTHOUGH the seven Laramie years were lean ones, it was there that Bill Nye's talent unfolded. There he did his best work. All told, his writing appeared in fourteen volumes under twenty different titles. Much material is directly related to his years in Wyoming Territory, originally appearing in either the *Sentinel* or *Boomerang.*

Coming at the end of the line of the old school of comic writers—Nasby, Billings, Mark Twain—Nye employed many of their techniques: burlesques of literary productions, elegant orations, puns, foreign words in the wrong places, the anti-climax, parables, obituaries, tips on etiquette.

Writing rapidly and never dictating, he seldom reread or revised. He wrote more than three million words for publication besides an average of fifty personal letters a week. For twenty years he wrote weekly stories for such magazines as *Century, Ladies' Home Journal,* and *Collier's.* He authored two plays and some verse.

In his work was a core of truth, or at least truth as he saw it with personal prejudices mixed in. Though he was usually gentle and mild-mannered, on occasion he lashed out at individuals. Once he bunked at a friend's ranch on the Big Laramie while a man he had termed a liar cooled off. Nye's describing a woman at a fancy party as "painted up like a sutler wagon" infuriated her husband. Nye cautioned readers against overdoses of his material, telling them to "take a little at a time. If you read it all at once and it gives you the heaves, you deserve it.

"We can never become a nation of snobs so long as we are willing to poke fun at ourselves," he wrote. "It saves us from making asses of ourselves." Yet his vilification of Indians and Mormon settlers is hard to admire.

Early in the 20th century Nye's humor went out of style, but some of it could still hold its own.

—"Most great wars are arranged by people who stay at home and sell groceries to the widow and orphan and old maids at 100% advance."

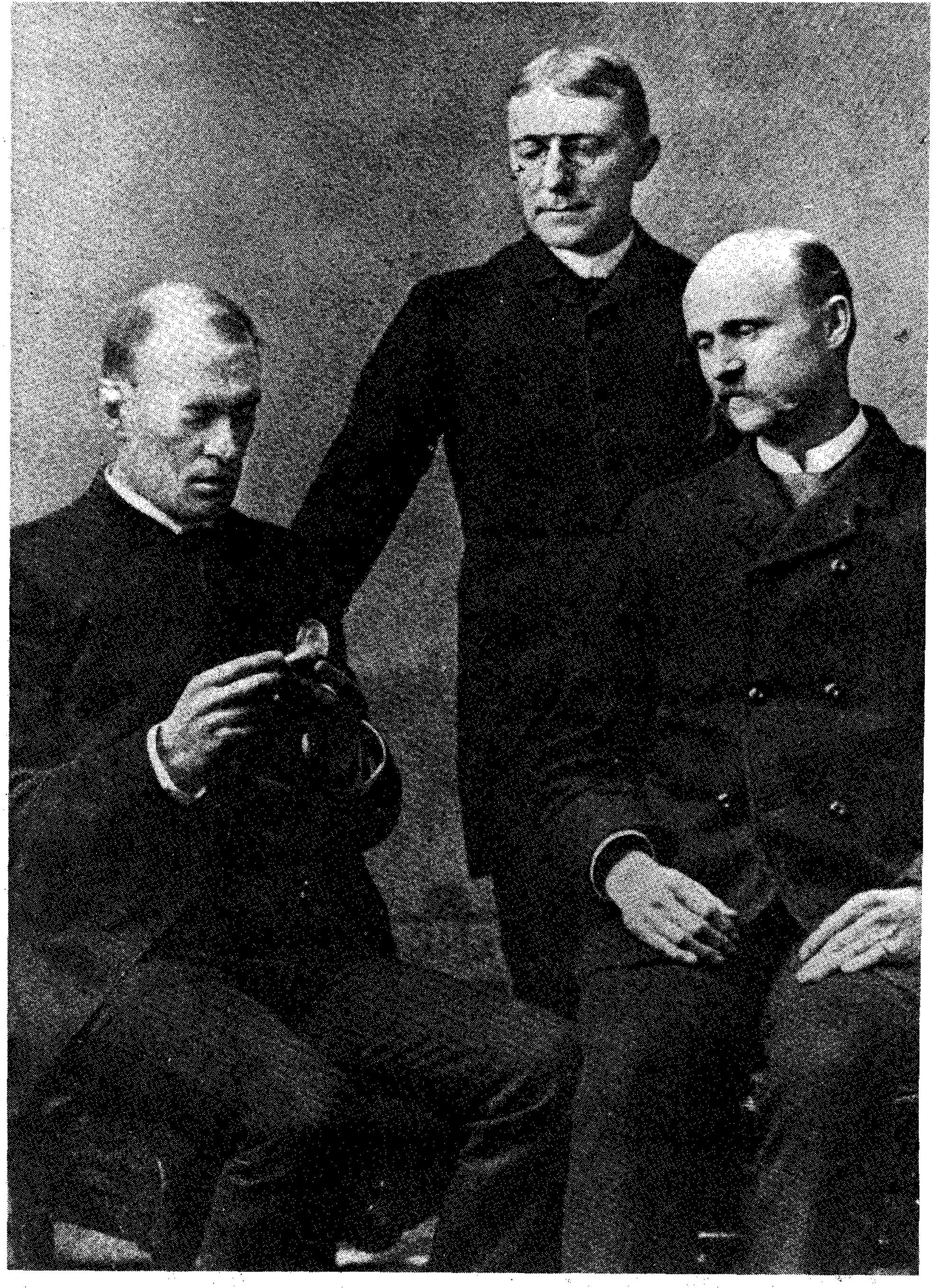
—"It has snowed a great deal during the week, and it is discouraging to the planters of cotton and tobacco very much. . . . The altitude (in Laramie) is between 7,000 and 8,000 feet above the high water mark . . . during the winter it does not snow very much, we being above the snow line. In summer the snow clouds rise above us . . . thus causing us to wear snowshoes all through the haying season . . . early frosts make close connections with late spring blizzards."

—"After the government had used [the veteran's] pension money as long as it needed it, and was . . . once more on its feet, the money was sent and the old man's grandchildren purchased a lawnmower, a Mexican hairless dog, and some other necessities. . . ."

—"In the wild, unfettered West, beware of the man who never carries arms, never gets drunk, and always minds his own business."

—"We don't know what the Territory would have been without female suffrage, but when they began to hang men by law instead of by moonlight the future began to brighten up."

—"The system of building railroads has knocked the essential joy out of the life of the pioneer. . . . It has driven out the long handled frying pan and the flapjack of 20 years ago, and introduced the condensed milk and canned fruit of commerce. You know that if you ride a day you will be where you can get the daily papers and read them under the electric light . . . the road is lined with empty beer bottles and peach cans that have outlived their usefulness."



Above, left to right: Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, and Bill Nye at the time of their appearance together in Indianapolis in 1886. Below: The Nye "Slosh" at Tompkinsville, Staten Island.

—"There is a grim and ghastly humor . . . born of a pathetic philosophy which now and then strikes me in reading the bright and keen witted work of our American paragraphers. It is a humor that may be crystallized by hunger and sorrow and pain." The same might be said of Nye's own work.

BEFORE leaving the West, he clipped all of his columns from the *Boomerang* files. Without him the *Boomerang* shrank to an ordinary small town paper.

The Nyes spent the next three years living quietly on a farm back in Wisconsin. Two sons, Max and Jim, were born to the family. *Baled Hay*, which the author called "a drier book than *Leaves of Grass*," was published. His health improved.

Bill Nye's national reputation had survived, and in 1885 the Boston *Globe* and

(Continued on page 40)

THE

BY O. E. HILL
Photos Courtesy Author

J. Warren Reed.

Below: Early view of Garrison Avenue, Fort Smith, Arkansas taken from an old Hansard & Garden stereoscope card.

Courtesy Felix Beaumont, San Fernando, California

JUST ABOUT everything that happened at Fort Smith, Arkansas in the last quarter of the 19th century was connected with Judge Isaac Parker. This included setting the stage for the success of one of the most suspect attorneys in the history of the West, J. Warren Reed. Judge Parker assumed the reins of the court for the Western District of Arkansas on May 10, 1875, with jurisdiction over the entire Indian Territory.

Parker's arrival caused very little excitement among the riffraff who infested this area. However, on September 3, 1875 when six men were hanged at one time, the outlaws began to take notice. "Tumbleweed" prison wagons, with their white canvas covers, were criss-crossing the Indian country like ants. It was then the men realized that a new day was dawning. Heretofore they had felt fairly secure here. Very little effort had been made by the Fort Smith officers to hunt them down, and there was no extradition to call them to account for their crimes elsewhere. Now the news coming out of Fort Smith, and all the activity by deputy marshals, sent them scurrying for cover.

The Indian Territory encompassed an area of 74,000 square miles. About half of this area to the east was occupied by the Five Civilized Tribes. This was a unique situation in the history of governments. In effect there were five sovereign nations located within another nation. To the west of the Nations was a huge area with no semblance of government or law of any kind. Herds of buffaloes and roving bands of Indians inhabited those trackless plains.

Following the Civil War, several railroads penetrated the Indian Territory and the unassigned lands to the west. The coming of the railroads was followed by an influx of wanted criminals from all over the country. The courts in the Nations had jurisdiction over the Indians of their particular tribe only, and none over the criminal intruders. Many white settlers in the Nations had legal status through intermarriage or other lawful means. They, as well as the Indians and travelers through the territory, were preyed upon constantly by packs of murderous thieves.

Isaac Parker was a different breed of man from his predecessors. Before his arrival the court had fallen into disrepute. In a short time Parker had the court functioning with the precision of a well oiled machine. The two hundred deputy marshals employed by Parker permitted his legal mill to operate from eight o'clock in the morning until dark, six days a week. An astounding volume of work was performed by the court.

The stern justice meted out, however,

ROGUE'S ROGUE

Those hiding out in Indian Territory received some mighty welcome news— "If you need a lawyer, Reed is the man to hire!"

brought worldwide notoriety to Fort Smith. For the first fourteen years there was no appeal from Parker's decisions. When he sentenced a man, the prisoner usually kept an appointment with George Maledon, the baleful Bavarian hangman. The gibbet presided over by Maledon for twenty-two years had a trap thirty inches wide and twenty feet long. It was designed to accommodate twelve men at one time, although six men was the largest number ever hanged at once. Sixty men were hanged by Maledon during his tenure as executioner, and two more were shot to death while trying to escape.

Many names have been branded upon the pages of history at Fort Smith, and many legends have been forged. Some of these are authentic, others are the product of the wild times and wilder imaginations of writers of that time. The Rufus Bucks, Belle Starrs and Cherokee Bills required special circumstances to get recognition. While on the other hand, figures such as Isaac Parker, Jacob Yoes and Will Clayton would have been outstanding under any circumstances.

J. WARREN REED, a latecomer to Fort Smith, was just an ordinary lawyer before he arrived (and after he left). Yet, for a brief span of seven years he flashed across the horizon of the Parker court like a shooting star. It could not have happened anywhere else.

Several writers have made efforts to show that Reed and Belle Starr conspired to circumvent the law. One has Reed arriving at Fort Smith ten years too soon. He compounds his error by having Reed defend Belle Starr and Sam on February 15, 1883. Again in speaking of the Indian Territory outlaws he states, "Belle was indispensable to them, arranging their defense with Reed, supplying perjured witnesses, manufacturing alibis etc."

It was 1879 before Reed was admitted to the bar in his native West Virginia. Seven years later he was admitted to practice before the state supreme court, the federal district court, and the federal circuit court in that state. Later in the same year (1886) he moved to California, where he remained until going to Fort Smith. Belle Starr was killed on February 3, 1889 and Reed arrived at Fort Smith two months later, in April 1889. There is no way she could have worked with J. Warren Reed.

If anyone entertained any doubts that Parker meant business, those doubts were soon dispelled. On April 21, 1876 the second sextet stretched Maledon's ropes. This was followed on September 8, 1876 by a triple hanging, After a twenty-one month respite, a double execution was carried out on December 20, 1878. On August 29, 1879 another triple hanging took place. On September 9, 1881 five criminals kissed the hemp, and so it went for twenty-one years.

There is no indication that Judge Parker ever changed his attitude toward his work. There was never any effort at self-aggrandizement. Parker repeatedly disclaimed any responsibility—or credit— for what was happening. He stated that he had hanged no one; the law had hanged these men. He maintained the position of being the instrument of providence and nothing more.

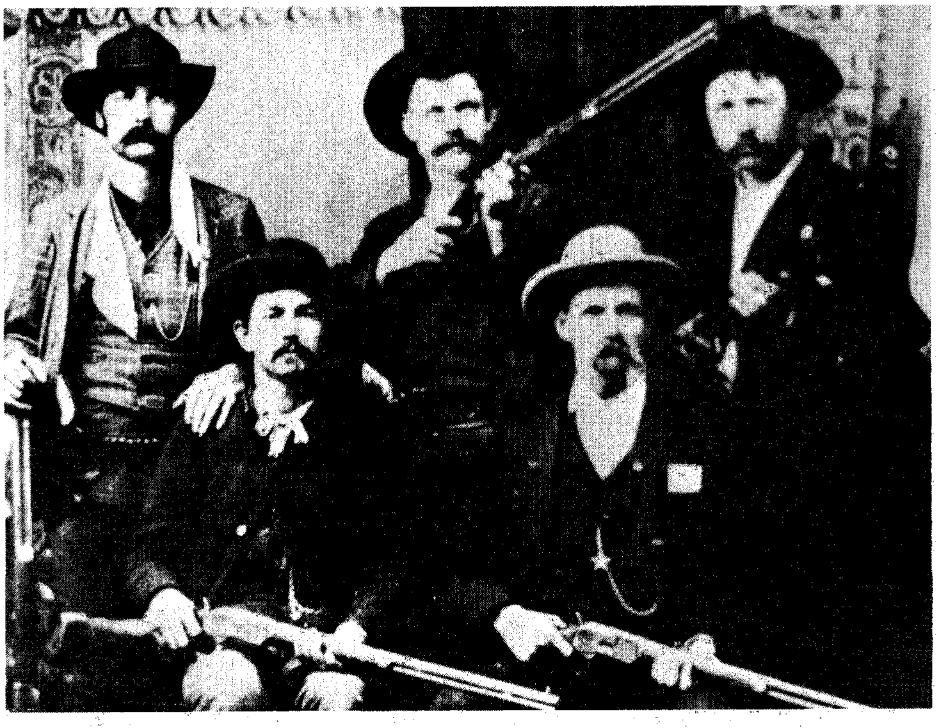
There were many, in and out of public life, who questioned the Judge's culpability for what was transpiring at Fort Smith. A great furor was raised against the policies and practices of his court in the national press. Eventually this controversy reached the Congress of the United States. No question was raised as to the guilt or innocence of the criminals, but rather were based on somewhat nebulous moral grounds that ignored the facts of how the criminals came to be on death row in the first place.

On January 6, 1883 the court's jurisdiction was severely reduced. All of the area north of the Canadian River and west of the Indian Nations was attached to the courts at Wichita and Fort Scott, Kansas. The area south of the Canadian and west of the Nations, was attached to the court at Graham, Texas.

Parker's court still had more than enough to do, however, even after the drastic curtailment of its jurisdiction. The deputy marshals were, as a rule, dedicated and efficient. In spite of the long hours, low pay, and the difficulty in collecting the pay after it had been earned, steady progress was made against the criminal tide. Parker's men probably suffered more hardships and faced more danger than any similar organization in history.

ON February 6, 1889 Congress again passed legislation that affected the Fort Smith operation. A "white man's court" was created at Muskogee in the Creek Nation. This court was limited in its jurisdiction and took very little of the

Below: Five noted deputy marshals at Fort Smith. Left to right, seated: R. Charley Copeland, Captain G. S. (Cap) White. Standing: L. Bill Smith, Bill Ellis, and Paden Tolbert.



load from Parker's court. But this same legislation also made mandatory the right of appeal in all cases calling for capital punishment. This last provision had far-reaching effects, indeed.

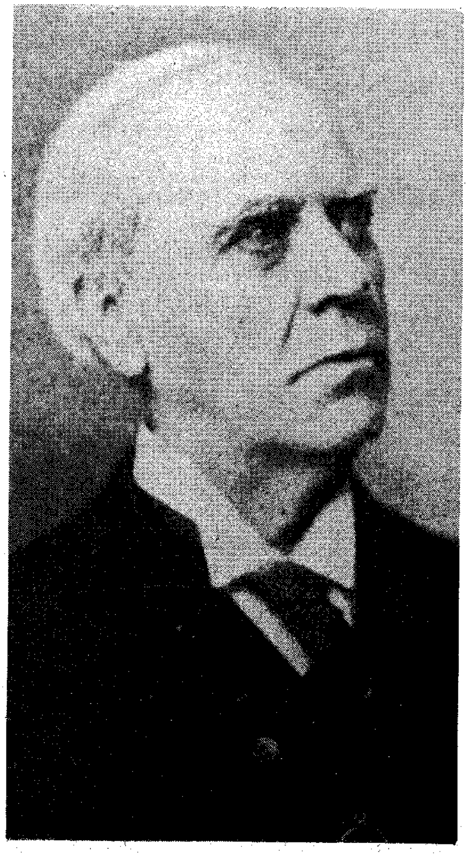
Still another event transpired in 1889 that was to directly involve Judge Parker. This was the arrival in Fort Smith of J. Warren Reed. He brought with him an attractive wife who had legal training, his own ten years of experience as a lawyer, and a reputation of being a man "who always won his cases." Many changes were to be wrought by Mr. Reed at Fort Smith.

Reed joined two reputable attorneys in the firm of E. C. Boudinot and Thomas H. Barnes to make it Boudinot, Barnes & Reed. Significantly Reed's first important appearance before the court was in defense of an itinerant Mexican horse wrangler, with the unlikely name of William Alexander, who had been sentenced to hang for the murder and robbery of his employer. Reed took his case on appeal and thereby earned the dubious distinction, on May 1, 1890, of being the first to appeal a sentence passed by Judge Isaac Parker.

The outcome of Alexander's case was a harbinger of future events at Fort Smith. Reed got out of his office and rode about the countryside looking for witnesses. It is suspected that he "found" several willing to swear to Alexander's innocence, as the prisoner not only was saved from the gallows but hit the ground a free man—penniless, but free.

Reed immediately skyrocketed to prominence. The word went out to every criminal haunt in Indian Territory, "Reed is the man to hire."

Parker and Reed soon squared off. The attorney became a thorn in Parker's side and served to accelerate the passing of the Fort Smith Court. More important, Reed's appeal to the Supreme Court was the beginning of many vitriolic exchanges between Parker and that august body, all of which worked to the Judge's detriment.



Above: Colonel Thomas B. Needles, marshal of the first white man's court set up in Indian Territory by a law enacted February 6, 1889.

Below: Section of downtown Muskogee, Oklahoma as it looked about 1900.

Parker's creed was simple—if you murdered a man you robbed him of his dearest possession, his life. In so doing you automatically forfeited your own life. In most cases children were robbed of a father, and a woman was robbed of her mate, while the criminal had only his own life to offer in exchange. Parker considered this a poor bargain, as was reflected in the bitterness of his speeches when sentencing a criminal to hang.

Reed was on his way to setting one of the most astonishing records ever established by a criminal lawyer. In his seven years at Fort Smith he defended 134 men who were charged with capital offenses. Of that number only two were ever hanged. And one of those two probably would have been freed if he had not killed a guard while awaiting the outcome of his appeal.

All courts, past and present, have been disposed to reopen a case upon presentation of new evidence. Reed's specialty was in providing this "new evidence," reportedly buying most of it if it couldn't be obtained any other way. Although his fees were the highest in the history of the Fort Smith Court, he was penniless within ten years after the Court was closed. Evidently his expenses were also inordinately high.

Reed's attitude toward Parker could be compared to that of a pickpocket who flatters a man and pats him on the back with one hand while lifting his wallet with the other. The Judge was not fooled, of course; it was he who hung the sobriquet of the "Rogue's Rogue" on Reed. Parker made it clear that he felt a lot of perjury was being committed in the hearings. He also made it plain that in his opinion Reed was the principal offender, even though no formal charges were brought against him.

The failure to file charges against Reed was not due to any weakness on the part of Parker. Rather, it was due to his astuteness as a lawyer. He was smart enough to realize that his hands had been tied by some of the same Congressmen who were now clamoring for his head. The wording of the federal statute on perjury made it impossible to get a conviction for subornation of perjury.

The Judge's life became a nightmare of frustration and conflict. His already failing health began rapidly deteriorating and by June 1896 he was no longer capable of performing his duties. On September 1, 1896 his court was stripped of all jurisdiction over Indian Territory. Two months and seventeen days later Judge Isaac Parker was dead.

The statistics generated by Parker's tenure on the Fort Smith bench have long been discussed. It appears that he sentenced 172 persons to hang. At least eighty-one of these were actually executed. The others received commutations to life or lesser sentences, while a few were being freed on appeal. Thirty-three of those hanged were white, thirty were Indian, and eighteen were Negro.

The large volume of these cases provided practice for numerous attorneys. After the Fort Smith Court was, for all practical purposes, closed, it became necessary for many of them to look elsewhere for a livelihood. One of the dis-

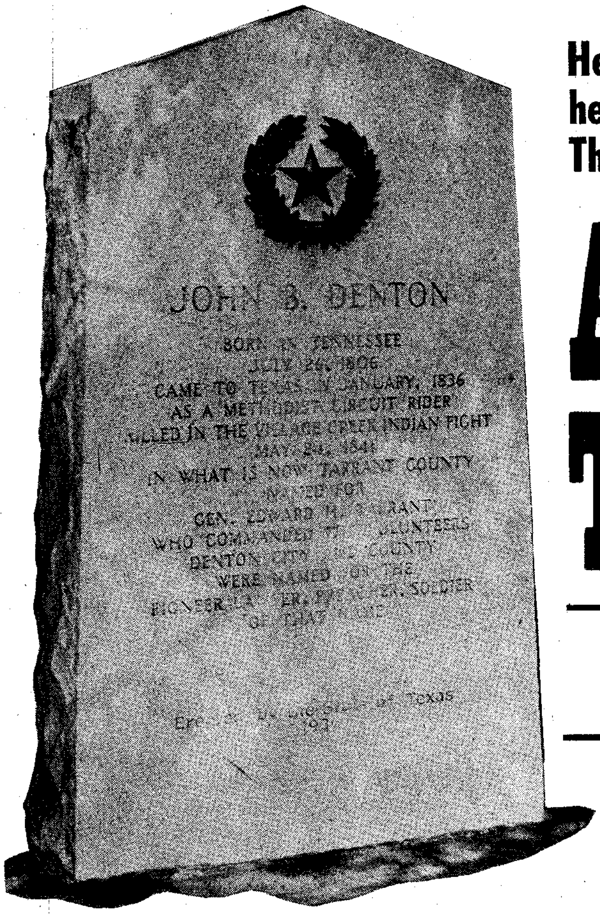
(Continued on page 46)

He couldn't live in peace, and for a long time he couldn't rest in peace. The strange story of

A MAN WITH THREE GRAVES

BY DANA COX FUNK

Photos Courtesy Author


JOHN B. DENTON
BORN IN TENNESSEE
JULY 26, 1806
CAME TO TEXAS IN JANUARY, 1836
AS A METHODIST CIRCUIT RIDER
KILLED IN THE VILLAGE CREEK INDIAN FIGHT
MAY 24, 1841
IN WHAT IS NOW TARRANT COUNTY
GEN. EDWARD H. TARRANT
WHO COMMANDED THE VOLUNTEERS
DENTON CITY AND COUNTY
WERE NAMED

Headstone at John Denton's final resting place. Courtesy Denton Record-Chronicle

NOT MANY men can lay claim to having three graves but Captain John B. Denton did. Though things were not planned that way, the body of Denton was buried three times.

John Denton was born July 1806 in Tennessee. His mother died when he was young. A few years later his father died leaving John and his older brother William alone. A family named Wells took the two boys into their family after their father's death. Soon after, the Wells family moved to Arkansas. Being outsiders, the Denton boys were given all the hard dirty work around the new farm. John rebelled at the age of twelve and ran away. The next six years of his life are not recorded but it is known that he attended many camp meetings.

Even though John could not read or write he was ordained a minister in the Methodist faith at the age of eighteen. He began traveling and holding his own camp meetings. He was to meet his wife at one of these gatherings. She was Mary Greenlee Stewart, reportedly from Louisiana. Mary was a schoolteacher and her husband was to become her pupil.

John and Mary made their new home in a log cabin in Arkansas. He continued to travel and hold camp meetings after his marriage. Mary was left at home to raise their children which eventually added up to six. The life of a preacher's wife was not what Mary had dreamed it would be. John was never home and there was never enough food for the family.

When John came back from one of his circuit rides, Mary flew into him about leaving her and the children so often. John was apparently hard-headed and after a heated argument Mary packed her few belongings and left for Fayetteville where she opened a millinery shop.

A working woman in the 1830s was often suspected of having loose morals; they were considered easy prey for men. A man of wealth and influence from Fayetteville tried to force his way into her room one

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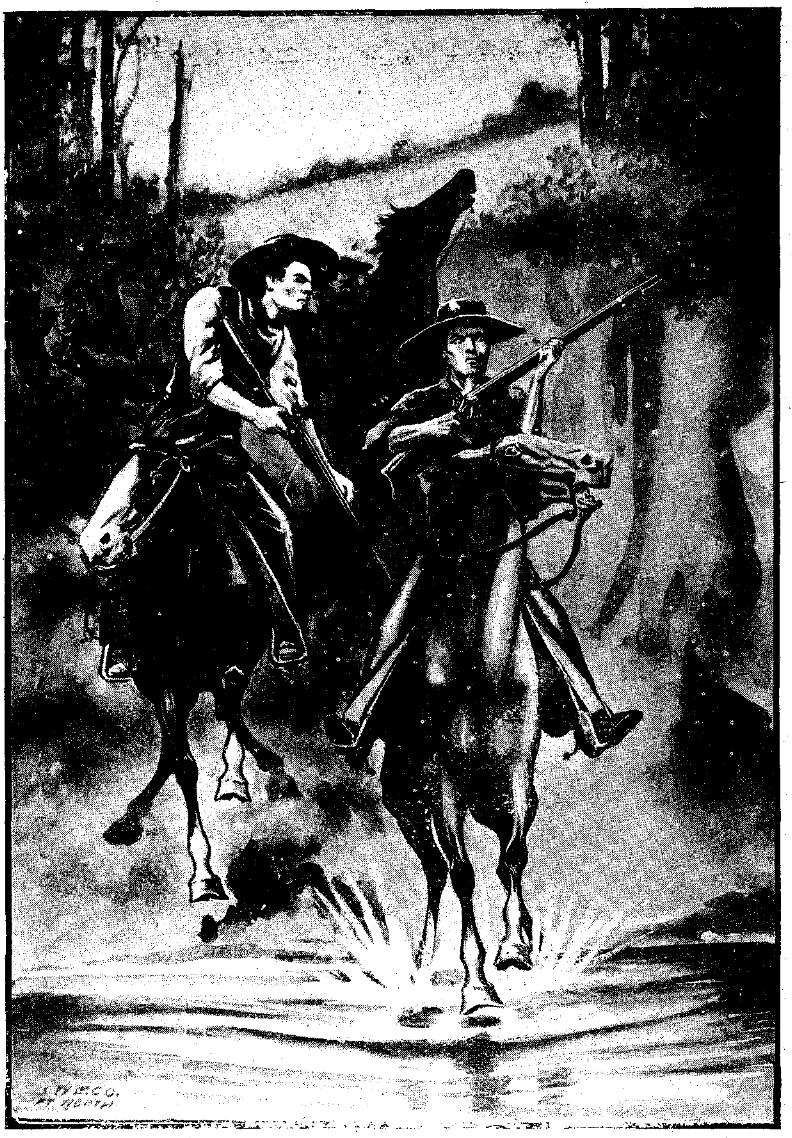


Denton, left foreground, as he was mortally wounded while pursuing the retreating Indians. Taken from ***Border Wars Of Texas.***

SILVER FOX FARMING

BY C. O. PETERSON

Photos Courtesy Author

TO CONSIDER fifty years ago "the good old days" one must have a flexible memory and do a lot of forgetting along with remembering. I do remember that dollars were fewer and harder to come by. There was no unemployment insurance—no work, no pay. But money earned was all yours and living was much less complicated. Maybe they *were* the good old days. A matter of opinion.

Fifty years ago I was interested in a new business then developing in the mountains of Southern California—the raising of silver foxes for their fur and as breeding stock. I had been offered a job on the biggest fur-farm then building in Big Bear Valley—The Borestone Fox Farm—owned and operated by R. T. Moore, a gentleman from Maine who was already successful in this line back in New England.

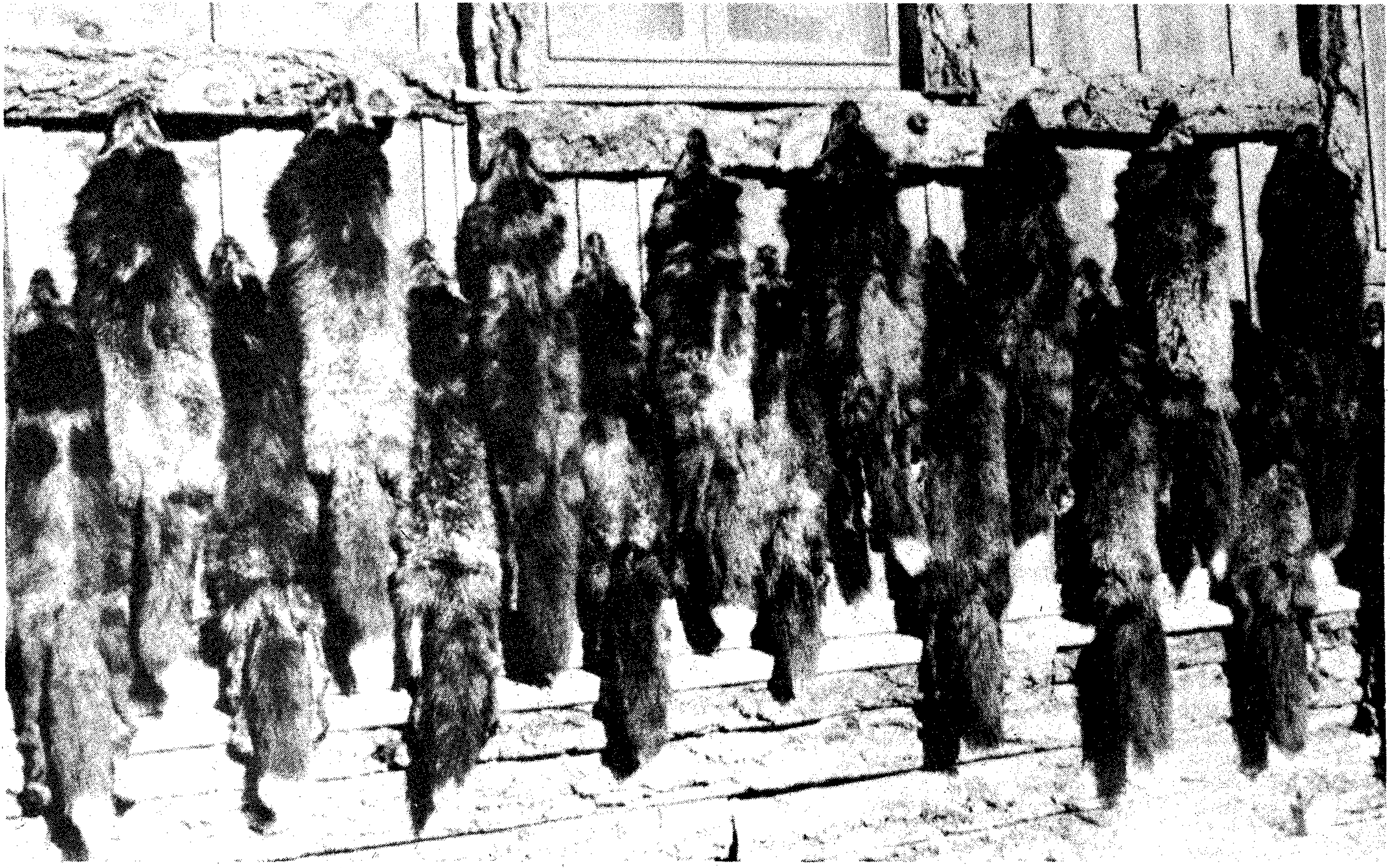
A fox-farm was a "big money" business. It took big money to get started, and big money to operate, but provided big profits for shrewd and careful operators. A few years later fox farmers suffered great financial losses during an outbreak of canine distemper which almost wiped out their breeding stock. Too, the fast-money boys soon got into the silver-fox ranching game with phony stock-promotion companies that gave the business a bad reputation as a skin-game.

I worked for a salary of $100 a month, six days a week—and they were long days—feeding and caring for about 200 foxes and also doing some carpentry. I bought-in in a small way and fortunately sold out at a good profit (about two years later) before fur prices started their downward plunge just before the big Depression. It had dawned upon me in time, that depending for a living on a luxury item such as expensive fur, wasn't exactly smart for a small-money man.

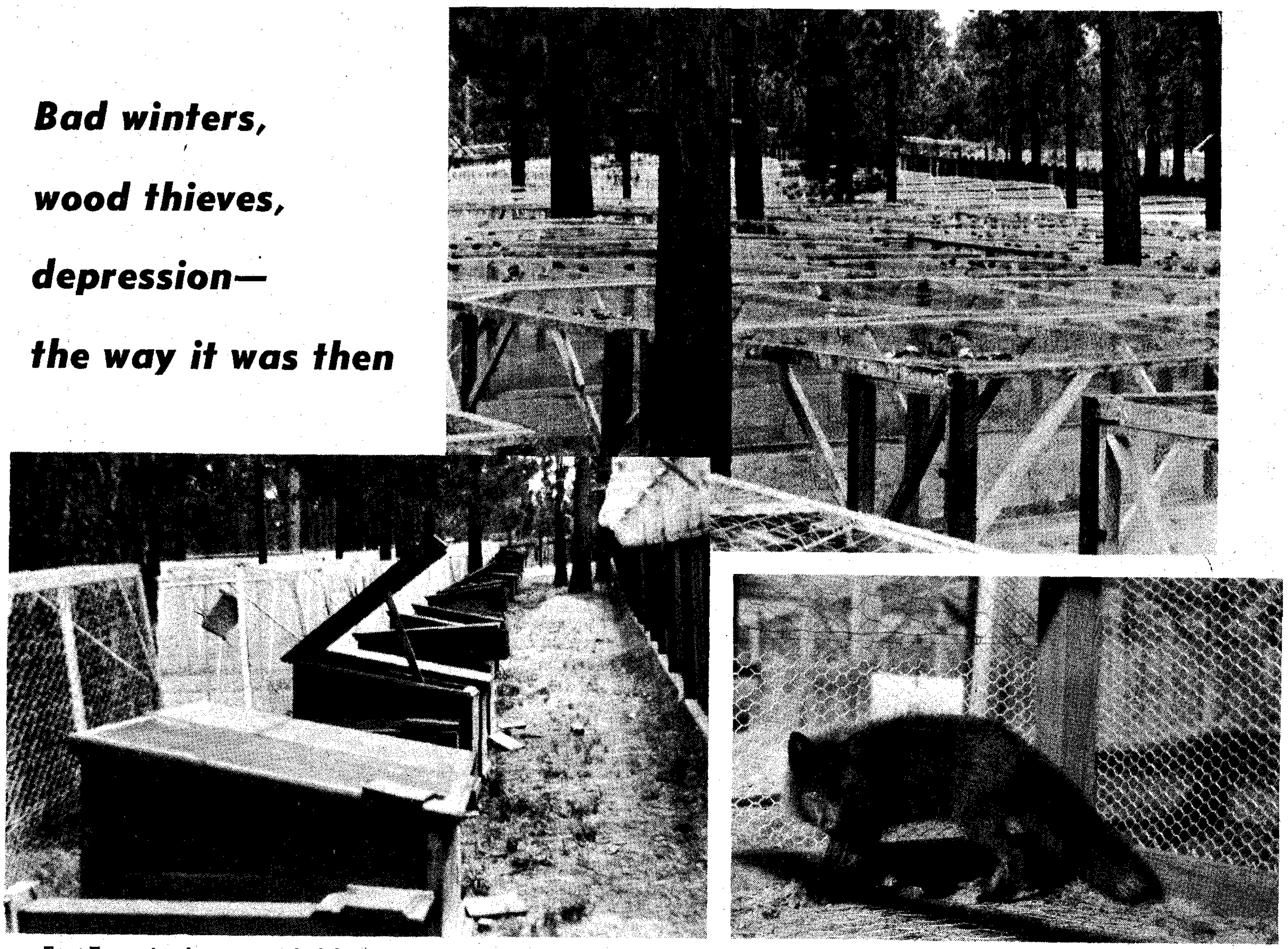
IN THOSE early years of fox-farming a top quality pair of proven breeders brought from $2,000 to $3,000. Young unproven animals averaged about $700 each. Occasionally top-quality pelts sold for as high as $1,100.

Pen-raised silver foxes were a man-

Top left: National Show Champion 1934, silver fox bred and owned by Bert Avery, Big Bear Valley, California. Below: Silver fox pelts ready for market at Big Bear Valley, 1929.



Bad winters, wood thieves, depression— the way it was then



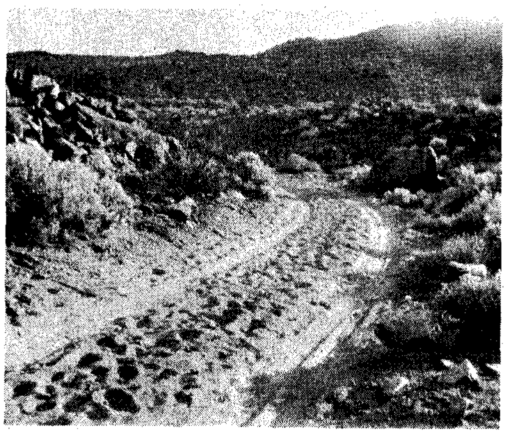
Top: Expensive fox pens and elaborate kennels (inset). Above right: A young dark-silver fox.

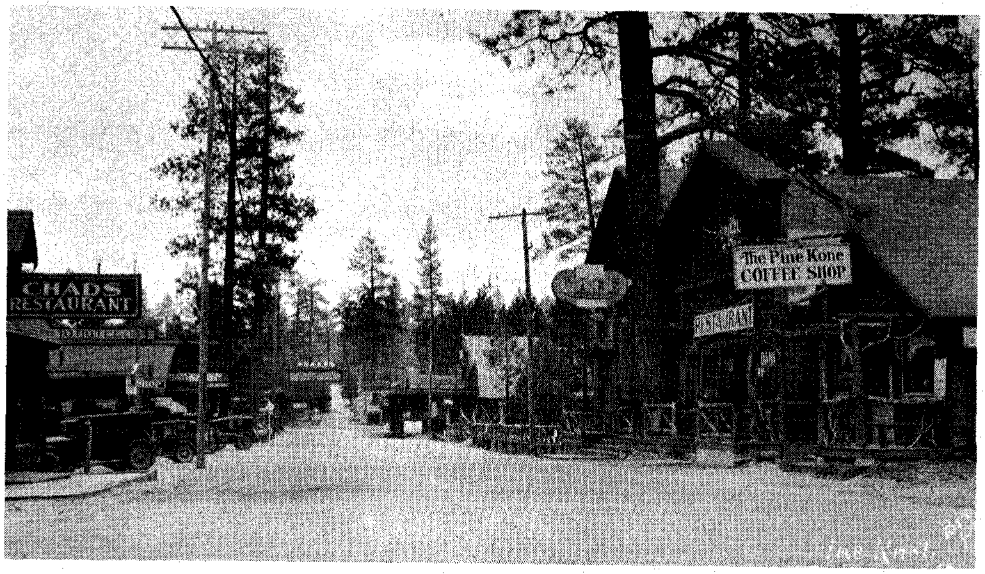
made breed. They were nervous, flighty and unpredictable, and required careful feeding and handling. Each pair of foxes had a strong wire-netting pen with an elaborate weather-tight kennel house. To freight building materials and feed "up the hill" was expensive. There were no paved roads into the high mountain valley in the early '20s. In winter the one usable road, by way of the desert to Victorville and through Cajon Pass to San Bernardino, was sometimes closed by snow. Snowplows were not efficient; in fact, they were almost useless when snow was more than two feet deep or drifted.

Winter trips took one day to San Bernardino, an overnight stay, and a long day returning to Big Bear Valley over the desert and up Cushenbury Grade, Johnson Grade, and around Baldwin Lake. From Victorville to Big Bear all roads were sand and gravel. The only paved road in the valley ended at the east end of Big Bear Lake.

There were less than 250 year-long residents, including children, in all of

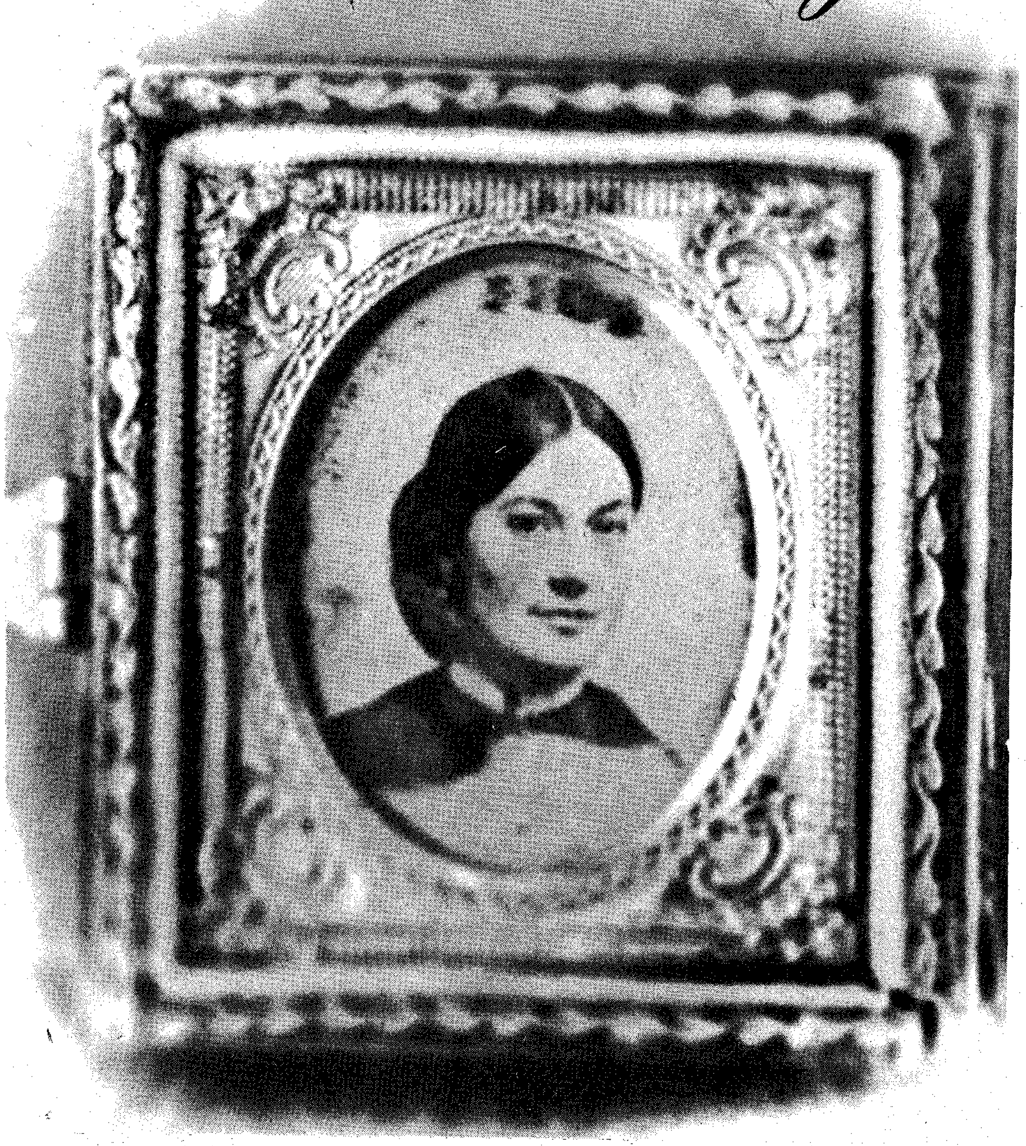
(Continued on page 48)





Above: The foot of Cushenbury Grade, a highway of the good old days, on the way from the desert to Big Bear Valley in the San Bernardino Mountains, 1925. Right: Pine Knot, now Big Bear Lake, as it was in 1934.

A Pretty Lady FEW



Elizabeth Powell Hereford, one of Denver's most popular young matrons, 1876.

Who Was She?

It was a procession such as the city of Denver had seldom seen in its few years of existence. The entire body of Pioneer Encampment No. 1 of the Red Cross marched under the cold November sky, escorting carriages full of dignitaries and a horsedrawn hearse bearing a rosewood casket ornamented in silver. Slowly they made their way from the house on Arapahoe to the corner of 17th and California, where the Christian Church was already overflowing with people. Among the pallbearers were a judge and an ex-governor of the Territory.

A reporter from the Denver *Daily Times* watched curiously, eying the crowd of mourners. "Who was she?" he wondered.

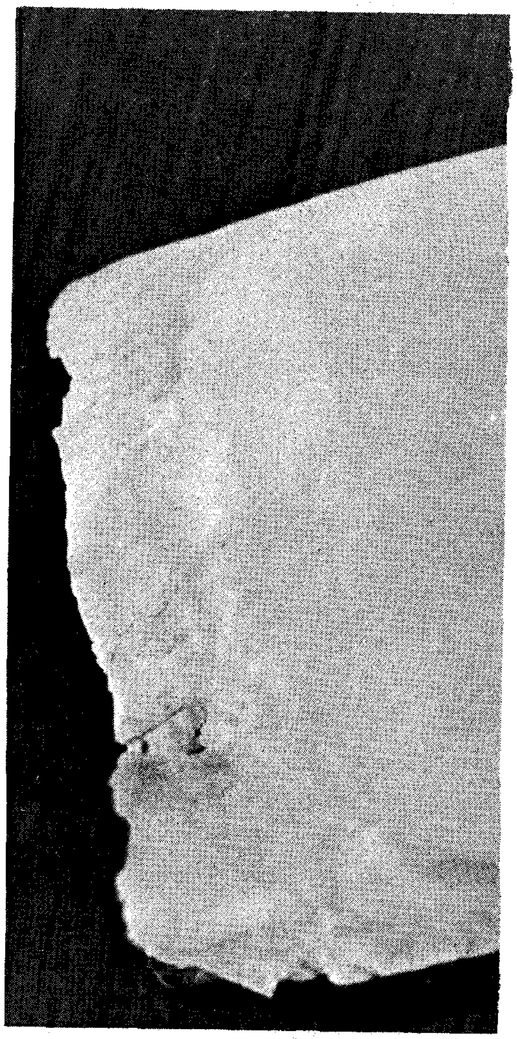
The man from *The Rocky Mountain News* consulted his notes. "Elizabeth Powell Hereford, wife of A. P. Hereford, the attorney."

"I know. But who *was* she?"

Of the many who made up the final procession to Riverside Cemetery, not more than a handful of close friends could have answered that question fully. Most only knew that Mrs. Hereford was a prominent member of church and benevolent societies, a handsome woman far too young and full of life at thirty-seven to be suddenly snatched away. They would scarcely have believed that this gentle lady had, when she was barely out of her teens, lived with violence and almost died by it.

WHEN Lizzie Powell was born in 1840, Missouri was a ragged border state. Its towns had sprung up in patches and tatters along the emigrant trade route. Wagons churned the dust in the general direction of California, while mule trains hauled rich loads southwestward to Santa Fe. Like a vortex the state drew its citizenry from all over the East.

When the Civil War loomed, there never was a populace more divided down the middle. Slavery itself was not a personal issue to log-cabin dwellers. Even around towns such as Hannibal, where Lizzie was now a pretty, young girl, the onrush of war was mostly a windstorm of words—secession, abolition, federalism vs. States Rights. The Powells came from Virginia—her grandfather had cheered for Patrick Henry—so it was a family tradition to believe in self-determination. Now they felt this included the



BY ANNABEL JOHNSON

Photos Courtesy Author

PEOPLE KNEW

Among the mourners, unseen and unheard, was the wraith of the Little Drummer Boy. He had known her too, many years before, when the Civil War overtook her in Missouri...

South's right to secede if it wanted to.

To people only a few generations removed from the Revolution, principles had always been worth dying for, but to Lizzie that had seemed a remote possibility until the fighting finally spread to the backwaters of Marion County in 1862. It was guerrilla warfare, with little bands of "Secesh" sympathizers blowing up the bridges of the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad, and a frustrated Union militia trying to compel citizens to take the loyalty oath to the Federal government. When blue-coated regulars were sent in to help, by their peremptory commandeering of food and housing they created more Rebels than they captured. A sizeable contingent of northeast Missouri decided it was part of the South.

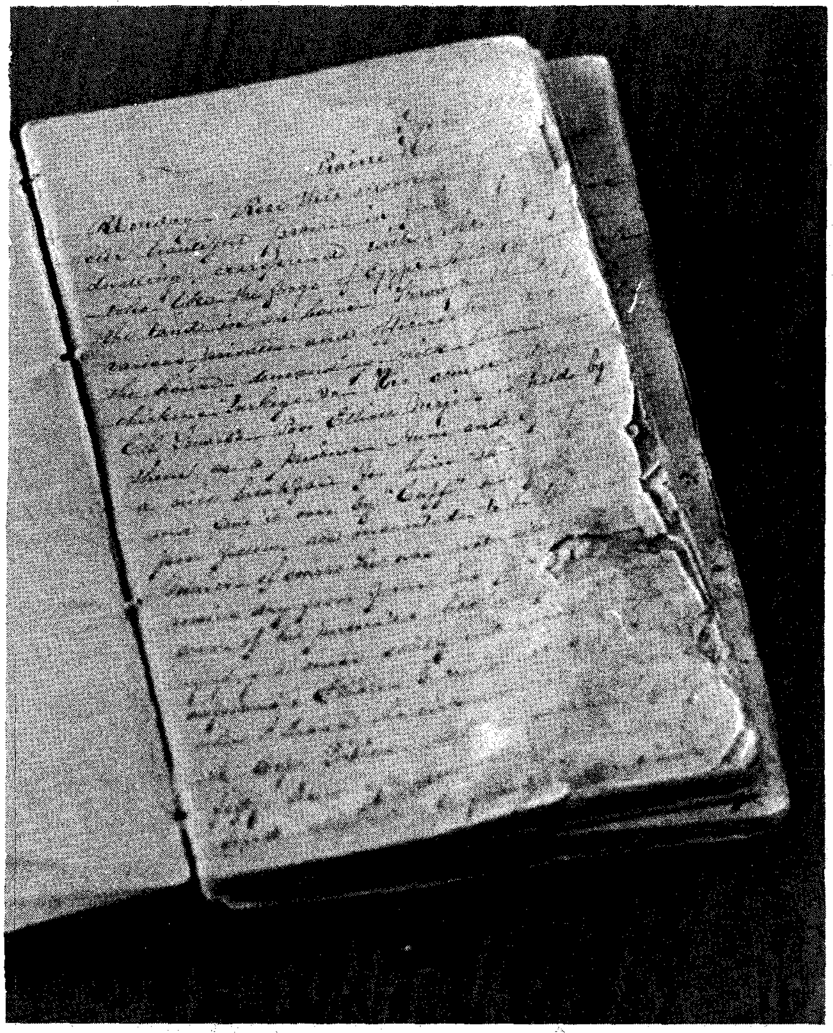
One particular thorn in the military heel was the private campaign waged by two determined young ladies. In the *Official Records of the Civil War* there appears a letter written by the Brigadier General of the State Militia to his superior, regarding the Misses Lizzie Powell and Maggie Creath:

"The active disloyalty of these two women is notorious and their beauty, talents and superior education have made many a man a bushwhacker who, except for that influence, would have been an honest man."

More specifically, the two girls would sally forth in a carriage with gun caps and powder sewn into the hems of their skirts and food tucked under their cloaks, drive through the Union lines and down to give comfort to the tired rabble camped in the tall grass along Missouri's bottomland.

Orders went out that they must be stopped and on a day in September 1862, they were. That evening Lizzie began her diary:

"MONDAY. Rose this morning to find our beautiful prairie in front of sister's



Left: The dairy of Elizabeth Hereford. Below: Her husband, Alfred P., a Denver attorney.

"Lizzie" Powell, taken in 1863 when she was a prisoner of war.

dwelling overspread with hostile troops who, like the frogs of Egypt, have covered the land in an hour. Through the day various privates and officers have visited the house, demanding milk, butter, eggs, chickens, turkeys, etc. . . .

"About 6:00 o'clock, Capt. P - - - - with a guard of forty or fifty drew up in front of the house and alighted. A guard immediately surrounded the dwelling while five or ten officers entered and upon being called for, I went down. Capt. P. met me rather excitedly and commenced a general introduction to those who accompanied him. I requested him to dispense with this, as it was not my desire to be introduced to those whose acquaintance I had not sought and did not expect to cultivate. To this he replied with a laugh, stating with evident satisfaction that his business at the time was to arrest me."

LIZZIE was taken to Palmyra to the Creath home, where she and Maggie were kept under house arrest for a few months. Not too severe a restraint; on at least one occasion they slipped away ("disguised ourselves completely") and went to the dressmaker's.

The tone of the diary deepens into shock when, in October, and just down the street from their home, Federal troops executed ten southern men as a reprisal for the abduction of a Union spy. News of the "Palmyra Massacre" disturbed the rest of the country too. In the uneasy aftermath, the local general pleaded with the girls to give their parole, take the oath and go home. Of which Lizzie writes:

"I promptly refused, telling him plainly that I had rather die in prison than perjure myself before God and man."

So he let them go anyway and Lizzie was able, on New Years Day, to receive calls from several gentlemen friends. Her popularity though, was to be the cause of a new, more serious kind of trouble. One Union officer, a Major Price, was also smitten by her, as she reports on January 4:

"Met with Mr. S. D. Price, Provost Marshal, who solicits an introduction and passes several compliments. Refuse for the reason that I do not wish to devote the evening to entertaining a Federal officer."

A week later Lizzie was back in custody; her jailor—Major Price:

"Show him my release from McNeil and demand the cause or reason for this course of action. No satisfaction was given me except that it was for no new offense, that I was again under military arrest. Tis, I feel, an illegal personal persecution, instituted by Maj. Price himself because I refused an introduction to the vile fiend."

This time imprisonment was strict. Lizzie was even threatened with the military barracks in St. Louis where only the toughest soldiers survived. When she was offered freedom in return for her "cooperation" her answer was so spirited that seven of the men set to guard her promptly defected to the South.

Her friends, meanwhile, were petitioning the governor and other people in high places to have her released. Since her health was growing more precarious week by week, even Major Price must have thought twice about sending her to certain death in a St. Louis dungeon. Instead he housed her in a local building called "The Railroad House." As she described it:

"My room, with no fire, no carpet, very very small with but one little window presented such a cheerless appearance I felt my fortitude forsake me."

Given only a bed of dirty straw and a greasy quilt for a coverlet she spent an unspeakable night.

"The guards, drunken and infuriated, made several ineffectual attempts to enter my room, and had it not been for a small bolt I had fastened over the lock, their efforts must have been effectual. Finding they were defeated I could hear them heaping their curses upon me and planning to come in through the window. I was almost speechless with fear; to cry for help would have been but mockery. . . . I sprang upright in my bed and kept that position until daylight."

Next day Lizzie suffered a lung hemorrhage. Now the efforts to get her released became frantic. And yet she was kept in solitary confinement, without benefit of a doctor and only the occasional ministrations from the wife of the building's manager. And, of course, the inevitable attentions of Major Price. On the 15th of February he brought her a Valentine.

"Said if it were not for sympathizing with a Rebel that he would tell me he was sorry to see the effects imprisonment had had upon me—my pale face and dreadful cough were pitiable and he deplored the fact that duty prevented him from being more lenient. That I was a dangerous foe to his government and could almost shake *his* loyalty."

(Continued on page 61)

Tragedy in Hood Valley

(Continued from page 11)

the homestead to the railroad station at Hood River town, where they had boarded a westbound train.

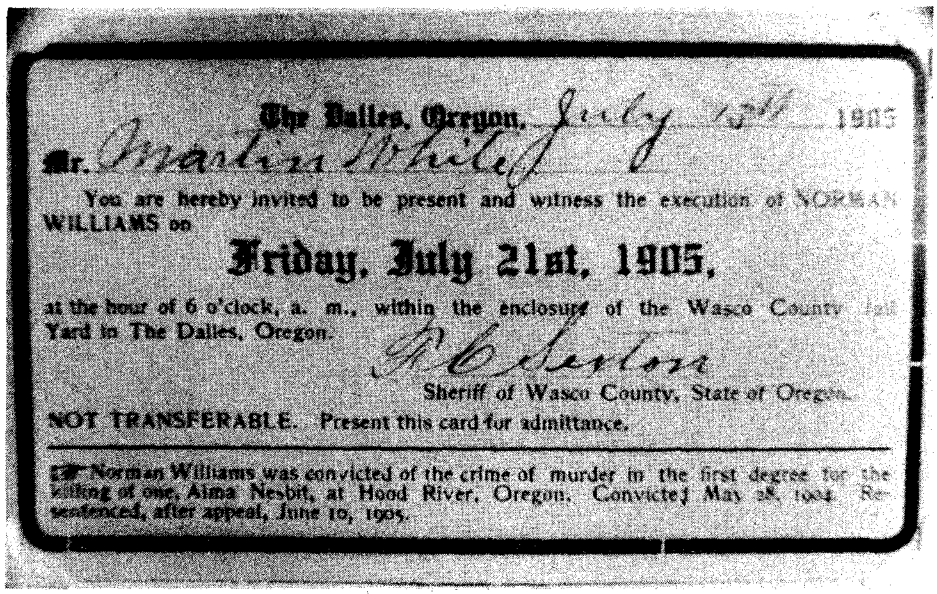
He said that Alma had seemingly grown tired of him during their engagement and had fallen in love with a man whose identity he didn't know. She had met him while doing housework in The Dalles in the winter of 1899-1900 to earn money for farming tools. Williams had worked at a small sawmill in the Parkdale area during the same period.

"But in the spring, when she came back," he went on, "I guess a homestead didn't look so good to her. I could tell she didn't want to settle down and be a rancher's wife. She had got other notions."

Williams' story sounded sincere and logical enough. He seemed sad that Alma had thrown him over. "I'd marry her today if she'd only come back," he said.

Williams was put in the Wasco County jail as a material witness, his bond set at $10,000. He made no attempt to raise it, just smiling and promising, "It'll come out all right."

Courtesy Oregon State Sheriffs' Association



The Dalles, Oregon, July 13th 1905

Mr. Martin White

You are hereby invited to be present and witness the execution of NORMAN WILLIAMS on

Friday, July 21st, 1905,

at the hour of 6 o'clock, a. m., within the enclosure of the Wasco County Jail Yard in The Dalles, Oregon.

Sheriff of Wasco County, State of Oregon.

NOT TRANSFERABLE. Present this card for admittance.

☞ Norman Williams was convicted of the crime of murder in the first degree for the killing of one, Alma Nesbit, at Hood River, Oregon. Convicted May 28, 1904. Re-sentenced, after appeal, June 10, 1905.

A copy of the invitation to the hanging of Norman Williams.

THEN began a murder investigation unparalleled in Orgeon, if not in the entire country. It was the only time such a case had been undertaken by amateurs without any aid from professional detectives. The only investigators in the mystifying case were Fred Wilson, the deputy district attorney with no previous experience in criminal matters; and George Nesbitt, the farmer from Nebraska.

Their first move was to go by train to Portland and proceed to the rooming house at 60½ Grand Avenue, operated for many years by Henry D. Winters, from where Alma had written the last letter to her brother in Nebraska in March 1900.

Winters produced his register and looked up the entry in question. It was signed "Alma Nesbitt, Hood River, Ore.," and "Mrs. Louisa Nesbitt," with a ditto mark. The register showed that the women had stayed there exactly a month—from February 8 to March 8. It was on the latter date that the last letter had been written by Alma to George and also the date of the stormy evening Williams had hired the two-horse wagon at Hood River.

Winters, remembering the Nesbitts well, said that a man had called on them and the three had spent considerable time in the rooming house parlor. Winters had overheard some of their conversation, which appeared to be an argument over property, since a homestead had been mentioned. The young woman, he recalled, had also said something to the effect that the biggest mistake of her life was getting mixed up with the man.

Winters' information indicated to Nesbitt that Alma might have meant her relationship with Williams was more than mere friendship. "She was a spunky girl," he told Wilson. "Suppose they were married and she was going to leave him?"

It seemed like a good lead. Wilson telegraphed his office in The Dalles, asking that the county records be checked for a Nesbitt-Williams marriage license. The wired reply was negative. So the amateur detectives went to the Multnomah County Courthouse, in Portland and checked the records, again drawing a blank.

However, the clerk suggested they try Vancouver, Washington, directly across the Columbia River from Portland, where many couples went to be married because of the more convenient marriage laws.

At the Clarke County Courthouse they struck paydirt. County Clerk E. M. Scanion's search of the records disclosed that Daniel Norman Williams and Alma Nesbitt had been married July 25, 1899 by Justice of the Peace John Elwell, with James Waggenor, Jr. as witness. Williams had given his age as fifty-four and Alma as twenty-four. The ceremony had taken place some six months before the women's disappearance.

When Nesbitt expressed surprise that Alma had kept the marriage a secret, Wilson said it could be on account of the federal homestead law, which prohibited both a man and his wife from holding separate claims. If two homesteaders married, they were required to choose one of the two claims and relinquish the other.

Discovery of the wedding, of course, proved Williams a liar, and when the two investigators returned to The Dalles with the startling news, District Attorney Menefee had some for them. He had learned that Williams had also married a woman in Dufur, a hamlet fifteen miles southeast of The Dalles, in 1898 but had deserted her. No divorce had been obtained, making Williams a bigamist as well as a liar.

This spurred on Nesbitt and Wilson in their quest for more evidence. Soon they located J. R. Reis, a laborer in the Hood River Valley, who told of once doing some work for Williams. It consisted of cutting a tremendous amount of brush and scrub timber and grubbing many stumps. Reis said this had happened sometime in April of 1900—the month following the women's disappearance.

Reis continued that later in the summer he had occasion to visit Williams' place again and this time the huge brush and stump pile had been burned. Of course, it was customary procedure for homesteaders to burn such material when clearing land, but the investigators felt Williams' enormous bonfire was anything but routine. Needing more evidence, however, they continued their tour of the homesteads, eventually locating Mrs. Mary Riggs, who said she had known Alma very well.

In fact, she considered her a close friend and thought it was odd that the girl had left the valley without as much as saying goodbye. Mrs. Riggs had talked with Williams quite a few times since the Nesbitts had disappeared, and on at least four occasions, she said, he told about receiving letters from Alma saying she and her mother were well.

Mrs. Riggs' information contradicted the suspect's statement that he hadn't heard from Alma since she "went away." Now it was time; "Detective" Wilson decided to question Williams about the stained gunny sacks, since this was the only physical evidence turned up so far.

UPON being confronted in his cell, Williams listened patiently, smiled, and readily admitted the stains were blood. His mare had foaled a colt on the sacking and the blood was hers. The hairs on the burlap were from his dog, which had slept on the sacks at various times.

Asked why the sacks had been found so deep in the ground, he explained he had thrown them into the hole of an old outhouse. Later, he had moved the outhouse closer to the barn, filled in the hole, and built the henhouse over it.

Back to the Williams' homestead went Wilson and Nesbitt to check on the suspect's story. At least part of it was true, for they found the outhouse remains near the barn. But at the small sawmill four miles away, where Williams had

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

Oak Street, the main thoroughfare in Hood River, at the time of the tragedy.

worked from time to time, several employees said that his mare indeed foaled a colt, but at the sawmill and not at the homestead.

They learned other significant things in the Parkdale area. Neighboring ranchers of Williams, including Mrs. Riggs, said that at no time had there been an outhouse where the henhouse stood.

Another neighbor recalled an unusual incident. He stopped at Williams' place early in April—not long after the women's disappearance—and, although it was raining hard and had been all day, several sacks of oats were piled, without covering, on the approximate spot where the henhouse had later been built. The neighbor thought it strange that Williams would leave good oats out in the rain when a barn was handy.

Wilson and Nesbitt now were convinced of Williams' guilt, even though they had nothing but circumstantial evidence—not even the bodies of the victims. The assistant district attorney obtained two first-degree murder indictments against Williams, who pleaded not guilty and obtained the services of Henry McGinn, considered Oregon's finest criminal lawyer.

Despite the quiet way in which Wilson and Nesbitt had done their investigating, the disappearance of Alma Nesbitt and her mother soon became an Oregon sensation which swept across the nation as the trial progressed.

It had all the ingredients of a thriller: a man, obviously attractive to the opposite sex, driving two women—one of them young, beautiful and adventurous—into a darkness from which they had never emerged; two amateur investigators spending day after day, week after week, seeking clues in a seemingly clueless case and finally gathering enough evidence to obtain murder indictments; and the important legal question of whether a conviction could be achieved without the victims' bodies.

When the accused went on trial before Circuit Judge William L. Bradshaw in the Wasco County Courthouse in The Dalles on May 24, 1904, reporters from Portland, Seattle, Spokane, and as far away as San Francisco were on hand to telegraph every word of the proceedings to their newspapers. Their reports, in turn, were relayed to every major newspaper in the country by wire services.

The press termed the case "The Great Homestead Murders" and referred to Alma Nesbitt as the "Lone Girl Homesteader"—the young Nebraska beauty who had given up a life of comfort to face the rigors of pioneering in the rugged West.

The Dalles hadn't seen such excitement since the Eastern Oregon gold rush of the 1860s. When the trial began, the courtroom was jammed and hundreds stood in the courtyard and street in the hope of getting a glimpse of the proceedings. In his opening statement to the jury, Deputy District Attorney Wilson, now the prosecutor instead of the investigator, declared that the State would prove that Norman Williams had driven the two women to his ranch on the night of March 8, 1900, where he murdered them in cold blood; that he buried their bodies in the ground, covering the hole with sacks of oats from March 8 until he had gathered a great pile of brush and stumps; and that this pile was used to cremate the victims.

Wilson said the State would prove the motive was Williams' having another wife living when he married Alma; that Alma may have found this out, or in any case had planned to leave Williams; and that he wanted her homestead for his own.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY McGinn, in the booming voice which had overawed many a jury, wasted no time in tearing into the State's contentions. "The prosecution knows very well the weak points in its case," he thundered, "and the young man who so ably addressed you knew very well how best to keep away from them. But I tell you gentlemen, the State of Oregon cannot prove death. It cannot prove that Alma Nesbitt and her mother are not alive today. It cannot show you that the fine-spun theories are true. And, gentlemen, you cannot send a man to death unless you know that the accusations against him are true. It is not enough to think they are."

McGinn paused to let the words sink in, then concluded, "Gentlemen, we admit there is a mysterious absence of two women. But when you twelve men sit in the jury-room and write your verdicts upon little slips of white paper, I want you each to ask yourself the question, 'Where is the evidence that proves they are dead?' "

The first State witness was George Nesbitt, who told of the events as related here. His testimony was corroborated by Bert Stranahan, the liveryman who had accompanied Nesbitt to Williams' homestead and helped discover the only physical evidence in the case.

Next on the stand was H. D. Langille, Stranahan's one-time partner, who told how Williams had hired the two-horse team and wagon and how he, Langille, had seen the two women in the vehicle. He said he was standing in front of the stable on the following morning and had seen Williams driving into town by the Parkdale Road, the same road he had taken on the way out the night before.

"There was no one in the wagon but Williams," Langille testified, "and he drove direct to the stable. That was about half past eight."

Prosecutor Wilson brought out a blackboard and drew a rough map of the town to illustrate that Williams could not have driven to the railroad station without first having passed the Fashion Stables. As further contradiction to Williams' claim that the last time he ever saw the two women was when he put them on a westbound train on the morning of March 9, the prosecution called Robert Ross, train dispatcher for the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company. He testified that the train going west on that day had passed Hood River at 5:17 a.m. That was more than three hours before the liveryman had seen Williams driving into town.

Next, as a matter of routine the prosecution introduced witnesses and official documents to prove that Williams had married Alma Nesbitt in Vancouver, Washington, while still the husband of a woman in Dufur.

Prosecutor Wilson then came up with what the reporters described a bombshell in the form of John H. Hall, United States Attorney for Oregon, whose office was in Portland. He related that late in 1900, Norman Williams brought him a document allegedly signed by Alma Nesbitt relinquishing her homestead in favor of Williams. The transfer had been made but, later on, a clerk in the office, clearly recalling the attractive young woman when she had filed her original claim, became suspicious of the signature on the relinquishment.

When he told Hall of his suspicions, the attorney had sent to Washington, D.C., for the original homestead application. The document proved conclusively that the relinquishment signature was not Miss Nesbitt's.

Hall said he had summoned Williams and accused him of the forgery. The homesteader admitted having signed the girl's name, but said she had given him permission in writing. However, he was unable to produce such evidence, saying it had been stolen from him along with letters from Miss Nesbitt.

"At the time Williams was arrested on the murder charge," U. S. Attorney Hall said, "my office was looking for him. He was under federal indictment for forgery."

Reporters covering the trial described how the prisoner, at first very calm, had lost his half-defiant smile and was beginning to squirm in his chair.

But if the federal attorney's testimony had been a bombshell, the prosecution's next witness was like a terrifying lightning bolt as far as the defense was concerned.

TO THE STAND came Dr. Victoria Hampton, the chemist-microscopist from Portland, a small, extremely handsome, and soft-spoken woman of around forty. In answer to the prosecution's opening question, she said she had been practicing her profession—virtually unique as far as women were concerned—for twenty years.

When asked for her analysis of the bloodstained gunny sacks and clotted hair found in the excavation on the Williams homestead, she produced two large glass jars, sealed with wax, containing the evidence.

"The hair is of two kinds," she said. "Two colors and two finenesses." Strands of hair placed between two panes of glass, fastened together at the edges, were then produced and the exhibit passed to the jury for inspection.

"The hair is human," the witness continued, "not that of a lower animal. The gray hair is ten inches long. Sixty percent of it was pulled from the scalp by force before death, as shown by the follicles having the root sheaths attached.

"The other hair is dark brown," she went on, "and is clotted with blood. There is no blood on the gray hair. I found no dark hair which was not attached to pieces of scalp. The dark hair also was detached before death. If not, there would be no blood in the underside of the scalp. The longest black hair attached to the scalp is four inches long."

In regard to the bloodstained gunny sacks, Dr. Hampton said that she first had to determine whether the stains were blood at all. Two tests, one with humanized serum, showed that it was. All the tests of the hair and sacks showed blood.

This blasted Williams' claim that the blood was that of his mare when she foaled a colt, and that the hair was from his dog, which had slept on the gunny sacks.

The jurors and spectators alike were greatly impressed by this evidence—the first time any scientific testimony had been heard in the area. Even the daunted defense attorney seemed stunned. Williams paled and licked his lips, but otherwise showed no emotion.

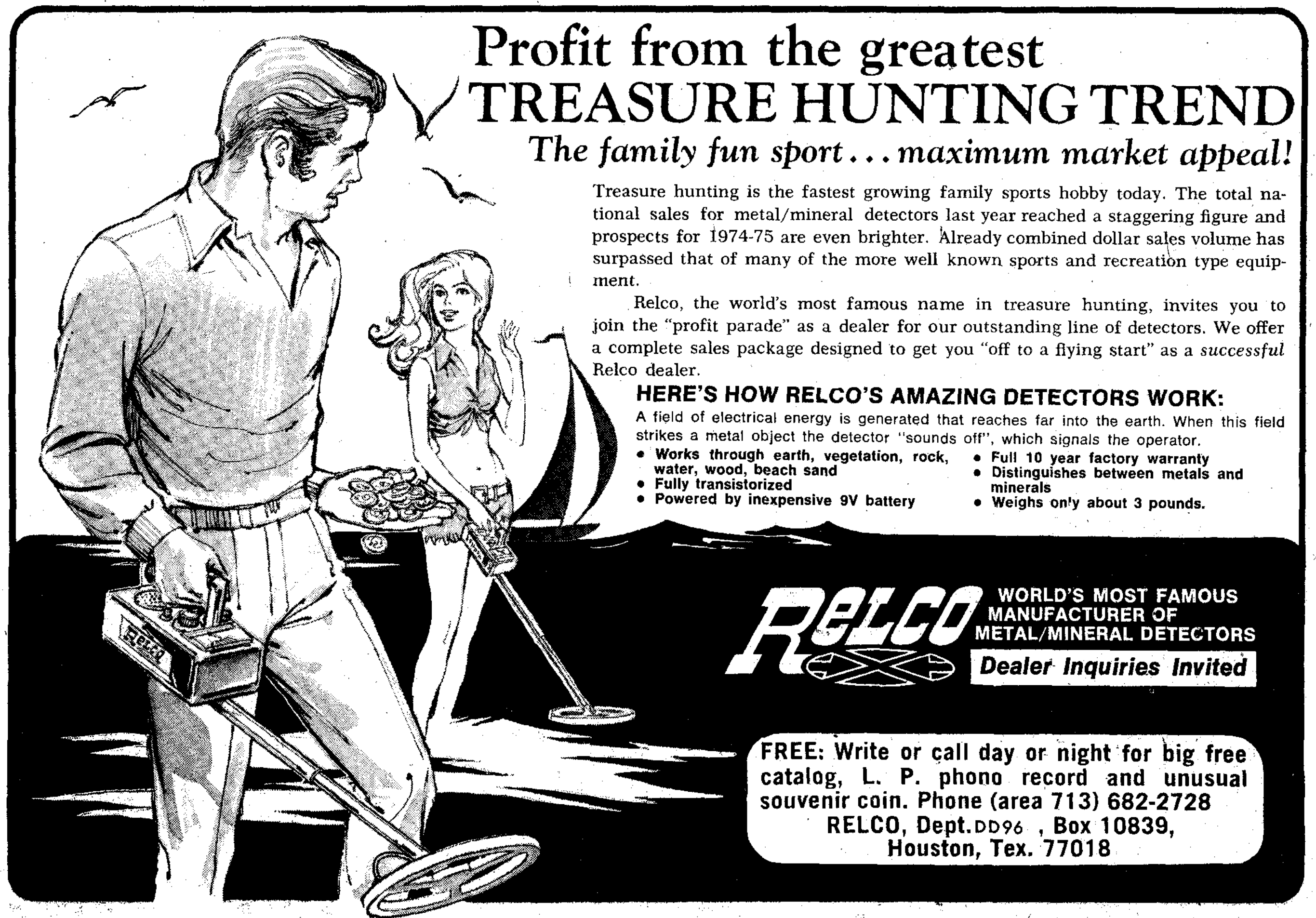
Dr. Hampton was the State's final witness. Defense Attorney McGinn called no witnesses, resting his case solely on the premise that the prosecution had not shown a corpus delicti. This meant, he emphasized, that the State had not proved that anybody had been murdered—not Alma Nesbitt, her mother, or anyone.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed dramatically, "the State has *not* proved, and cannot prove, death in this case. The prosecution knows it. There are suspicions, gentlemen, grave suspicions, but nothing more. You cannot hang a man on mere suspicion, especially when there is such serious doubt of death as there is in this case."

McGinn then cited famous legal cases. Some tended to prove that neither judge nor jury would condemn a man, no matter how damaging the circumstantial evidence, unless a corpus delicti—the body—were shown. He cited others to show how this or that suspect had been hanged for a crime of which he was later proved innocent.

"For all you and I know, gentlemen," he concluded forcefully, "and for all the prosecution knows, Alma Nesbitt and her mother are today alive and well, living for reasons of their own in some obscure place. You cannot find this man, this Norman Williams, guilty of a crime that you do not even know has been committed."

Despite his impassioned plea, the jury deliberated four hours and then brought in a first-degree verdict. On June 1, Judge Bradshaw sentenced Williams to be hanged on July 22, but at the defense attorney's request for time to appeal to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the Oregon Supreme Court, the execution was postponed.

After news of Williams' conviction was carried in newspapers across the nation, reports were received by Wasco County officials concerning his criminal activities before coming to Oregon. He had served four years of an eight-year term in the Nebraska State Penitentiary in Lincoln for criminal assault on the wife of a neighbor and for attempting a criminal assault on another woman and then, thinking her dead, throwing her down a well. He also was wanted by authorities at Muscatine, Iowa for the alleged murder of two men.

Approximately a year after Williams' conviction in the Nesbitt case, the Oregon Supreme Court denied the defense appeal for acquittal. The denial has been cited again and again in the intervening years and in almost every state of the Union. It was cited by the prosecution against Bruno Hauptmann in the Lindbergh baby kidnap-murder case.

The Oregon court said in part: "The strict rule contended for by the defendant would operate completely to shield a criminal from punishment for the most atrocious crime, and afford him absolute immunity if he were cunning enough to consume or destroy the body . . . or completely hide it away or otherwise destroy its identity. But the death of the person alleged to have been killed is a distinct ingredient in the case of the prosecution for murder and must be established by direct testimony or presumptive evidence of the most cogent and irresistible kind. . . . Where, as here, the circumstances point with one accord to the death of the person alleged to have been murdered, the finding of fragments of a human body, which are identified as part of the body of the alleged victim, will be sufficient, if believed by the jury, to establish the fact of death, when this is the best evidence that can be obtained under the circumstances. . . . No universal rule can be laid down in regard to the proof of the corpus delicti. . . . The body of the crime may be proved by the best evidence which is capable of being adduced, if it is sufficient for the purpose. . . ."

Williams was resentenced by Judge Bradshaw to be hanged on July 21, 1905, and at 6 o'clock that morning he walked firmly to the gallows and dropped through the trap, without confessing the "Great Homestead Murders." He was the last person to be publicly hanged in Oregon. Under a law passed early this century, all executions were to take place in privacy at the Oregon State Penitentiary in Salem, with only official witnesses present.

In the years since the murders, the Hood River Valley has become famous for its orchards. It raises and ships apples and pears to nearly every part of the world. Logging also has become an important industry. The valley is known, too, for its gentlemen farmers who began arriving shortly after the turn of the century. A number of artists went there to paint and some stayed on. But this prosperity and culture was unknown in the days when Alma Nesbitt was a genuine pioneer in the rugged upper valley.

As for Fred Wilson, the young assistant prosecutor who had done much to solve the murders, he succeeded District Attorney Frank Menefee in 1908 and, when Judge Bradshaw died in 1917, Wilson was appointed as his successor. Judge Wilson served with distinction for twenty years before retiring.

Treasure of the Estrellas

(Continued from page 15)

Showing up in Phoenix he went to Rainbow Valley. The cowman no longer ran stock there. He had moved away to parts unknown. When Wilson tried to return to the canyon of the old mine he couldn't find it. Moreover, he could not locate the other evidences of a mining operation.

Renting an airplane, he was flown over the mountain slopes. In this way he relocated the stone house, checked bearings and then followed up on the ground, but disappointment met him at once. While the opening into the mine remained, the shaft was choked solid with boulders and loose rubble.

Sometime during his long absence a huge torrent of water, probably a cloudburst, had rolled down the canyon. It carried stones of all sizes, including boulders weighing tons. Destruction marked its path. The mine would require a large amount of work and money to reopen.

In March of 1963 Wilson worked in a Sedona, Arizona restaurant. In that village he heard about a local man, Howard V. Bosley, a hardrock miner with nearly twenty years' experience. Then fifty-four years old and as he said, not getting any younger, Wilson decided to seek a partner with the knowledge and money to open the mine. One night he telephoned Bosley saying only that he might have something to interest him.

In Wilson's motel room Bosley listened to his story. Eventually the two men were to become close friends and partners in the mining venture, but that night Bosley said he would need to think it over a few days. He was no fool about throwing money into a worthless hole, although he was quite impressed by Wilson's sincerity.

Wanting to check out the facts Bosley first went to Charley Deal in Phoenix. In answer to his query, the old assayer chuckled amusedly. "I don't need to get the old records out of storage," he informed Bosley. "During all the years I did assay work I made only three running past fifty thousand dollars. Wilson's was one of them!"

In Rainbow Valley Bosley made inquiries concerning the cowman. The man had apparently sold out during the war and left Arizona for good. Several reliable men said that at one time a charcoal kiln, an arrastre, and a dump were near the foot of the Estrellas in that particular location.

On returning to Sedona, Bosley agreed to finance reopening of the mine as Wilson's partner. But once the mine was cleaned out, the gold would have to pay the load. They then filed a joint claim on the old diggings. They jeeped to Rainbow Valley and set about checking the area. The cowman's ranch buildings still stood but the drift fence had been pulled out. After numerous tries, breakdowns and getting stuck in sand beds, they still were unable to find the kiln.

The main wash out of the canyon had been cut deep, and several branches had been added by the same torrent that had rolled over the mine opening. The main forks had also split off into numerous secondary waterways. This maze of dry washes confused Wilson.

He and Bosley entered the mouth of the canyon in the jeep, but were forced to abandon it on a segment of the Old Spanish Trail. Beside the trail they found pointing arrows, crudely scratched lizards, turtles and men cut on the hard rocks.

Howard V. Bosley, partner in the lost mine venture.

At the mine Bosley could get only a few feet, but that was far enough to examine the yellow-specked quartz still clinging to the wall. Anxious to get to work, he hired experienced miners Pete Girton and Glenn Jackson, and two Maricopa Indians. The first headframe installed was of wood, a windlass type worked by hand. Very soon it had to be discarded as unfit to handle the load required. One of iron and a drum holding 150 feet of wire cable and operated by a gasoline engine took its place.

The equipment and camp supplies were trucked and jeeped to the mouth of the canyon. From there men packed it on their shoulders up the steep incline to the shaft. One of the miners declared they should get a burro to move in the burdensome materials. It would be faster. One was bought and brought in, but after two days the burro strayed and could not be found.

"He got smart about all that work and ran off the second night," Bosley declared wryly.

Six weeks were required to assemble the necessary equipment and transport supplies in to the diggings before they could even begin work. Mucking out the shaft was slow, piecemeal labor. The deeper they penetrated the 83-degree incline, the longer the distance debris and rocks had to be hand-conveyed to the bucket hauling it up. Several weeks were spent getting down seventy feet to where the tunnels began. The confines were very narrow, only about three feet, on an average. The Mexican miners had followed the gold-bearing vein downward, making barely enough room to work in.

BOSLEY and Wilson began actual operations in May 1963. October had arrived by the time they reached the tunnels. They were not as choked with muck as the shaft, containing only loose piles of stone from the sides and overhead.

On Wilson's insistence the upper tunnel was mucked out first. For some reason he believed the richest ore would be found in the one he had not entered before.

The Mexican miners had carefully peeled out the gold-laden quartz and very little evidence of the mineral remained. The tunnel ended at a distance of thirty feet, the vein pinching down and out.

When work began in the lower tunnel some crude tools were found. The malleable iron was mere formless rust and unidentifiable. The only object encountered still in fair condition was a steel dagger with the point broken off. It was so difficult to work in the narrow confines, the miners changed often, coming up to breathe fresh air. Moreover, only two men could labor in the heading at a time, one behind the other.

No snakes were found in the mine, which was unusual for such old diggings. But there were plenty of rattlesnakes on the surface around the camp, hiding during the heat of the day. During the hottest part only a strange specie of lizard ventured out. Ensconced on nearby stones their beady eyes watched the workmen around the shaft. Dark brown, they were five inches wide and two feet long from tip to tip.

Money began running short and it didn't appear that they were going to extract any substantial amount of gold. Bosley and Wilson set off in a jeep exploring the washes below. The charcoal kiln still couldn't be found.

Bosley was most interested in the arrastre and dump. It could well be that considerable values remained in the crushed quartz. But they encountered trouble locating this site also. When beginning the operation they had used a dirt road in from Maricopa, around to the south and then to the mountain base and the unnamed canyon wherein the workings were situated. Now they went around and came down from the north, hoping for better luck. Beyond the old ranch buildings they took off on a winding desert trace of stock trails to search the washes.

The obstacles encountered were washes cut some years before which were overgrown with cactus, thorny brush and desert vegetation. Each time they ventured into the trackless country they got lost, stuck the jeep in gravel and sand, and experienced hardships getting back to a road or smoother terrain.

The site of the arrastre and dump was an estimated two miles below the canyon. Searching steadily southward, one afternoon they crossed a deeply cut bank by shoveling a dugway. There on the lower side, almost hidden by desert growth, was the milk-white quartz dump.

After an hour of inspecting the find in the windblown sand and thorny brush, they located the base part of the arrastre. From it and the dump Bosley collected two small sacks of samples. When tested only mere flecks of gold showed. The long-gone miners had done a better job of extracting the values than he had believed possible. The dump would provide them no income.

Bosley examined the mountain slopes on each side of the canyon around the mine. After studying the formations he concluded that the vein in the mine surely topped out in two or more places, but finding no evidence of it on the upper elevations he searched the lower inclines.

Beginning near the canyon mouth Bosley prospected upward, and occasionally began finding a piece of float. The situation held little promise until he was within three-fourths of a mile of the mine. Bosley was then in the worst area —a jumbled about, torn up landscape very difficult to negotiate. Frequently he was forced to climb over masses of huge boulders.

Above one of them, that having sheared off left a clear space, he found ore that led directly to a very small outcropping. Samples obtained from it assayed $8 to $25 a ton. While not rich ore, it would pay off if they had machinery to handle it.

But that did not solve the immediately pressing problem of continuing the workings. So Bosley turned his attention next to locating the cave where the gold bars and sacks of nuggets had been cached by Espejo. Wilson took over managing the mucking out while Bosley set about tracing the ancient trails into the stark, denuded slopes.

LEAVING CAMP at four o'clock in the morning packing a lunch, Bosley followed one of them higher into the range. Occasionally he saw a pointing arrow or the crude figure of a man cut on the side of a block of stone. Occasionally he also lost the dim trail and had to hunt around to relocate it. The old pathway meandered about natural obstacles while steadily ascending toward the knife-edged crest overhead.

About eleven o'clock that morning the fading stretch of trail ended abruptly. Puzzled, Bosley sat down to study the situation. Why did it end so suddenly, or did it? Having a hunch that something was wrong, he began looking around more carefully. Within minutes Bosley realized that a great avalanche of rocks many years before had cut off and covered a section of the slope. The trail disappeared under this mass.

The rubble was still dangerously loose so he crawled over it, alert for a spill that could easily engulf him. Several times smaller stones broke loose under his weight and rolled a few yards. Finally he gained the upper side but failed to pick up any sign of the trail again. Jutting shoulders of the mountainside

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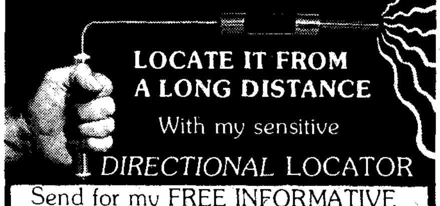

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forced a return over the loose rocks. Once free and clear, he began backtracking down some sixty yards. A gnarled tree standing off the trail afforded meager shade. At its base Bosley found a pair of rotted high-topped leather shoes. The soles and thick sides had been put together with ordinary nails. Bosley sat down on a boulder to eat lunch, gazing around while pondering his next move. On a rock to the left was the faint outline of an arrow pointing south. On finishing his meal Bosley moved off in that direction, coming upon traces of the main trail or else a fork from it. After following it for more than a mile he reached the end at a cave opening.

A few feet inside the mouth it had been completely blasted in, and not many years before. There were drill marks blackened by the dynamite explosions when the packed holes were torn apart. By that time the afternoon had grown long. About enough light remained to get down the mountainside to camp. That weird jungle of slopes would be dangerous to negotiate in the dark.

On hearing about the cave, Wilson was eager to take tools and dynamite and open it up. However, Bosley had a conviction that it wasn't the one that held the gold buried by Espejo.

"If it is," he declared, "then the gold has been taken out by someone else. It seems more likely to me that the finder of the cave got no treasure and being of a spiteful nature, blasted it in."

AT THIS POINT Bosley took to the air in an attempt to find Espejo's cave. Several friends who owned airplanes flew him over the western slopes of the Estrellas. W. W. Dailey lifted him on several trips in his Cessna 180.

One afternoon shortly before Christmas Day, Tom Spargo, engineer for the Ray Christmas Mine, flew Bosley on a search in his Cessna 182. A downdraft very nearly wrecked them twice. Unperturbed, Spargo kept sitting down almost on the great granite crags of the mountainside.

Near mid-afternoon, discouraged and ready to tell his pilot to head for the barn, Bosley spotted a dark opening into something. Spargo banked the little plane and made another pass. Sure enough, it was a cave opening. Bosley photographed it and the immediate area for future identification.

Over the holidays Bosley and Wilson studied maps and aerial photographs, charting a sure route to the cave. They hoped to get the jeep up to a certain bench with a little trail work, but were forced to quit when six tires had been shredded off the wheels.

On foot they toiled up the steep slopes. Slides of bare rock blocked them at every turn. When finally they made it onto what was believed to be the right level, there was no cave. They posted a piece of red cloth on a pole and descended. Again Bosley took to the air. The cave was easily located—the marker a little over a mile in the wrong direction.

The next try was wholly by compass, yet the same obstructions frustrated them time and again. The main trouble was that when forced off a direct course the detours around impassable places veered too far from the set course to get back to it. Through this meandering they became hopelessly tangled up.

The men in the tunnel were getting near the end. Wilson had said before that he estimated the lower tunnel to be thirty-five to forty feet in length, which is what it turned out to be. One day the miners below saw a blank wall shining in their lights over the remaining muck. Bosley came down as the two men retreated. The narrow space permitted only one miner to work the heading at a time. Bosley shoved muck to a man in the rear who passed it on to the shaft for lifting out in the iron bucket.

Bosley finished the job himself, clearing into a small cavern eight feet from the floor to the overhead and about six feet wide. A twelve-inch quartz vein, centered by a one-fourth inch strip of gold, had been followed in. This pocket, lens, or kidney as miners term them, flared out and pitched downward.

There was now a four-foot hole dug into the floor following it that had not been reported by Wilson. Flecks of gold gleamed in the light. But there were no recoverable pieces of rich ore where Wilson had taken out the samples.

Wilson and Bosley studied the formation at length, bitter disappointment slowly seeping through them. Wilson reiterated that this was where he took out the ore, but the hole in the floor had not been there and he could not account for it.

"Somebody has been in here since I was and cleaned it out!" Wilson exclaimed.

The mystery was never solved. Whoever highgraded the rich pocket had to do so before a torrent filled the shaft solid with boulders and debris. Anyway—gone was the gold the partners had banked on to keep the mine going.

Rather frantically they drilled holes alongside the vein and blew it. It was not the rotten type that had been filled with gold, but hard and solid. The samples assayed the same as that of the lead Bosley found on the surface.

Having expended about $10,000 on the workings Bosley had reached the end of his rope. He paid off the crew and the mining came to a temporary halt. Both he and Wilson were convinced that the vein had not been worked out. Somewhere in the mine and the canyon they were bound to relocate it.

Living on a shoestring the partners set about exploring again, but the only lead they could uncover was that found by Bosley. Indications were that it increased in value with depth. No matter, they could not finance further development. Both went their separate ways for awhile, intent on getting another grubstake.

Wilson obtained monetary backing. The partners went back to the mine. Whether or not they managed to reach the cave Bosley found from the air, they planned on opening the one blasted in. I understand there wasn't enough money to complete the project.

"This dang hoss jist has two gaits—severe jar and spine buster!"

Bill Nye's Funny Bone

(Continued from page 25)

New York *World* took up his column. Soon sixty other papers across the nation carried his essays. Leaving the farm for a roomy Staten Island townhouse, that spring Nye signed a contract for a series of lectures. His partner was the Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley.

Before joining up with Riley, Nye presented a solo dress rehearsal in a small Missouri town. A trembling Nye walked onstage and looked out across the footlights. Several minutes passed before he was able to speak, then the familiar material carried him along. When there was dead silence from the audience, his stage fright returned.

Though most of the audience had read his essays, it was perhaps their first experience hearing anyone read his own material. Sensing the problem, his managers seated out front began to laugh. The audience roared, laughing so hard Nye couldn't complete the first piece.

With experience came a looser style, droll asides and ad-libs exchanged between Nye and Riley. Billed "The Twins of Genius," they toured together for four years.

In a typical performance the two alternated, both in full dress suits. Nye delighted the audience with his essay, "Cow Phenomenon." Riley, a seasoned crowd pleaser, recited a dialect poem such as "Little Orphan Annie," then moved the audience deeply with a stirring Civil War poem.

Once Nye squelched a heckler in the last row with his congratulations to the audience upon the foresight of the managers in securing a speaker for each end of the hall.

First performing in church parlors, YMCAs and opera houses, the pair soon was playing to packed houses at private clubs, literary conventions, press clubs, and benefits. People went laughing into the streets after the show. One reviewer wrote that when janitors swept the empty theater they found "over a quart of buttons."

Nye lectured alone for several years and also with a series of other speakers and musical groups.

THESE strenuous tours drained Bill Nye of creative energy and pushed him several times to the point of collapse. He rarely complained, but letters to his family and friends indicate relapses, bouts of grippe, influenza, back pains.

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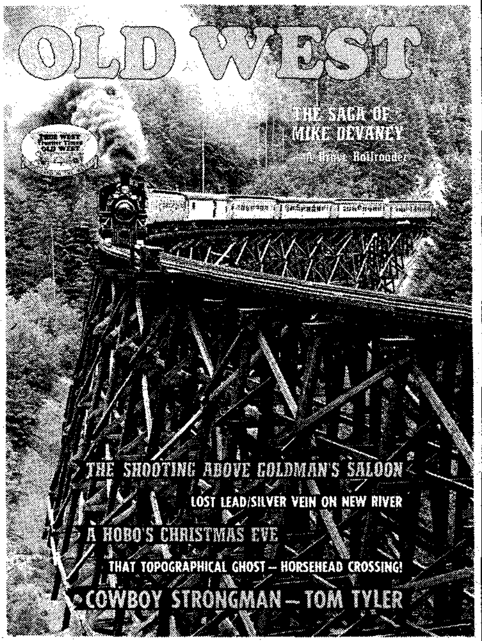
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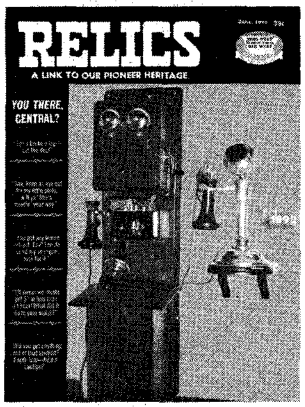

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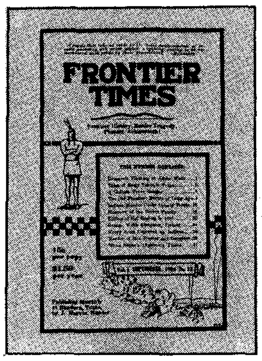

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Fearing he would become addicted, Nye usually refused the morphine prescribed for his blinding headaches.

The quality of his work began to suffer also. Though his initial agreement allowed one free day per week to write, close bookings made this impossible. Grinding out his daily columns, he wrote backstage, in depots, in hotel rooms. Most often he wrote to the rhythm of a train rattling across the trestles, scenes of Denver, Duluth, Sacramento, or San Antonio flicking past the windows.

Critics panned him for quantity of work rather than quality. Nye replied he would continue to write steadily so long as his publisher demanded it and "so long as I must stare the flour barrel in the face." Between tours he wrote at home in New York. Though he loved the excitement of the city he began to dream of a retreat to a milder climate.

Nye purchased a hundred acres of rich farmland near Asheville, North Carolina. The house, Buck Shoals, was built to specifications and sat near the top of a hill overlooking the river. Mountains lay to the west of it. The spacious rooms were finished in native oak, ash, chestnut and pine. In every room were open fireplaces. A mill on the property generated electricity. Back of the main house was the carriage barn, with blooded carriage horses and saddle horses for the children and guests.

To pay for the house and guarantee his growing family security, Nye signed on for another transcontinental tour. His doctor warned against it.

Bill Nye's last years were marked by the same mixture of disasters and triumphs as his earlier years. A series of freak accidents plagued him. He was blown into a tree by a cyclone; thrown out of a carriage by a runaway horse. Breaking his wrist in a fall backstage before a performance, he trained himself to write lefthanded until it healed. The steamship *Cienfuegos*, bound for a holiday in Nassau with Nye among its passengers, veered off course and smashed into a coral reef. Native fishermen guided survivors to shore.

All four children had scarlet fever, then recovered. Several years later the Nye's infant son, Neddie, died.

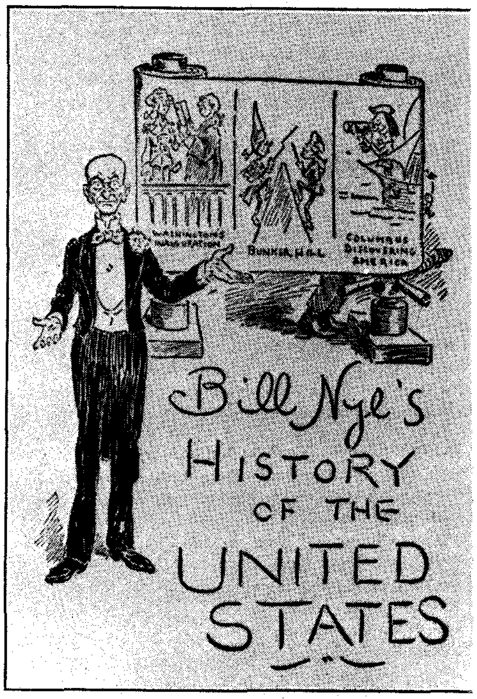
A thousand dollars a week, plus expenses, he was paid to cover the glittering Paris Exposition for the New York *World*. There were servants and nursemaids to help with the chores and the entertaining. His wife Fannie and two teenage daughters accompanied him to Washington where he reported the opening of Congress, the elegant balls and parties. He read his work at the "Who's Who of American Letters" Copyright Benefit, sharing the platform with Mark Twain, James Russell Lowell, and others.

By special invitation Nye sailed to London for the lavish reception and banquet honoring Conan Doyle. Some of his table mates were Emile Zola, Thomas Hardy, and Guy duMaurier. The rounds of heavy meals added weight to Nye's usually spare frame. "Fame and bellyache go hand in hand. . . ." he observed.

The summer of 1895 saw him busy and working harder than ever. In addition to running the farm, he was getting two books ready for the printer, writing a new play, a new Sunday letter, and revamping the lecture format.

Audience reaction had cooled his last season, and to freshen up his approach Nye signed on a cartoonist who was to sketch while he read. The new approach, begun in November, didn't jell.

Nye's eyes began to bother him. In Paterson, New Jersey, he stumbled mounting the platform steps. Under the hot lights he became so weak and dizzy he was unable to speak. As he left the auditorium, some of the audience pelted him with rotten eggs. It was his last performance. Nye notified his manager he would not go on tour again. He returned to Buck Shoals. Shortly before Christmas his Broadway play, "The Stag Party," closed after a two-week run.


Washington's Inauguration
Bunker Hill
Columbus Discovering America
Bill Nye's History of the United States

November 1895 cartoon depicting Nye's new approach to lecturing.

On a bleak January day Nye penned his last personal letter to his brother Frank. "How many mirages we see before we actually lay our hands upon the real and true," he wrote.

In mid-February Nye suffered a last severe stroke. This time he didn't rally, but lapsed into a coma. On Washington's Birthday, 1896, Bill Nye died. He was forty-five. A month after his death a son, Douglas Day, was born.

For his monument at Calvary Episcopal Church in Fletcher, North Carolina, the family chose this inscription: "I will turn their mourning into joy and will comfort them and make them rejoice from their sorrow."

Most moving was a tribute from an anonymous reader who said he never met Bill Nye but knew him well. "He made men laugh because he himself knew how to laugh, and few men know how to do that. . . . Many people believe that humor is shallow. . . . Laughter and tears lie very close together, and that man who laughs well is easiest moved to tears . . . no humorist is ever shallow."

A Western Buff in South Wales

I am trying to locate the whereabouts of authentic relics of the Hunkpapa Sioux Chief, Sitting Bull. I've traced several items deposited in museums and historical societies in both the United States and Canada, but I think there could be some in private collections or museums that I have not contacted. If any of your readers have any information, no matter how slight, I would be most interested in hearing from them.—Dennis G. Pope, 135 Cowbridge Road East, Canton, Cardiff, South Wales, Great Britain.

Horsehead Crossing Correction

In the Winter '74 OLD WEST, page 50, second column, fourth paragraph, "Loving and Goodnight were surrounded and attacked" should be corrected to "Loving and Wilson." This was my oversight in not catching this typist error on either the script or the galley. Readers who save OLD WEST issues might want to ink in this correction.—Clayton W. Williams, P. O. Box 546, Fort Stockton, Texas 79725

Hunting the Hodges

Your book bonus by Joe T. Roff in the Fall '74 issue of OLD WEST mentioned Deputy Sheriff Dallas Hodges, and I wondered if Harvey Holland Hodges could have been one of this family. I never knew any of my grandfather's family, only my grandmother's. She was Myrtle Whaley, and she and all the others have gone to the "Spirit World" burial plot in Troup, Texas. I'd appreciate any news about the Hodges family.—Lillian M. H. Willers, 1723 Palma Vista, Las Vegas, Nevada 89109

☆ ☆ ☆

In your Fall 1974 issue there is a reprint of an old book by Joe T. Roff, "A Brief History of North Texas and the Indian Territory." I know that country.

My father moved out on the old Strother Brown place on Thanksgiving Day 1894. I was just under two years old at the time. There are 1156-plus acres on the place, roughly about a third in Cooke County and two thirds in Grayson County. It was an ideal place for the lawless, as a wanted man could only cross the county line to escape county officers, or cross the river if a Texas Ranger were in pursuit. There was also a high bluff and much timber in the country.

To go back a piece, my grandfather, Judge Joseph Bledsoe, was president of the old Sherman City Bank, which opened in Sherman in 1872 just two months ahead of the Merchants and Planters National Bank. The Sherman City Bank opened a branch in Val Alstyne much later, and my father, D. D. Thorn, was manager of this branch.

The Sherman City Bank made many bad loans against the advice of my grandfather; but he was voted down by a majority of the directors. Strother Brown was one of the main causes that caused the bank to fold up about 1890. My grandfather paid off the mortgage on the Brown farm and sent my father out to manage it. He remarked that Strother Brown could write an order on a piece of his shirt-tail and the bank would honor it.

Before Strother left, he had a fire that burned down a house. Jake Kinsfather told me that some of the neighbors came over and started to roll bales of cotton away from the fire, but that Strother made them roll them back, saying that everything was insured.

The post office was near the river, just a few feet over the county line in Cooke County. It was named Orlena after Orlena Head, Judge Head's daughter. Nearby was the gin, with the engine in Cooke County and the gin in Grayson County. The county line crossed the shaft in between.

There was a blacksmith shop and Ed Stein's liquor store. He may have sold other things besides liquor; but in addition to the local trade many Indians crossed the river to make purchases.

He offered my father $50 per month for rent; but my father refused and Ed moved to Denison and opened a liquor store there. My father said that was a lot of money then; but he knew the crop losses would more than equal the gain. A man with a wife and any number of children would work from sunup until sundown for sixty-five cents a day. You could get board, room and laundry for $7 a month.

The Brown farm made an L-corner with the Washingtons' northeast corner. It lay on the east side and the north side around that corner. From the north side, a small draw ran from the Brown farm into its head, just inside of the Washington pasture. It was at the head of this draw that the Lee brothers were killed. This was about a mile west, by just a little north, of the Brown home place.

Tom Lee came back to Delaware Bend, and was there for a number of years. He ran a little store on the Jack Bynum place and kept a poker game going a good part of the time. Jack Bynum married another of Lee's sisters, born Saphronia Lee; but she had been married before marrying "Uncle Jack." Uncle

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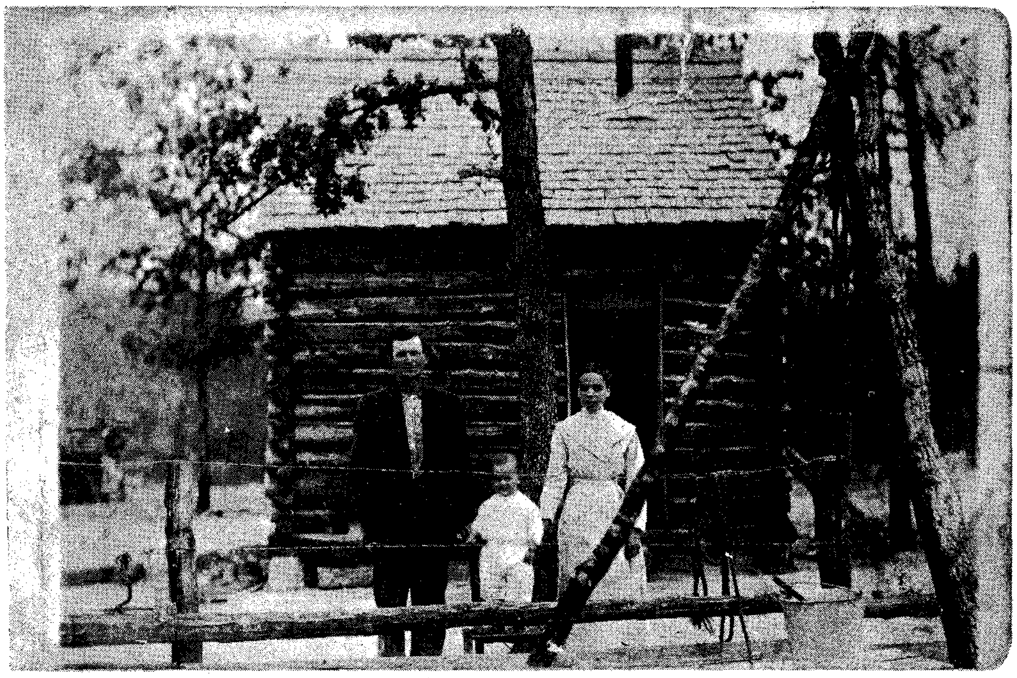
Jack met her in Denison and one day remarked, "I am going to Denison and marry that thundering woman." He did, and they lived together until Uncle Jack died. She and Tom then left the Bend.

There was a John Williams, who came about four miles to the gin and always wanted to gin ahead of everybody as he always claimed his wife was ill. Williams brought in a bale while Tom Lee was there and wanted to gin ahead of seven other wagons. I told him that that was against the rule; but that if he would talk to the seven and they agreed, that I would let him gin. They all agreed but Tom. When Tom started to drive his team to the suction, Williams started whipping his team to pull in ahead. I ran out and grabbed a bridle of one of Williams' mules and told Tom to drive under. Williams cursed Tom out, but Tom was getting old and Williams must have weighed 225 pounds.

A Young and a Bourland were mentioned in the article. A John Young and "Uncle Billie" Bourland were land owners in the Bend. They fought in the Civil War, and I am sure were kin to the ones mentioned in your article.

When Uncle Jack Bynum died, Aunt Frona, as she was always called, got the west part of his farm and a sister of Uncle Jack's, Augusta (Aunty Gusty) Ragsdale, and her son Rhoden Ragsdale wound up with the east part.—Joe B. Thorn, 409 North Union, Whitesboro, Texas 76273



Can anyone identify this family? This photo, on a postcard, was discovered by Mr. Phillips in an old Atoka, Oklahoma residence as it was being demolished.

Real Pioneers

Do any of the readers of this magazine know who the people in the above picture are? When the picture was made? Where it was made? Who the photographer was?

The picture was found in a house that was being torn down to make room for a supermarket parking lot in Atoka, Oklahoma. The owner of the house now deceased was an elderly man who lived alone. He was well educated, and had no family so far as I know. It was one of many old pictures. It was printed in the *Atoka County Times*, asking if anyone could tell us anything about it; there was no response.

Look at the picture carefully. The cabin was crude. It did not cost much in money, but it did cost a lot in sweat and toil.

Look at the people. The man was ruggedly handsome, a clean man, a proud man who asked nothing from the world but a chance to make a living for himself and his family. The woman is pretty and well dressed, even though her clothes were probably home-made. She was also a proud person, asking only for a chance. Obviously she was very much in love with her husband, and with her son.

The little boy was clean, well-dressed, well-fed, well-cared for, and much loved. A child that is not much loved does not have the look on his face this boy had.

Note the "tripod" over the well in the foreground, the bucket with the dipper for drinking water. The well was probably a "dug well" which represented a lot of hard work. Of course it might have been a bored well, but my guess is that it was dug by the man in the picture, perhaps with the help of neighbors.

Note the crude outbuildings—also made by the man in the picture, I think. And the barbed wire fence.

Where was this picture made? It could have been in any of thousands of locations. Almost certainly not on the plains. Probably in the Southwest. The woman in the picture looks dark, as if she may have had some Indian blood. If this is true, the picture may have been made in Eastern Oklahoma, but of course this is also only a guess.

When was it made? My only clue is that it was made after barbed wire came into use.

The photographer, whoever he was, was skilled in his work. The picture has not faded in the least, nor turned yellow, so the man who made the picture and developed it and made the prints, was very capable.

It is only conjecture, but I wonder what happened to these people. I have the feeling they did all right, if they had any breaks at all, for I feel they are the kind of people who made this the great country it was, and is. I am sure these people did not whine about their lot in life, did not ask the government for any hand-outs. They just did the best they could with what they had—and were thankful for that. If anyone can identify these people I will be mighty glad to hear.—Andrew Phillips, Rte. 4, Box 21, Atoka, Oklahoma 74525

A Love For Montana

I'm usually not in the habit of writing letters to publishing companies, but I felt I had to write this one. I am of the younger generation, thirty-one years old, but I have been studying Western American history for many years, especially Montana. I really enjoy your articles by Walt Coburn as I have hiked over a great portion of what used to be the Circle C, the Fort Belknap Reservation, and the Little Rockies. This is all familiar territory. Your magazines provide a great background into the history of areas, although I have run into a few articles on Montana that are impossible to be true. Some of these involve dates, mileage, distances, etc., but they still are interesting.

My children have taken quite an interest in studying Montana history, and I'm sure the library of your magazines which I have, will really benefit them as they get older. They would not find out about some of the happenings in any other way. I would much rather have you increase your price than discontinue any of your titles.—Raymond K. Luft, R. R. 2, Froid, Montana 59226

Arizona Authenticated

As a long time subscriber to OLD WEST, TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES, I'd like to say that I thoroughly enjoyed Dewey Tidwell's "Old Morenci, Arizona" in the Fall '74 issue. It's one of those down-to-earth, factual articles that I'm so fond of and which characterize your publications. So when one comes along like Mr. Tidwell's, I am thrilled, and I also learn a few more things about the Old West, its people and places. Such articles as this are gold mines of information.

I have long been familiar with the region he writes of. I was born in Willcox, Arizona in 1901 and was raised at Lordsburg, New Mexico, which is about sixty miles to the east and the same distance from Morenci. I had a girl friend in Morenci at one time and close friends in Clifton, so I visited those places often, riding on the short line railroad that ran between that district and Hachita, New Mexico.

I remember the rock jail in Clifton with its door of steel bars and the largest padlock I ever saw. I was always fascinated with the sights around that area and knew it before Mr. Tidwell did. There was bad trouble there around 1915 as

(Continued on page 50)

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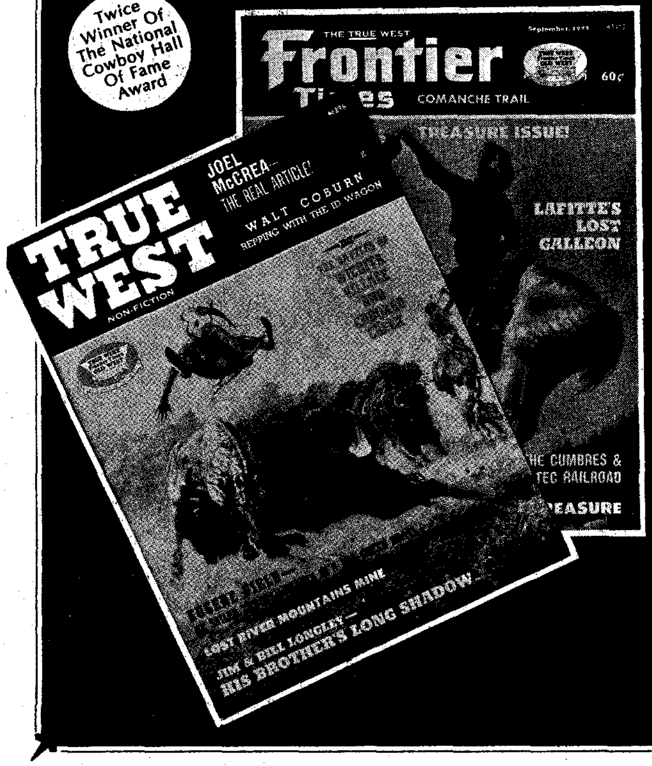
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The Rogue's Rogue

(*Continued from page 28*)

placed counselors was the illustrious J. Warren Reed. In January 1897 he opened an office in Muskogee, Creek Nation. A little later he opened a branch office at Tahlequah, Cherokee Nation, but the latter was soon closed down for lack of business.

Reed found the situation at Muskogee considerably different from what it had been at Fort Smith. Judge Parker, with the able assistance of Marshal Jacob Yoes, had removed a great number of "prospective clients" from Indian Territory. It is said that Reed was soon glad to get the case of most any petty lawbreaker who came along. And, of course, there were still a few who were willing to pay whatever was necessary to keep from going to prison, and these sought out Reed.

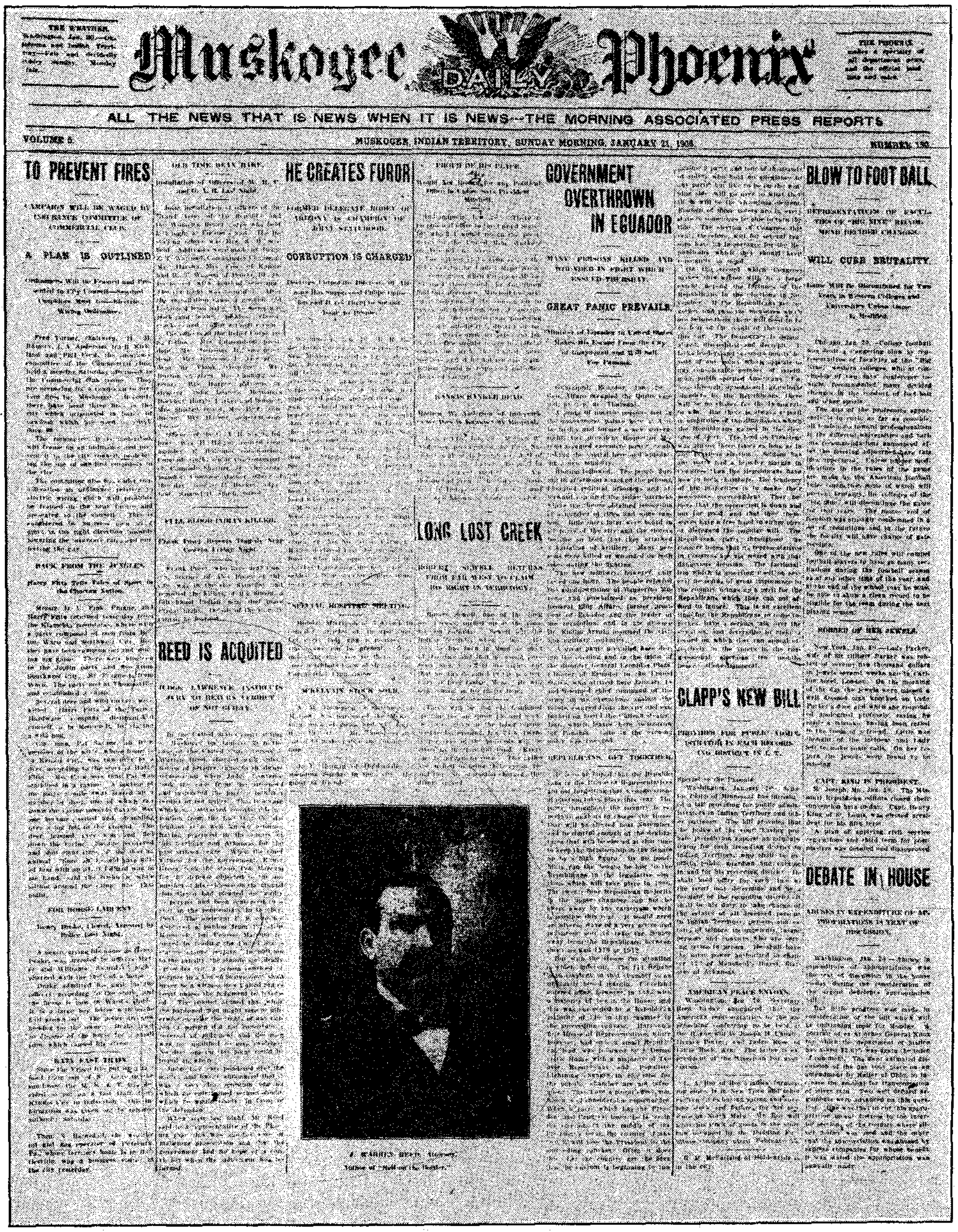
It was about this time that Reed put up the money for the publication of the book *Hell on the Border*. He had assisted S. W. Harmon in the preparation of the manuscript. In spite of Harmon's having had some experience in journalism, the book was overwritten, poorly organized and extremely dull; but it did contain a great volume of statistics on the court at Fort Smith and was valuable for this reason.

In defending a minor case at Wagoner, Indian Territory, in 1900 Reed apparently got careless. The prosecution was able to present incontrovertible evidence that three of his witnesses had perjured themselves, and they were convicted. In the fall of that year, a grand jury returned three indictments against Reed on a charge of subornation of perjury. News of the indictment was kept under wraps for over a week before it was finally broken by a Fort Smith newspaper.

When Reed had the indictments read to him he flew into a towering rage, smashing a table with his fist. He could have saved his fist—and the table—for the government prosecutor was to come up against the same problems Judge Parker had faced. The United States statute against perjury read in part, "In addition to the penalty, the statute specifically provides that a person convicted of perjury in a United States court shall never be a witness in a United States court unless the sentence be reversed." Thus the prosecutor had no witnesses to present when he went to trial, and Reed was acquitted.

There was no way a conviction for subornation of perjury could be had under the statutes existing at that time. There had to be a conviction for perjury before a charge of subornation could be sustained. Once the perjured witness was convicted he became ineligible to give testimony against the one who hired him. If the sentence was reversed to make the witness eligible to testify, the grounds for subornation were wiped out.

In spite of the fact that he was a free man, this was the beginning of the end for Mr. Reed. He had lived the good life for a number of years, but he now started drinking to excess and to the detriment of what practice he had left. Everything he did was suspect and was scrutinized closely by the courts. To add to his woes, his physical condition deteriorated. He became splayfooted with one foot turning out and the other in. The most sought-after lawyer at Fort Smith had become a pathetic incompetent.



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THE PHOENIX

Muskogee DAILY Phoenix

ALL THE NEWS THAT IS NEWS WHEN IT IS NEWS—THE MORNING ASSOCIATED PRESS REPORTS

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HE CREATES FUROR

CORRUPTION IS CHARGED

GOVERNMENT OVERTHROWN IN EQUADOR

GREAT PANIC PREVAILS

BLOW TO FOOT BALL

WILL CURB BRUTALITY

BACK FROM THE JUNGLES

REED IS ACQUITED

LONG LOST CREEK

CLAPP'S NEW BILL

REPUBLICANS GET TOGETHER

DEBATE IN HOUSE

From a January 21, 1906 copy of the Muskogee Phoenix, an article announcing Reed's acquittal appears with his picture in the lower left center.

EARLY in 1904 another of Reed's witnesses was tripped up, convicted of perjury, and in October of 1904 sentenced to serve one year. This man, Elmer Green, was contacted by the U. S. Attorney at Muskogee upon his discharge from the penitentiary. Green indicated that he was willing to testify that Reed had paid him to perjure himself, if such testimony could be accepted.

The prosecutor had persuaded Teddy Roosevelt to give Green a full pardon, with the idea that this would make him eligible to give testimony in federal court. Charges were again brought against Reed for subornation of perjury. Reed came to trial at Muskogee on January 20, 1906 before Judge Lawrence.

The defense atorney, Colonel James Marcum, argued that the pardon did not constitute reversal of the sentence as specifically set out by the statute. Since Judge Lawrence had no precedent to guide him on this point of law, he pondered the question for some time; then, after expressing doubt about the matter, he instructed the jury to return a verdict of acquittal. This decision ended all efforts to get a conviction for subornation of perjury under the federal statutes.

Once again Reed walked out of court exonorated of the charges against him, but it was the final blow to his faltering career. Before very long he appeared on the streets of Muskoge selling leftover copies of *Hell on the Border* from door to door. Those who had known the glamorous figure at Fort Smith hardly would have recognized him as an untidy old book peddler.

A review of the cases handled by Reed indicates that his success depended almost solely upon the loophole in the federal statutes. All of his important victories were reversals of convictions by federal juries.

Reed's wife died in November 1911 at Muskogee. Less than a year later, on September 8, 1912, Reed died too. His body was taken to Fort Smith to the Oak Cemetery for burial. A stone from the old fort, previously designated by him, was used as his marker. No doubt many who visit his grave today consider him a great criminal lawyer who has been maligned by his contemporaries.

A Man With Three Graves

(Continued from page 29)

night. The door was locked and he had to break the door to enter. Mary had a gun and as he entered her room she shot with a deadly aim. The feelings were against Mary from the start and soon she was in jail charged with murder. Being without funds Mary could not afford an attorney.

Apparently John heard of the trial on one of his journeys. Why he did not visit her in jail is not known. Yet he was sitting in the courtroom when the judge asked Mary about her defense. At this point John stood up and told the judge, "If it pleases Your Honor, I will appear for the defendant if acceptable to her and the court."

Denton pointed out the law of self-defense as applicable to the evidence. C. V. Terrell said: "He spoke as he shot, to the center every time, and his very impassiveness seemed to carry convictions." Denton turned toward the jury: "Gentlemen, look upon the defendant, see that face and behold something dearer to me than life and more precious to me than all things else under the blue canopy of heaven. Need I tell you that she is my wife? She never had an impure thought in her life.

"It is true that whilst no woman was ever gentler or more kind-hearted or more faithful and affectionate, she with a courage born of virtue and innocence slew the ruffian who would have discredited my fireside, and for this worthy deed of a noble woman I honor and love her more than ever. Thank God for having blessed me with such a wife."

Taking a step toward Mary he continued: "Not without friends, little woman. Behold in me you have more than a friend—a husband." Mary fell into his arms amid the cheers of spectators as the sheriff shouted for order in the court.

The jury returned a verdict of not guilty without leaving their seats.

AFTER the trial John thought a change of scene would do Mary good. He left for Texas in January 1837. Mary remained behind, as usual, while John looked for a suitable location.

In October John Denton preached at William Duke's on Sulphur Fork in Lamar County. He went to Clarksville later and held a camp meeting. He next went south to Nacogdoches. John made a few trips back to see Mary and the six children, and after he got some of the traveling out of his system he finally brought her and the children to Clarksville to make their new home.

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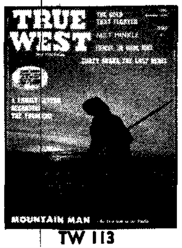
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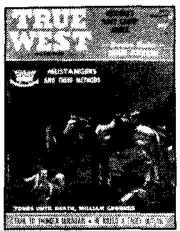
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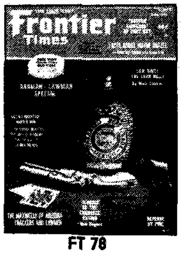
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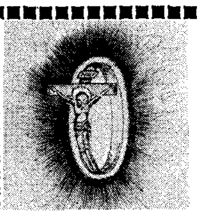

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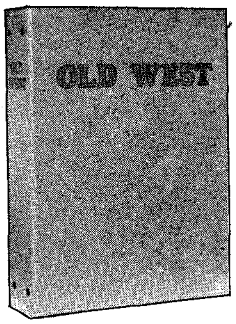

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It was not easy to feed one child on the salary of a preacher, much less six. John wrote a friend that he was considering taking up law on the side "in accordance with the spirit of the gospel." He did not know what to do. He said he was hesitating because he did not know exactly how to practice law and preach the gospel. John thought the two professions would not mix.

Perhaps the answer came to him, for at the close of the year he had formed a law partnership with John B. Craig in Clarksville. Craig was an old man and a fellow Methodist preacher.

Denton also became a farmer, stockman, and politician. Denton joined a Ranger force and acted as a chaplain on their Indian campaigns.

In May 1841, John was with a company of Rangers located a few miles from present-day Fort Worth. An Indian village there was to come under attack. The commander of the Rangers was General Tarrant, a lawyer from Bowie County. In his company were several prominent men including Clabe Chisum (father of John S.), James William and Mack Bourland, Henry Stout, Colonel Bill Young, Captain Yearly, J. L. Lovejoy, and Colonel Coffee.

On the morning of May 24, 1841 at nine o'clock the Rangers made their move. The men were ordered to deposit their baggage and anything else that would be in the way during the charge.

Tarrant gave his orders and said, "Now, my brave men, we will never all meet on earth again; there is great confusion and death ahead. I shall expect every man to fill his place and do his duty."

A distance of three hundred yards separated the Rangers and the Indian village. Tarrant, Denton, and James Bourland led the charge. In less than an hour the fight was over. Tarrant called the men together at a nearby spring. Each Ranger had made it through the attack without any serious injuries. Only eight or ten had slight wounds. Tarrant said, "Thank God, we are all here. You have had water. Repair to the nearest huts and get your hands full of dried buffalo meat, and in fifteen minutes be ready for further advance."

AFTER a quick meal, Tarrant ordered Denton and Henry Stout to take a squad of twenty men each and pursue the Indians who had taken two different paths leading to the Trinity River bottoms.

Captain Stout took a trail leading from the northeast of the village. Denton took the other. The trails came together about sixty yards from the river. Stout came to this point and waited for Denton. In a few minutes Denton and his men came into view. Stout told Denton that the Indians would try to make a stand at the river and they should be careful. Without a word Denton urged his horse forward. Stout and his men followed.

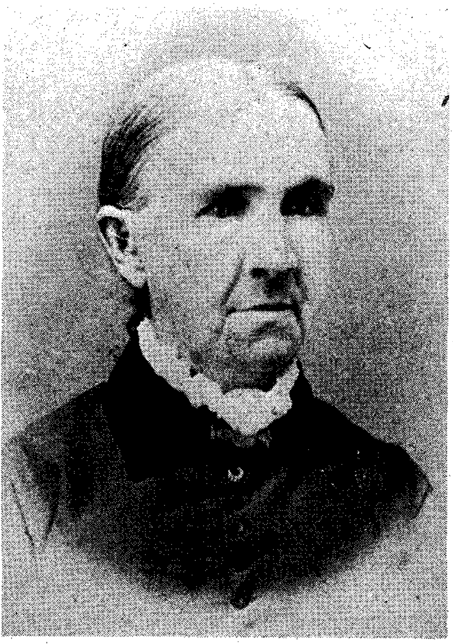
As they neared the river bank the Indians from the thick underbrush opened fire. Denton was hit and killed instantly. Stout received a broken arm.

"Why in the hell don't you move your men out to where we can see the enemy?" Captain Yearly yelled. "We will all be killed here!"

Denton was taken from his horse and placed on the ground before the Rangers retreated to the village. Later several men were sent back to bring in the body. The men moved up the Trinity and spent the night. The next morning they crossed the river and headed for Bird's Station, then on home.

On a prairie on the south side of a creek with a high bank on the north, the body of Captain John B. Denton was laid to rest. The grave was dug with tools taken from the Indian village. A flat rock was cut to line the bottom, sides, head, and foot of the grave, another was placed on the body. (Denton was killed on Village Creek, six miles east of Fort Worth. The skirmish is known as the Keechi Battle, after the Indian tribe that was attacked.)

Courtesy Denton **Record-Chronicle**



Elizabeth Denton Baker, daughter of John Denton.

Clabe Chisum told Denton's wife about the death of her husband as soon as the Rangers returned home. Chisum promised that when he could, he would go back and secure Denton's body for reburial. Time and circumstances prevented Chisum from doing so, but John Chisum was to keep his father's promise in later years.

In August 1860 John S. Chisum, along with James Bourland and Felix McKittrick, traveled to the site of the tragedy. After the grave was opened, the bones and belongings were identified as those of Denton. Chisum gathered everything and carried them to his ranch house near Bolivar. The bones were put into a box and kept inside his home for years. For some reason Chisum never got around to burying them.

After Chisum sold the ranch the new owner discovered the box of human bones. A hole was dug in the corner of the yard, and John Denton found his second resting place.

In August 1900 an ad was put into the Denton (Texas) paper asking that anyone with information about the resting place of John B. Denton contact the Pioneer Association of Denton County.

John W. Gober, had been a friend of John Chisum and in a letter to Gober from Chisum dated July 4, 1880, Chisum wrote: "The remains of John B. Denton are buried in a small box six or eight feet from the house at the southwest corner. From the description of James Bourland, W. C. Young and Henry Stout of his burial place, I knew that I had found his grave, and being a friend of Denton's, I took up his remains, and carried them home.

"From many circumstances, I can say that I am positive that I am not mistaken of their being the remains of Captain Denton, but know they are his, and no mistake. (Signed, John S. Chisum)"

Denton's bones were brought into the city of Denton for reburial in August 1901. After final preparations had been made, a public burial was set for November 2, 1901. The ceremony began at 1:30 p.m. on the courthouse lawn. A large marble marker was placed at the head of his grave on the city square.

Captain John B. Denton had found his third and final resting place. A man who had the urge to travel from the age of twelve until the end, even in death was to make a couple more journeys—a feat to which not many men can lay claim.

Silver Fox Farming

(Continued from page 31)

Big Bear Valley. In winter most of the camps and resorts closed and the owners "went down the hill" until spring. At the 7,000′ elevation, below-zero temperatures were common. Winters were harsh and long. They weaned me permanently from any enjoyment of snow-country climate—anywhere.

I remember that during the severe winter of 1926-27 all of the available able men in the valley joined in shoveling and bucking the snow to open the road from the village of Pine Knot (now Big Bear Lake) to the top of Johnson Grade beyond Baldwin Lake, a distance of about seventeen miles. The job took two weeks and we were hampered twice by new snow that required shoveling out some sections of the road a second and third time. No one received any pay. It was just a job to be done when food supplies began to run low.

The coming of winter called for a lot of advance planning and those of us who had the means bought loads of groceries in San Bernardino and trucked them over the old winding City Creek grade before the snows came. I was the proud owner of a "Model T" Ford with a "Ruxtel-2-speed rear-end"—an enviable climber of mountain grades though it boiled like an enthusiastic tea-kettle.

Our occasional trips down the hill to San Bernardino were events that my wife and I made the most of, with a picture show and overnight stay. The next day we would buy all the groceries we could pile aboard before starting back. The trip was a slow grind from one water supply to the next. The flivver had power enough on the steep grades as

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OUT WHERE THE ROCKS GROW LIKE ROSES
Page 44

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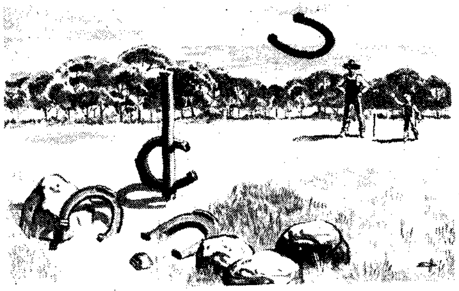

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long as gas could feed to the carburetor through the gravity system. When the engine began to sputter I would turn the coupe around and climb the grade in reverse until the road leveled off a bit, then turn around again and chug along to the next steep switchback. The forty-five mile trip home, to the east end of Big Bear Lake, usually took between five and six hours.

WHEN the deep snows came in December, tons of horsemeat and slaughterhouse trimmings were freighted into the valley and buried in snowbanks beside the one road to be hauled to the fox-farms on horse-drawn sleds. Usually we snowshoed the seven miles round trip to Pine Knot three times a week for mail and a back-packed load of provisions. During the severe winter of '31 snow lay seven feet deep, and snowshoes were our only means of travel.

Recreation was rather limited at any time of the year. Most everyone had a radio and a lot of bragging went on about the qualities of different makes. In the spring and summer there was fishing in the lake. And there were a couple of holiday rodeos where the hands from three ranches competed with the local talent. Duck-hunting and deer-hunting came in the fall. In the winter there was a weekly dance at one village dance hall—a combination social gathering and bootleg sampling occasion. Plenty of bathtub gin was available, concocted locally. It cost $2.00 a fifth in plain bottles; $2.50 when in square bottles with fancy labels. And there was more than ample pop-skull of varied quality and deadliness, distilled by several out-of-work lumberjacks. And, of course, there were poker games where local sharpers played "brother-in-law" and skinned any visitor, later splitting the proceeds.

AFTER the severe setback in 1928 when canine distemper almost wiped out the foxes before a vaccine could be developed, several fox-farmers didn't recover from that year's loss and went out of business. Fortunately I had already sold my few foxes and was carpentering full-time. There was plenty of work to be done, but collecting my pay was the hardest part of the job.

Within a couple of years the fur business and fox farming went to hell. Fur farmers went broke and I couldn't collect a lot of money that was owed me. I went busted too, and lost all but my new "Model A" Ford coupe. I would have lost it also if a friendly deputy sheriff hadn't tipped me off in time. (I successfully hid it from the Ford agent until I could raise the few needed overdue dollars.)

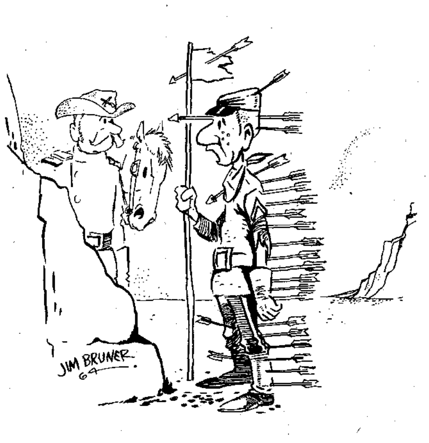
The year before, I had built a small home and married. When the Depression came we had a two-year-old son. Money and jobs were scarce. I did any kind of work that would provide a few dollars—including a lot of pipeline ditch-digging at thirty-five cents an hour—and glad to get it. I also drove a freight truck from San Bernardino (night trips) and took pay in groceries. I never was able to collect some of the pay due for carpenter-jobbing.

I had acquired an old drag-saw—one of those heavy old rigs with long straight blades powered by an asthmatic one-lung gas engine—and repaired it into good running condition. It was the means of a little unexpected income. Movie companies making horse operas used Big Bear Valley for location. The sound recording was done on location also. Many local "extras" were hired—but the unlucky ones who didn't get a job figured out ways to reap a few bucks also.

A neighbor came to me with an offer to rent my drag-saw on a daily basis at a fee that I couldn't believe, or refuse. I found out later that the enterprising neighbor had learned the location of planned movie-making. He hauled my drag-saw to a good log, in a close but out of sight spot, and waited until all was ready for the cameras to roll, then started up the old saw—pop, pop, pfutt, bang, sput, bang, bang! The director would cuss and send an assistant to stop the racket. The very *innocent* saw operator objected to shutting down, saying that it was his way of earning a living. The assistant would ask how much he made per day, and the saw-man would estimate $20 or $30. (The son-of-a-gun probably didn't make that much in three long days!)

The movie company paid off for the several days of shooting, after which my drag-saw was returned to me with the very generous rental fee.

There was another similar bit of blackmail. We used "powder-splitters" to split the huge two-foot to four-foot-diameter cuts of logs to fireplace size. Dead trees and downed logs were plentiful on National Forest land, and resident families were allowed to cut ten cords of firewood on a "Free Use Permit." Lucky was the woodcutter who found himself working a fourth-mile or less from a movie location. He would wait patiently until the hero pulled his spavined hay-burner to a stop under the microphone, then he would touch off his splitter. At the echoing bang, the well rehearsed lines of the hero disintegrated into a startled outburst of profanity. The director would rave and cuss and stop the take until the noisemaker was found and paid to quit operations. Ah, yes! Movie-making was a windfall for residents of Big Bear Valley.



"Sir. I'd like to request a furlough."

In the late '30s living conditions in Big Bear Valley changed rapidly. Mountain roads were rebuilt and oil-surfaced. Rotary snowplows opened roads within hours after heavy snowfalls—and winter sports "snow-bunnies" arrived in droves. Hotels and camps remained open all year—and made money. Only fur-farms gave up the struggle to make a profit and went out of business. Now there are homes and blacktopped roads where fox-farms used to be and little is left to indicate that they ever existed.

The mountainsides bear wide bald scars that are winter-sports developments. And, as a friend said recently, "One big roof over the village of Big Bear Lake and it would be just one big midway and honky-tonk!" Only the mountains and lake remain recognizable to the old-timers who worked there fifty years ago.

Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 44)

there were serious strike situations among the miners and, as I recall, the State Militia had to be called out to keep down bloodshed.

What Mr. Tidwell wrote about the baseball clubs of those mining towns is all true. All mining towns of the Southwest in the days before World War I had good baseball teams. That was known as the "baseball era," and football was played very little there in those days. Occasionally a player would be recruited into the major leagues from the mining camps. I've known that to happen.

The teams from various towns would visit back and forth with games here one weekend and there the next. An amusing incident at Lordsburg in the early part of the century occurred when an athletic team of girls from the East, called the Boston Bloomer Girls, stopped over there on a tour of the Western states. They liked to play baseball with high school or college boys, although basketball was their specialty. Not finding any such team there that was a match for them, they foolishly undertook to play the men's team and got beat. They became a wiser, though sadder, bunch of lovely girls at the time.

The sponsor of our high school boys' team at Lordsburg at the time I write about was J. S. Brown. We all wore baseball suits and had good equipment and could put on quite a show ourselves. Mr. Brown was the first Ford automobile dealer in town, and he drove us in his Model T Ford touring car one Saturday to nearby Duncan, Arizona for a game. There were eleven of us besides him piled into and on the car. Incidentally, we won that game. I mention this because that was a little traveled dirt road in those days, and very rough. That little Ford was the first auto of any kind that ever went over it, and today it's a busy highway.—Harry F. McClure, 1424-½ North El Paso, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80907

TRAILS
GROWN
DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Ford-Morrison

I would like some information on these men and their families. Albert Ford married Etta Wells and moved to Tennessee. His parents were Solomon Ford and Sarah E. (Morrison) Ford. They married in 1812 in Tennessee where Sarah's folks lived. The Morrisons came from North Carolina before that. Albert Ford had children, Ernie and Bertha.

Parents of the following men were Joseph Franklin Ford and Harriett Constance (Scott) Ford: William Ford, a brother to George and Shallum; George Green Ford, married Nancy ——? and lived in Arkansas. They had the following children: Ollie, Rosa, Amy, Ellen, Tommie, James, Cecil, and Pauline. Shallum (Shale) Ford lived at Paragould, Arkansas. I believe these men were in the Civil War. Any help will be appreciated.—Wilma Grothoff, R.R. #1, Bonnie, Illinois 62816

Clark

I am seeking information about a pioneer called Hunter Clark. The name could be O. P. Clark or H. O. Clark. He was the first man to live in what is now Austin, Minnesota. He came in 1853 and settled in the northwest quarter of section 34 Lansing township. The next year he brought his family. He sold his claim to a William Bouldler and was last seen in Idaho. He is believed to have taken several head of cattle when he left Minnesota. Any information about him or his ancestors will be greatly appreciated.—Richard E. Hall, 304 10th Street N.W., Austin, Minnesota 55912

Reese

I am trying to locate some of my father's family whom I have never met. My father was Jim Reese, born somewhere in Arkansas about 1882. He had one brother and three or four sisters. I would like to hear from any of them or their children. His brother, Wilkes Reese, was married to Louise(?) who was an Indian. They lived in Ardmore, Oklahoma about 1935 or 1936. His sister, Mattie Reese, married John (?). They lived in West Texas in the late '30s or early '40s.

Alice Reese married (?), and lived in California. Ada married (?), and lived (?). Any and all information will be appreciated.—J. L. Reese, Route 1, Box 58, Livingston, Texas 77351

Pyle

I would like to contact descendants of two of my great-uncles who went West following the Civil War. David M. and James Marion Pyle lived in Fayette County, Georgia prior to the Civil War. Their father was Samuel Pyle.

James Marion Pyle was born September 27, 1835. He served in the 53rd Infantry in the Civil War. He was wounded and later captured in Virginia. He moved to Arkansas and is believed to have died there.

David M. Pyle born December 25, 1820, settled in Atlanta, Texas. He supposedly raised his family on a farm there. I don't know his wife's name, but I do know she was blind in her old age.

My grandfather was Elisha Rosser Pyle. He was a younger brother to the above mentioned. He also served in the Civil War. He was married to Sallie P. Burk and is buried in the College Park Cemetery, Atlanta, Georgia.

Anyone who can furnish information about my two great-uncles would be greatly appreciated.—Samuel B. Pyle, Route 3, Box 92, Carrollton, Georgia 30117

Wood-Cox-Rhodes (Roads)

Would love to hear from kinfolks or relatives of the following people. Samuel H. Wood, who married —?— Cox, lived around Bell County, Texas, 1886-87-88. They had a son Theodore Watson Wood, born July 25, 1888 in Bell County, Texas. They had a daughter Burneice Elizabeth Wood, born March 25, 1890 around Waco, Texas. She is my mother. Theodore (Watt) Wood married Cora Jane Devers from Valley Mills, Texas on December 22, 1912. Burneice (Betty) Wood married Simon P. Wilkins.

Samuel H. Wood had a brother, John Wood and sisters Lucy, Mernever, Milissia, and Nancy Wood. I believe John Wood settled in Oklahoma.

I think Lucy Wood married a Crockran and had sons Isral, Rufus, James, Will and Johnny. John Wood had sons, David, Henry, Acy and Johnny. David lived in Temple, Texas a few years back. Henry married Stella Cox. John's daughter married John Hair, and one daughter married Antonio Rhodes (Rush) or Roads. I will answer all letters I receive and will appreciate any information.—Mrs. Harriet Holland, Route 1, Box 146, Galveston, Texas 77550

Skellenger

I would like information about my dad's family. His name was Zura Skellenger. He was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania February 16, 1871. His father's name was Halsey Skellenger. We do not know his mother's name. He came to Oklahoma (at that time Indian Terri-

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tory) around 1887. He was sixteen years old at the time. He married Annie Leonard. He died at the age of eighty-three, and is buried at Hartshorne, Oklahoma. At this date it has been over seventy years since we have had any word from his relatives. The last letter came to Gowen, Indian Territory in 1902.

My dad's brother, George Skellenger, came to Indian Territory in search of my dad. He got to the town near where he lived, but was unable to locate him and while returning to Pennsylvania was killed in a train accident.

My dad's brothers' names were Laythette, Allen and George. His sisters' names were Emmy, Carey and Indi.

I would like to hear from any Skellengers or descendants who can give me any information about the family.—Emery Laythette Skellenger, 1438 Pennsylvania Ave., Hartshorne, Oklahoma 74547

Boyd

I am trying to locate a Dorothy Boyd from Port Lavaca, Texas. She married a man named True Love. She had three daughters, one named Bernice. She then married a man named James Howard Hoffman, who was in the United States Army, on December 2, 1943 in Port Arthur, Texas. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of this woman or any of her known kin, please write. I last heard from her March 16, 1945.—Eola Maley, Box 187A, 1430 Maley Road, Cove, Texas

Neyens-(Van Neyens)

I would like information on any ancestors of my father, Howard Frank Neyens, from Muscatine, Iowa. He was born in 1899. All letters answered gratefully. I believe the name was Van Neyens at one time.— Art Neyens, 525 N. Locust, Prineville, Oregon 97754

White

I would like to contact anyone who could give me any information, no matter how remote, about my grandfather, Charles Dixon White. He came from Texas to Alabama when he was a young man. He brought mules from Mexico to sell here and never returned. He married my grandmother, Ida Hooper, and settled in Clay County, Alabama. He never talked about any of his family except his brother, Jim White who, he said, explored Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico and carved either his name or initials in it. He had a sister who visited him once but no one remembers her name. I think that he was born in a covered wagon somewhere near the border of Texas and Oklahoma in the 1840s. We have a picture of him taken with another cowboy, McGeehee or Geehee. Any information, no matter how small, might be of some importance to me.—Mrs. Shirley W. Johnston, 308 East 4th St., Sylacauga, Alabama 35150

Taylor

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of a woman named Trudy Taylor who used to live in Post, Texas, please contact me. She would be seventy-two or seventy-three. Her father was R. B. Taylor. She had several brothers and sisters. One brother was Albert.—Mrs. G. W. Self, Montague, Texas 76251

Newell-Hughs

I am looking for anyone who can give me some information on John Newell, born October 15, 1810 in Ohio, and died January 18, 1879 in Putnam County, Missouri. He married Anna Eliza Hughs July 15, 1838. She was born February 22, 1822 in either Ohio or Indiana, and died May 6, 1904 in Putnam County, Missouri. Eleven children were born to them, nine of which reached maturity: Nancy (Thornburgh); Emanuel; Caroline (Wilson); Hiram; Joseph; Alice (Dormer); Harry; Laura (Bradshaw); and Jennie (Mowrer).

John and Eliza homesteaded in what is now Mahaska County, Iowa in 1840, and in 1866 moved to Putnam County, Missouri. I would like to hear from anyone of their relatives or anyone who can give me any information on John and Eliza or their kin. The children scattered to Arkansas, Kansas, and one supposedly homesteaded in Nebraska. Any information will be greatly appreciated.—Judith Newell, 1861 South 32nd, Kansas City, Kansas 66106

Peel-Pearman

I am seeking information about my grandfather, William Henry Harrison Peel (Will Peel). The only documented thing I have found is a marriage date, December 25, 1873, to Louisa Elizabeth Sylvester. They had six children: Frank,

(Continued on page 54)

I Need Some Answers BAD!

(Continued from page 3)

I wrote the following a month ago but it is just as timely as it was then.

Thanks A Heap, By Golly!

THE TIME I am writing this is early September and things are popping all over the world. Just about everything you hear, read, or think about is BAD. This confounded inflation thing has even got the Bull Durham rollers worried. (For you youngsters, Bull Durham was, and maybe still is, a tobacco that you rolled on your own and it makes a plumb fair cigarette. Better than smoking grapevines anytime.)

Inflation has already got two magazines in our field and several more are looking around for somebody to make them an offer. So I think it is time to thank you readers for what you are doing to help *us.*

I am feeling so good about the letters we are receiving now that I may get a little silly, so please bear with me. Even with "hard times and depression" being mentioned on the newscasts and in newspapers, our subscriptions, book orders, back issue orders and the whole works are holding up. The only thing that has dropped some is our newsstand sales. If we can hold them where they are—or maybe get them boosted up a little, we can weather out the dadburndest storm, depression, and anything else except a complete downfall of the nation—which we just can't afford to let happen. If everybody starts running scared, *it could.*

You know, for years I have asked our readers to "Pull 'Em Out!" on the newsstands since a magazine just can't sell if it is covered up. You have done a wonderful job on this. Some of you good folks have possibly gone a little too far and put them up in front of the really big magazines—and that sort of makes the distributor cuss under his breath because he wants them to stay in the general vicinity of where they are but he doesn't mind them being *uncovered.*

Here is an example that just came in twenty minutes ago of the kind of help that will see us through just about anything. In our letters department and in my so-called "editorials" we try to keep too many "Your magazines are terrific, wonderful, the best thing that has happened since (fill in anything that you think is the best thing that has happened since. . . .)" because that's pretty monotonous stuff for the average reader. But here is this one, just about like it came in.

"Dear Joe and all, Thank you wonderful people who publish the best western magazines I've ever read. That old FRONTIER TIMES (Hunter's) is absolutely outstanding.

"I have lived in this neighborhood about a year and find your magazine not displayed in the most prominent space. Therefore, I found a *front* shelf about four and a half feet high. I made room for all three of your western magazines displayed together. In about two weeks they were all gone. Today I looked again and that spot is still vacant so I am hoping to get the same space when the new ones come in. These people have one of the biggest displays of magazines I have ever seen. I will continue to do this for you and for my own pleasure and benefit. Hope you much personal health and happiness.—Jean Allen, 1027 Eye Street, Bakersfield, California 93304.

Sonofagundoggone! How in the double-hootenannying heck can any business fail with that kind of cooperation! So if you gents and gentle sweet ladies will continue tapping old Dobbin on the rump with your whup, we'll get this buggy through rains, snow and muddy gullies.

I'm kind of surprised, though, that they are letting Jean get by with giving us full display. Maybe there are so many magazines on that newsstand that they just haven't noticed it. From an all around standpoint, the best thing is to let them stay where they are, but pull them out to where people can see them—we are getting new readers all the time who didn't know we existed.

Also, I am going to tell you a secret—if you have a few extra bucks it wouldn't hurt a thing to send some gift subscriptions, and renew or extend your own. It actually won't hurt us a bit! With everything falling out like it is, I would kinda hate to put two to fifty dollars into gift subscriptions like some of you are, but you've got my personal guarantee that this money won't be wasted 'cause we are gaining ground in the face of all this hardship stuff because of *you*—every dang one of you!

I just never could stand to see a grown man cry. So maybe I better stop flabbergasting off at the mouth or I might start bawling like a kid in appreciation, and you would think old Hosstail had lost his goobers.—"Hosstail"

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 52)

Mary Jane, George, Jim Willie, Agnes and my father Hollis. I have been told that Will Peel killed a relative of one party or the other over the love of Elizabeth Sylvester. It is also said that he was a Texas Ranger.

I would also like any information about my Great-grandfather James L. Pearman, born November 22, 1834, and married Mary Gentry (Gentry was not her maiden name) November 10, 1859. They had two sons, John Wiley, 1861; and Charles Alexander, 1866. He served in the Civil War and died shortly after returning home from the war. It is said that his death was caused from black gas while digging a well. After his death his second son Charles was born. I am told that he homesteaded where Fort Worth now stands. The family was considered wealthy and had many slaves. At the close of the Civil War he had to free all of the slaves and lost his land. He was practically left penniless. I would appreciate any information anyone may have on the above mentioned ancestors of mine. All letters will be answered.—Mary A. Thompson, 1200 Buena Vista, Barstow, California 92311

Ruckman

Can anyone give me information on John or Thomas Ruckman? The name of Ruckman is fairly rare and probably in the distant past we had common ancestors.

My father's name is Roy. He was born 1898 in Boone County, Arkansas. His father was Jody and came from Chicago, Illinois. I would appreciate any type of information concerning the Ruckmans. —Les Ruckman, Rt. 1, Box 400B, Muldrow, Oklahoma 74948

Marx-Lawrence

My grandparents were homesteaders near De Smet, South Dakota. They were Nicholas and Theresa (Lawrence) Marx, who went to Dakota Territory to homestead from a log cabin home on St. Joseph's Ridge near LaCrosse, Wisconsin. Grandfather had come from Luxemburg and Grandmother from Austria around 1860. Our family would like to hear from anyone who had relatives named Marx or Lawrence who might have come over from the Old Country about then, or who might be relatives.—Mrs. Henry Deters, 1100 Nelson Road, Raton, New Mexico 87740

Latham-Potter-Dalton-Kell-Tibbetts-Spence-Dixon-Bowen-Tenninelle-Clement

I would appreciate any information on the following family names:

Albert Kaughman Latham and Nettie Cordelia Potter married December 25, 1876 in —?—, Texas. A. K. Latham, son of Thomas Jefferson Latham, was married three times to (?). Nettie was the daughter of Katherine Dalton and Richard Marion Potter, son of Nancy (?) and (?) Potter. Katherine Dalton was the daughter of (?) Dalton and Jane Permelia Kell. Jane was the daughter of Elizabeth Fields and James Kell.

Sylvester Tibbetts came from a family of sixteen brothers and sisters, and was married five times to (?). One wife was Tabitha Reeves.

I would also like information on the families of Sallie Spence who married John Hull; E. Arnold who married E. Evaline (?) Edmonia (?) and a widow, Mrs. Meece McElhannon; and the families of Dixon, Bowen, Tennielle and Clement who were relatives to John Wesley Hardin. As I figure it, they are related by several marriages among the families. I am mostly trying to find the Tennielle relationship.—Vivian Aasby, Box 38, Holabird, South Dakota 57540

Chaney

Will someone please help me to locate some descendants of my great-grandparents who were Hezekich and his wife Deborah (Brogdon) Chaney. Their children were: James William, Phoebe Jane, who married George Looney; Susan Catherine, George, Hezekiah, John Frank, Alice, who married Sam Goodin or Goodwin; Robert, Lucy Lee (died young) and Luther Matthew. This was not necessarily the order of birth. They were in Arkansas and Indian Territory. If anyone knows of any of these people or any of their descendants, please get in touch with me. My grandmother died when my father was about four years old. We've looked and searched for years.—Virginia Curnutt, 1417 Breckon Dr., Hobbs, New Mexico 88240

Man and Beast on a Crash Course

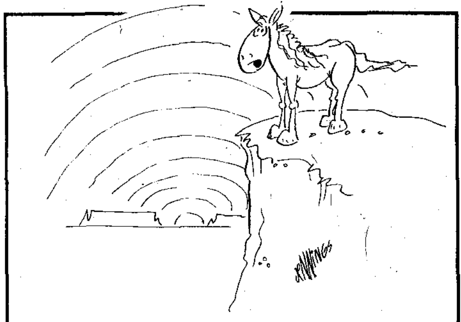
(Continued from page 19)

This second night of sleeplessness was too much for him, however; before morning he succumbed and closed his eyes. Suddenly he was awakened by a panther's hideous scream. "I shivered with terror to the marrow of my bones," he commented later. "In fact, I did not feel comfortable until I heard the call again, apparently a great distance away."

But still no sight of the grizzlies. Remembering the reaction to his yelling the time he had encountered the male grizzly in Oregon, Adams let forth a shriek and bellow that would have made Tarzan envious. A loud snort of surprise sounded in the den, followed by growling; a huge grizzly rushed out and reared back on her hind feet.

As the mother grizzly stood in profile, Adams, looking across the canyon, drew in his breath and whistled loudly. Immediately the animal wheeled and gazed directly at him, presenting a perfect target.

Adams fired. The bear fell backwards and pawed at the ground, a sure sign that she had been fatally hit. Adams dropped his rifle, ran forward and shot the bear with his six-gun, then lunged upon her and drove his Bowie knife into her body. At last she was quiet and Grizzly Adams stood over her huge, lifeless form, feeling—as he put it—"like a conquerer of a huge monster."



"It ain't no fun being a wild white stallion all alone on a mesa top at sunset. I'm lonesome!"

As soon as he was sure the bear was dead, he made a torch of twigs and entered the cave. There were two small cubs, only a week or so old. "I was as proud as a peacock," said Adams. "Had I found a rich vein of gold I couldn't have been happier."

Thrusting the two cubs under his buckskin jacket, he hurried back to the place he had left his mule. The animal was gone. Thinking it had been stolen, he searched the area and found panther tracks, then remembered the screaming he had heard the night before. Some distance away he found the mule, with large scratches on its back. Apparently it had been attacked by the panther but had broken loose and escaped.

Adams hurried to camp and proudly told his story to his partner. He gave his friend one bear and kept the other for himself, naming it Ben Franklin. The two hunters had brought a female greyhound and her pups into the mountains with them; they killed all but one of the pups and placed the two bears in their place. After some rumpus, the mother accepted them and they were nourished on her milk. The puppy "Rambler" they spared became the playmate of Ben Franklin, perhaps Adams' most famous bear.

RESTLESS AGAIN, Adams decided to attempt a trip to the Rocky Mountains. With a new partner, a man by the name of Gray, Lady Washington, Ben Franklin and Rambler the puppy, he crossed the Sierra and fell in with a band of Indians. What a sight they must have made! Grizzly remarked that his partner had long hair and a beard. "A very manly looking person," said Adams.

Without roads to guide them, they lost the main immigrant route but managed to work their way over the divide and down the eastern slopes into the Walker River area. There they separated from the Indians and proceeded to Carson River and the Humboldt Mountains, where they intended to hunt the "Purple Panther," a legendary species rumored to inhabit those mountains. Encountering neither purple panthers nor signs of them, they started across the rough desert toward Salt Lake City.

The hot sands and rocks of the Great Basin caused Ben Franklin's feet to become painfully sore and swollen, and Adams decided to make elk-hide moccasins for him. After fighting them for some time, the bear finally gave up and wore the moccasins until his feet were completely healed. Adams not only tamed grizzly bears but also taught them to wear footgear!

Grizzly Adams tarried for awhile in the mountains, hunting and selling meat to passing immigrants. As the season grew to a close, his partner left him to go to his home in Mississippi and Adams turned West again. During his hunts, he

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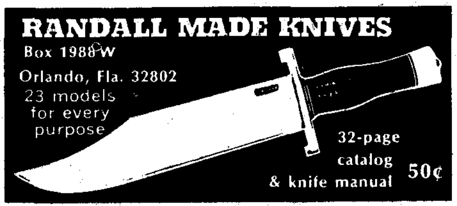

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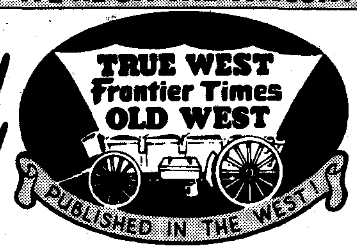

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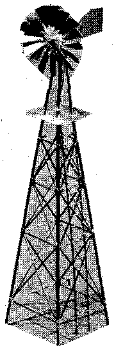

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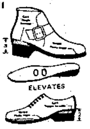

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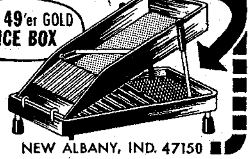

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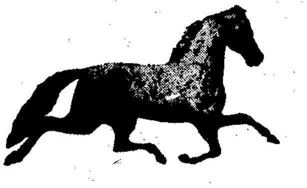

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had captured two young grizzly cubs; one of them, Funny Joe, became almost as devoted a pet as Ben Franklin and Lady Washington.

At his old camp at the head of the Tuolumne River, Grizzly came across the largest bear tracks he had ever seen and immediately made plans to capture the beast alive. Helped by Stanislaus and Tuolumne, he built a huge log trap with a drop door. Three nights later they were awakened by a loud roaring and tearing noise in the trap. They rushed to the scene and discovered one of the biggest —and most ferocious—bears they had ever seen.

For several days the men worked constantly, repairing and reinforcing the trap. When finally the grizzly became quiet, Adams went to the Howard Ranch and had a strong crate built. With great difficulty they got the bear inside and hauled him to the ranch for safekeeping. Adams, estimating the grizzly's weight at 1,500 pounds, named him "Samson."

Leaving Samson at the ranch, Grizzly Adams returned to the coast ranges to hunt elk, deer and bears, and on one occasion was nearly poisoned after eating panther meat. He had been skinning it when a passerby mentioned how nice the meat appeared. Adams assured him that it was edible and they made a meal from the liver and tenderloin cuts. In a few hours both were deathly sick. After his recovery, Adams hunted in the Livermore country and furnished many immigrants with meat.

ON A TREK from the Coast Ranges to Tulare Lake, across the hot San Joaquin Valley, Ben Franklin became ill. His feet were sore and blistered and Adams had run out of water. Finally Ben lay down and would not continue. Adams made a sun shade from a blanket and hurried away to find water. He returned with a canteen and as Adams remarked later, "He did drink several quarts of water greedily, however, and raised his eyes to me in true appreciation." But the bear still would not move. Adams hurried back to the Coast Range, arriving at his old camp in the middle of the night, and hustled his partner out of bed. With a team of oxen they drove back to get the bear.

With great difficulty, for Ben was a mighty specimen, they succeeded in getting him into the wagon and back to camp. They stayed by the spring for several days until Ben felt better, then outfitted the bear with moccasins and went on their way.

This man, who had killed so many bears, many of them no doubt needlessly, nevertheless was deeply devoted to his pets. This devotion was returned, for probably no wild animal in the world is more devoted and friendly than a tamed bear.

As Adams was walking through dense brush one day on the Tuolumne, he heard a twig crack and looked up to see a huge grizzly with three cubs bearing down on him. He raised his rifle to fire but the charging beast struck it from his hands and toppled him to the ground. Ben Franklin and the dog Rambler immediately came to his aid. Ben grabbed the mother by the throat. As they fought, Adams rolled away and got to his feet. An ear-piercing yell stopped the bear fight and gave Adams the chance he wanted. He raised his rifle, fired, then rushed at the mother grizzly with his knife.

Adams did not realize he had been hurt until the bear was dead. Then aware of considerable hemorrhaging from his scalp, he put his fingers to his head and located a deep wound. Returning to camp, he treated Ben, who also had been painfully wounded, and dressed his own injury.

Courtesy United States Department of the Interior, National Park Service

The breadth of this Yellowstone grizzly, and the claws, indicate the formidable opponents Adams faced.

Grizzly Adams next turned southward, exploring and hunting around the Tejon Pass. He spent some time in Hideout Canyon, then ventured back to the Salinas Valley, arriving near the small Spanish town of Santa Margarita at full moon. A steep hill led down to the river. Although he knew he should not attempt such a venture in the darkness, he started down the hill.

His large wagon, containing gear and equipment and several caged animals, turned over, and the mules, animals, and all of his equipment rolled to the river's edge. After righting his wagon and reloading it, still in darkness, he endeavored to cross the river. The mules were up to their bellies when the wagon hit quicksand and started to sink. Adams got his team out but he had to leave the wagon and spend the night on the hillside.

After dawn some of the inhabitants of the town helped him get the wagon out of the river. "I am sure that no circus could have offered them more amusement," Grizzly Adams later remarked. It truly must have been funny—Grizzly in his rough frontier attire and wolf's head hat being escorted by two large grizzly bears, several caged animals, and a greyhound.

Shortly after this, Grizzly Adams made his last daring kill. A rancher in the Salinas Valley advised Adams that a bear had been killing cattle. Grizzly examined the tracks and concluded that the beast was a big one, worthy of a good fight. He removed the cattle from the corral where the bear had made a kill and took cover to await the marauder's return.

Ben and Rambler were restless and Adams had a time keeping them quiet. But shortly before midnight the wild grizzly made his appearance. He wandered about the corral fence, sniffing the air suspiciously, then scrambled over and moved toward his former night's kill. Adams decided to shoot when the animal turned in his direction. But sighting by starlight hampered accuracy; when Adams fired, the bear let out a huge roar but seemed not to be fatally wounded. Ben and Rambler tore loose and, snarling attacked the killer. Adams followed, wading in with his Bowie knife.

The struggle went on for some minutes. Hearing the awful commotion, the inhabitants of the ranch came running out and Adams had difficulty keeping them out of danger.

It must have been a terrifying thing: the roaring of the bears, the barking and snarling of the dog, and Grizzly Adams rushing about in the starlight slashing at the great bear with his blood-stained knife! But Adams and his pets emerged victors and he was decreed the hero of the neighborhood the next day.

AFTER a stop in San Jose, Grizzly went to San Francisco and opened what he called "The Mountaineer Museum." It contained a most remarkable exhibit of native animals, including the enormous California grizzly bears. Lady Washington and Ben Franklin were chained in the middle of the floor and the huge bear Samson, advertised by Adams as "the largest bear ever caught," was kept in a cage.

Adams spent several years operating this museum, then became restless and decided to take his menagerie to the East Coast. His devoted friend, Ben Franklin, had died from unknown causes on January 17, 1858. The *Evening Bulletin* of January 19, 1858, carried a long article on the great animal's death and headlined it, "Death of a Distinguished Native Californian."

Adams became quite ill in New York shortly after his arrival there. His scalp wound had never properly healed. Rounding Cape Horn, he had a scuffle with one of his animals and the wound had been opened again. The old mother grizzly was now having her revenge.

Death came to Grizzly Adams in 1860 at Neponset, Massachusetts, a long way from the Sierra Nevada where he often had said he wanted to die. "There would I fain to lie with Ben, Lady, and Rambler among the eternal rocks and green pines," he had written.

The last known California grizzly was killed in Tulare County in 1922. Until the settlers with their firearms invaded the High Sierra, the California grizzly, with its size, its huge claws and vise-like jaws, had known no real enemy. Like the man who bore their name, they could not exist in the civilization that came to take and tame their rugged mountain land.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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WESTERN RAILROADING

The fabulous era of western railway construction is the subject of *The Railroaders*, (Time-Life Books, $9.95) by Keith Wheeler. A picture book with text, the volume by no means covers the complete Western railroad history, but it provides sufficient facts and illustrated material to give the reader a working knowledge of the subject. Photography of the period was not always sharp, hence some of the black and white photos are short on quality. Many, however, are very good, and reproduction of drawings and colored art is well done. Illustrations cover the gamut of early construction and operations which show grading crews at work, bridge building, laying of steel, rolling stock, Indian raids, passenger and freight traffic, and train robbers. Railroad folklore also gets a chapter. The text describes the men of vision who planned and organized the operation. Among this large group were Theodore Judah, David Starr Jordon, C. P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, Grenville Dodge, Mark Hopkins, Thomas C. Durant, and E. H. Harriman. Railroad financing and swindling among the robber barons represent a unique phase of Western Americana and this chapter got an entertaining review by Wheeler. Those with a flair for railroading will want this one.

RICH HEARTLAND!

The state of Iowa is one of the great natural resources of America, being first in crop production and second in cattle income. A scholarly dissertation of the state's chronology is given by Leland L. Sage in *A History of Iowa* (Iowa State University Press, $9.95). While the emphasis is on Iowa's remarkable political and economic history, there is a broad field of information capable of capturing the attention of those with a diversity of interests. Soils developed under several glacial advances and retreats, plus wind blown loose in the West, combined with high rainfall, accounts for the state's superior yielding power. An Indian word approximating Iowa, translates into Beautiful Land, symbolic of its pristine appearance to the red natives. Natural resources are described, including topography, geology, streams, forests and minerals. French explorers and merchants are recognized for their pioneering efforts among the native Indian tribes. Numerous European ethnic groups settled on Iowa's rich acres. The amalgamation of these individualistic people into a stable body politic called for heady strategy. After a succession of erratic stages of agrarian radicalism, a hard-core Republican political party emerged following the Civil War. The state's history is complete to 1973. Included is an impressive list of names as well as photographs, and deeds of area leaders for the past 300 years.

NEBRASKA RECIPES

Nebraska Pioneer Cookbook (University of Nebraska Press, $3.25) compiled by Kay Graber, gives a cook's-dozen of recipes tempting to a wide assortment of palates. Many of the dishes are as much Nebraska in point of origin as Willa Cather's *My Antonia*, yet readers will recognize some that are common in other Western states. You learn how to make jerky and pemmican, famous Indian foods which mountain men, explorers and other pioneers adopted as rich sources of nourishment, which were relatively microbe- and bug-proof. For dishes of a pure Nebraska origin, the author offers kolaches and roast duckling with sauerkraut, often available in small town cafes. For cow camps, son-of-a-gun-stew is the piéce de resistance. The recipe allows a camp cook unlimited imagination for selecting ingredients; the squeamish may resent unusual ingredients. No one will go hungry sampling the dishes provided by the author. We learned about tomato wine for the first time, but other types of fermented drinks were more appealing. There is a bonus chapter on helpful household hints where the reader can learn how to make vanilla extract, lye soap, hair elixir; fix corsets, remove warts, and also cure corns, headaches, and manufacture liniment for rheumatism. We recommend this for any household or camp.

HORSES

A new horse owner will profit from owning a copy of *Horses in Health and Disease* (Arco Publishing Company, $10.00) by James L. Naviaux, D.V.M. The author provides the reader with sound advice about selecting, feeding and grooming in order to avoid common ailments caused by poor feeding, wrong handling and other abuses. There is a good treatise on horse anatomy which prepares the beginner with facts about the animal's vulnerability to bodily injury and disease. Common ailments are discussed and simple remedies are recommended for easy-to-treat afflictions. First aid gets plenty of attention but the book is not offered as a handbook for replacing competent veterinary help when needed. The owner is given a basis for treating the horse for elementary distresses

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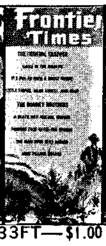
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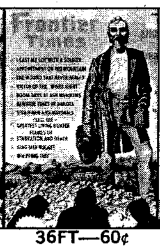
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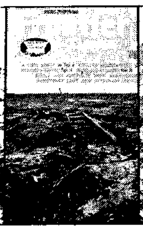
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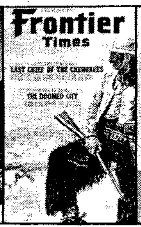
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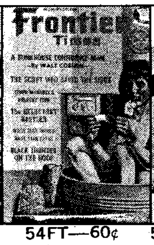
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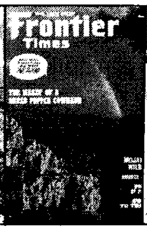
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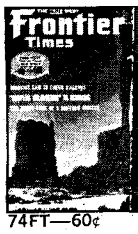
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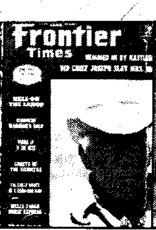
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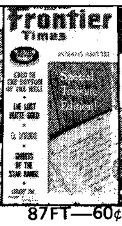
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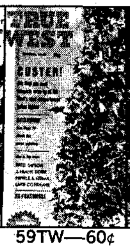
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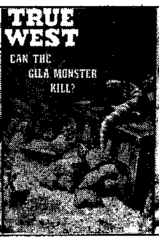
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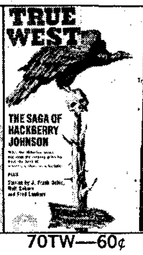
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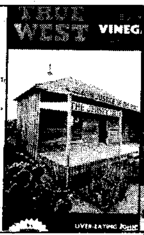
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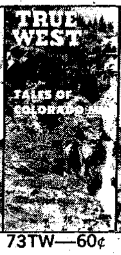
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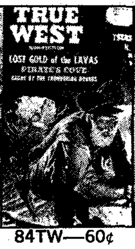
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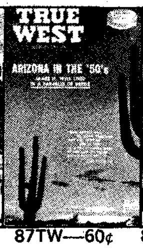
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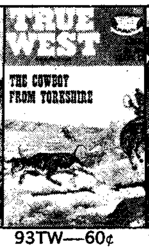
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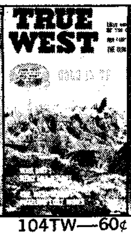
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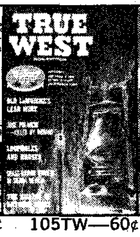
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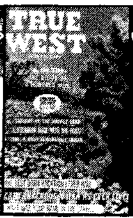
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BEST BUFFALO BOOK!

What J. Frank Dobie did for the Longhorn, Mustang and Coyote in his fine books, Dave Dary has done for the American Bison in *The Buffalo Book* (Swallow, $15.00). There are many similarities too—Dary has used the successful Dobie formula of combining fact, folklore and fiction into an entertaining and informative narrative. Dary must be given the nod for thorough research on the biological history of the great American beast—and if his writing lacks the lilt of Dobie in *The Mustangs*, he has included enough of the legendary tales to provide excellent balance. The importance of the buffalo in the lives of the American Indians has been emphasized in a number of other books as has the slaughter of the great herds for meat and hides. Adequate coverage of these events is provided but there is much more—the attempts of the Spanish settlers to domesticate the buffalo in the sixteenth century; the first attempts at conservation; the crossing of the buffalo with cattle; the legends of the white buffalo and surely a first, a 1972 census of the buffalo with locations and notes on the commercial production of buffalo meat. From a low of 800 in 1895 as determined by Ernest Thompson Seton, the Dary survey located over 30,000 buffalo in North America—a far cry from the "millions" reported by numerous travelers in the West from 1800 to 1870, but the population trend is slowly and surely upward. So completely does the text cover the entire subject that it fully merits a "definitive" rating—not often awarded in this column. The text is enhanced with over 150 illustrations including drawings by Lougheed, Remington, Russell, Seton et al, an excellent bibliography, adequate notes and an index. The Old Bookaroos are pleased to highly recommend this book by our former fellow member of the Potomac Corral, The Westerners.

WONDERLAND

Exploring Redwood National Park and California's Three Northern State Parks (The Touchstone Press, Beaverton, Oregon, 97005, $5.95) by Robert J. Dolezal, provides the visitor maps, illustrations and instructions on how to see and enjoy this natural wonderland. The 240-page guidebook includes information on gateways, trails, history, geology, weather, plant-life, wildlife, fishing, hiking, watercraft routes and facilities in separate chapters. The Redwood parklands were first opened to trappers after Jedediah Smith, mountain man, and explorer, with a retinue of trappers, explored there in 1828. In 1968 Congress established the Redwood National Park to protect the tall tree plant community threatened with destruction by lumbering and homesteading. About 2,000 native plants, plus numerous wildlife species and rivers and creeks, are protected in the park. The author's sections on history and prehistory are valid contributions about native Indians and the first European explorers along the California coast. This guide should be standard equipment for those visiting Redwood National Park.

A Pretty Lady Few People Knew

(Continued from page 34)

IT WAS on this visit that the strange, sadistic man said she might leave her cell long enough to have her picture taken, provided she would give him the negative. For the sake of her family she accepted, feeling it might be her last portrait. Less than two weeks later, she was stricken with diphtheria and this time she almost died. Yet even with a raging fever she held onto her defiance:

"Sunday, Feb. 26th. Major Price came and remained some time. How I dislike to see him. I thought I could detect a look of triumph as he saw me prostrated, as I was unable to speak except in a whisper, my throat blistered and a white handkerchief tied under my chin. He smiled and extended his hand when he entered, which I did not pretend to take. . . . I said in a whisper, 'Maj. Price I want you to leave me and enter my room no more until your stony heart has softened and you come to bring an unconditional release'."

There follows a lapse of two months in the diary, full of unspoken decisions, for the final entry, dated April 27th, marks a new direction in Lizzie's life:

"April 27, '63. Left home this morning bound for the long and perilous trip toward the land of gold, but few friends know of my intended journey and those few accompanied me to the cars, covered me with kisses and whispered in my ears warm prayers for future success and happiness. Then the shrill whistle sounded, the cars moved swiftly away—and in a few minutes old Hannibal so dear to me was hidden from our view, never perhaps to be seen again by me in life."

Lizzie Powell had been banished from Missouri—the only alternative that would save her life as well as the face of the local armed forces. She had been offered passage to any northern state, or she could have gone south—Maggie Creath did. But Lizzie chose neutral ground, the noncommittal stretches of the West only to be reached by a rough journey on an Overland coach.

Beyond St. Joseph, Missouri were a thousand miles of wilderness, and Lizzie, in delicate health, headed for the toughest corner of it—the brand new silver camps of Reese River Valley, Nevada where her brother was a prospector.

In the yearling town of Austin she took a job as schoolteacher; if there were children, there must have been other women. But accounts of the times mention only the men—rough, roistering, thirsting, fiercely greedy, yet sometimes abruptly generous. And non-partisan. The band played both the national anthem and Dixie before bidding started on the humble sack of flour which was auctioned off again and again across the Territory to raise several hundred thousand dollars for the new Sanitary Fund to help the prisoners of war back in the States—a forerunner of today's Red Cross.

IN THIS atmosphere of live-and-let-live, a strange thing happened. Much to Lizzie's consternation she fell in love with a Yankee lawyer. Alfred Hereford was from Missouri too, but had left before war broke out, making his way to Sacramento the long way around—down the Mississippi, by boat to Panama and across the Isthmus by shanks' mare. As he hiked up the west coast of Mexico he had picked up some pearly shells to be made one day into a pin for his bride. Now he thought he'd found her.

The courtship was a rocky one. Though Lizzie had lost her heart to him, she wasn't sure she could give her hand. For all her popularity, she had never been in love before; now here was a man who didn't share her political views. Confused, she took sudden leave for San Francisco to think about it at a safer distance.

Her first letter is all coolness. Addressing him as "Friend Hereford" she describes the hair-raising stage ride across the Sierra. Then as many another girl has done, tells prettily about how busy she's become and how many functions she expects to attend. A bit of gossip, then a sudden, revealing outburst:

"Oh, I *can't* write a love letter!"

"Friend Hereford" writes back in surprisingly stern tones.

"I must say, Lizzie, I was much disappointed in your letter, disappointed that it nowhere breathed of that warm, pure affection which I had hoped was mine . . . which I have believed was mine. . . . Why not let heart commune with heart?"

He proceeded to lecture her for some six pages. It must have shaken her up for she rushed to reply, calling him this time "My True Friend," and begging between the lines for his help.

"You express the hope that a few dark, unhappy months of my life have been forgotten. . . . Do you think the impress which sorrow leaves upon the heart so slight that a few waves of pleasure can efface it? Would to heaven I *could* forget. . . . I never questioned for a moment the justness of it [her loyalty to the South] until I met and loved you, *loved* not with the feebleness of a reflected ray from a sun that had set, but with an intensity, a depth I never knew until separated from you and endeavored to steel my soul against an affection which fate has decreed to be *hopeless*."

Yes, Lizzie could write a love letter. Now it was Alfred's turn to grow nervous. With all his lawyer's talents he pleads a case for matrimony:

"Why not try and shake off that cloud of sadness. . . . Drive such feelings away by filling your soul with bright anticipation, fond hopes. Could I have your love and company down that stream, then life at its fullest length would be short, short indeed."

Such argument fell on willing ears, for they were married two months later, just a year after Lizzie had left home with such a heavy heart. A daughter was born to them in May 1865. The wars, both national and personal, were over.

THE legal profession in those days was uncertain and overcrowded. In 1866 Missouri drew them home again, a yearning for familiar oak and walnut and wild persimmons. Settling in St. Joseph, Lizzie wrote her brother of a "pleasant little brown frame" with a well, stable

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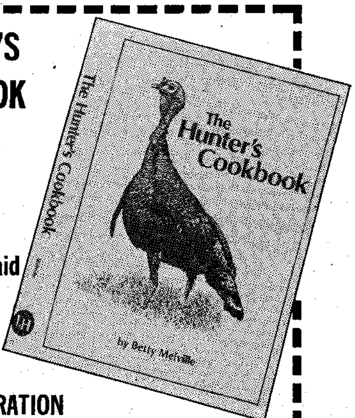

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and chicken coop. The rent was so high she had to take in boarders, and "Mr. Hereford," as she always called him, lacked the means to pay his own expenses in traveling the Circuit, so had to try to build a practice locally. Many attorneys were starving, but he managed to handle over forty cases his first year, thanks partly to Lizzie, as he wrote to his brother:

"I find her of considerable help in assisting me to gain an enviable popularity. She has been called on by the best and most fashionable of the City who evidently feel she is an acquisition."

Lizzie's own feelings about St. Joe's "most fashionable" were mixed:

"I have attended but one party this Winter—a social hop at the Pacific House. I was very much tempted to dance, but the old fogies here consider it such a grave offence, they expel you from Church for it. There is to be a grand Ball given upon the 22nd of February and I think seriously of going and perhaps dancing."

Missouri had changed; was no longer home. And times had been hard for the young couple. They'd lost their first-born. Their second child, Stella, was a tiny thing, subject to bouts of the same lung fever that still dogged her mother. After their son, Billy, was born they began to cast about for a healthier climate, yearning for the high dry air of the West.

The camps of Colorado were growing up by then. Two railroads had raced for Denver in the summer of 1870. Telegraph service, newspapers, amusements, even traveling theatrical companies now graced the gold country—Central City was known as a "good audience" town. The Herefords settled there briefly. Then in 1874 a Denver paper reported:

"Our city is brimful of visiting celebrities from all about the Territory. Among these is the Honorable Alfred P. Hereford of Central, law partner of Hugh Butler and one of the rising young attorneys of this country. He is accompanied by a very accomplished lady."

Already Denver was showing promise of being a key city, even if the cowboys did still race their horses down Larimer on Saturday nights. It was the right time and place for Lizzie. She rallied the wives of the new citizenry to found chapters of the Red Cross and the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and helped establish her church. But there was much dancing too, none of it frowned upon here, and other excitements. On one summer's jaunt Lizzie and Alfred went roughing it up into the mountains on a camp-out beyond the Continental Divide. In a long letter to her sister she writes:

"As we were passing over the Berthoud Pass of the Snowy Range the scenery was so fine that we all agreed we would need a new vocabulary to describe it. In one place we left the road and turned off to see a gorge where the waters of Fall River had forced a passage through the rocks leaving bare smooth walls on each side several hundred feet high. We had to prostrate ourselves upon hands and knees to be able to bear the sight."

Frontier life, however, did exact a price. Illness was a constant threat and doctors were scarce. In July 1877 Denver was going through a smallpox epidemic; Lizzie was fearful for the children. She had just had a miscarriage followed by a return of the old lung congestion that harked back to those long-ago days in prison. And even in her position as wife of a successful lawyer, she lacked for luxuries. There is a touch of wistfulness in the way she thanked her sister for a length of silk:

"I first had it made with basque and overdress. And I wore it on all occasions. This spring I made it into a polonaise and took the pieces and trimmed up the skirt, and it is still my best dress. It is an excellent piece of silk and bids fair to last me as long as I may need a dress."

FOUR MONTHS later, that hint of prophecy proved true. Lizzie was thrown from a runaway carriage, suffering head injuries which quickly depleted her slender store of energy. And on a peaceful Sunday afternoon in November she died. In the family Bible a bereaved husband wrote:

"If life was tempestous with her kind hand on the helm, what will it be now? But for my children, I should desire to cross the river too, for O how impenetrable the darkness that has come over my life seems."

Three years later he was to follow her, a victim of typhoid fever according to record, though family legend has it that he died of a broken heart.

The two orphaned children grew into a new world of machinery and speed and sophistication. Boisterous young Billy became the Paris bureau chief for a great New York newspaper. Pretty Stella had nineteen proposals of marriage before she chose a handsome, brilliant young lawyer. And it was she who carefully kept some fading pictures, a few fragile letters, and the leatherbound diary in which a beleaguered young girl had written so long ago:

"An officer came up to station guards, called for me and when I appeared, pointed to his dirty looking men and told them to know their prisoner, to look at me well and know whom they had to guard. I felt frightened for a moment, but it soon gave place to indignation and I said, 'Yes, take a good look, it may not be often that you see a *lady*'."

Two-Bar's Biggest Roundup

(Continued from page 21)

It was true that the cowpunchers worked from daylight to dark at dangerous, irksome duty for a niggardly $30 a month; and in most cases they were loyal to the company that paid their meager wages. But mighty few cowpunchers let their loyalty extend to the point where they'd risk being shot for Dear Old Yale, or Dear Old Two-Bar, or any other brand. And it looked as if they *might* be shot if they didn't hold up their herds and give the pistol-packing Forest Rangers and helpers time to tally the cattle onto the National Forest.

It was Haley's first real confrontation with the law. He came off second best. For years he had manipulated his taxes, ridden roughshod over the smaller cattle outfits and small ranches, and had gotten away with it. But Uncle Sam and his minions were something else and even the giant Two-Bar didn't cut much ice in a contest with them.

You might get the idea that Haley was a no-good, law-breaking and ruthless cattle baron. Not by any means. We knew Ora Haley well. When he'd come from his Laramie home to inspect his ranches and cattle in Moffat County, he would spend at least two nights at our ranch home. He could have stayed at one of his cowcamps, but didn't. Being another Irishman, he had a feeling for my Belfast-born father. Haley was a highly intelligent man, a quick thinker, and good talker. He and our folks enjoyed the liveliest conversations at mealtimes and after. Instead of riding or driving a Two-Bar horse, he always rented a horse and one-horse cart we had, to go to his Snake River Ranch. Our parents never accepted pay for his meals or for the horse and cart, although Haley always offered it. He did, though, reciprocate. A red calf that had been accidentally left behind by a shove-up was given by Haley to our family. But of more value was his action in the case of a Two-Bar steer Dad accidentally killed.

IT HAPPENED one hard winter. Snow was deep and even the coyotes couldn't find dry places to sleep. Two or three of them slept each night on top of a partly-used haystack behind our barn. Dad decided to try to get one, as the fur was prime and worth a whole dollar, a lot of money in those days. So when Dad went one early morning to feed the cows and work horses, he took along the shotgun, loaded with buckshot. He didn't get a shot at a coyote, so he set the shotgun just inside the barn door. A day or two later, as he crossed the road between house and barn, he was charged by a big, bony red steer owned by the Two-Bar. The animal had been missed on the shove-down that fall and had hung around with our cows since, it being then near Christmas time.

He was an evil brute, goring the cows away from their hay, chasing us kids, and now giving Dad a narrow escape through the barn door. Determined to try to stop this nonsense by peppering the steer with shot, Dad grabbed the shotgun and when the steer made another charge, let him have it. Dad had forgotten that he had taken out the light duck load and put in buckshot for the coyote. The steer came down, dead, almost at his feet.

After breakfast Dad hitched the team and dragged the steer down the road to near the bridge across Lay Creek, a distance of less than a quarter mile, but far enough so the odor would not bother us when warm weather came.

That same day, Sid Pugh, a Two-Bar employe and also a "stock detective," came along. He stopped and examined the steer. Usually Sid stopped at our house for a chat. This time he kept right on to the Two-Bar horse camp, two miles up Big Gulch. He probably knew that the Two-Bar foreman, Hi Bernard, was there.

In a few hours the big, soft-spoken Texan showed up at our house. After the usual greetings, he came to the point. "How about that dead Two-Bar steer down by the bridge, FitzPatrick?" he wanted to know. "Sid Pugh told me

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about it. Said he figgered maybe you might know something about it."

"Yes, I do," Dad said evenly. "I killed it."

"Y'mean *you* shot it?" Hi said in assumed surprise. He knew very well who had shot it.

"Yes. It was really an accident as I had forgotten I had buckshot in the shotgun. But it would have been the same if I *had* known," Dad told him. "The steer has been a nuisance. He has our milch cows scarred by his attacks; he has chased the children, and this morning he chased me into the barn and again charged when I showed up. I intended to burn him and scare him but the buckshot was too much for him."

Bernard always talked out of the side of his mouth. Now, with his lip drawn down, he told Dad: "This is mighty serious business, FitzPatrick. Killin' a critter that don't belong to you is *mighty* serious."

Dad made no reply.

"A fellow could go to the pen fer a thing like that," Hi pursued.

Dad still said nothing. (I'll bet he was doing some tall thinking, though.)

Hi scratched the stubby red whiskers on his chin, shifted his feet, and was silent for a time. Mother and we kids held our breaths.

"Something's got to be done about that there dead steer," Hi finally said. "Haley just don't stand for cattle killin' by no ranchers. I hate to make y' trouble, Fitzpatrick, we bein' friendly and all, but I got a job to think about and Haley's my boss. Maybe—I ain't saying so, but just maybe, he might stand fer y' just payin' fer the steer. I don't know. I guess maybe what I ought to do is jest go to the sheriff." He said this with some asperity, nettled at Dad's silence.

"What d' y' say, FitzPatrick? Y' want t' pay fer that there steer and t' settle it that way?"

"No, I don't think so," Dad replied evenly. "I think the thing to do is just wait until Mr. Haley comes and let him and me decide."

Hi nearly fell off his chair. It was a big thing to him, born and raised on cattle range and learning to despise cattle rustlers and those who killed the big outfits' cattle. To him Dad had just become one of them.

But he couldn't budge Dad, so after a lot of jangling he left without any definite decision.

"Good Lord, Tom," Mother said as soon as the door closed behind Hi. "Do you suppose that man will go to the sheriff?"

"I don't think so," Dad said calmly. "Hi knows that we don't rustle cattle, or beef any other people's steers. He knows as well as I do that I didn't try to hide the steer. Of course, he probably thinks I killed the steer on purpose—but he also knows that we and Haley are friendly. I don't think he's going to bother the sheriff."

It turned out that way, but better than we had expected. Early in the spring Haley showed up on one of his regular visits. After supper Dad told him about the steer. He also told him that Hi Bernard was quite properly concerned about the matter.

"I don't blame Mr. Bernard," Dad told Haley. "He is looking after your interests and naturally doesn't want people killing the cattle in his charge."

I wondered at Dad making excuses for Hi after the heated set-to they had had about the steer. At eleven I guess I was too young to understand about diplomacy and such things as "loving your enemies."

Haley was not at all put out by the matter. He knew quite well Dad was not stealing or butchering other people's cattle.

"It's unfortunate the animal bothered you and that the buckshot was in the gun," he remarked. "I'll speak to Bernard about it. I appreciate the way you have handled it."

That was the end of that. But it was not the last time Hi Bernard and Dad locked horns.

The author at the time of the Big Roundup.

WE HAD HORSES on the range and among them was a big white mare with a white colt. Riding out to check up on them, as we often did, I discovered, freshly imprinted on the cheek of the colt's rump, the "Heart" brand with which the Two-Bar marked their horses. The annual horse roundup was on. Probably some of the Two-Bar men had branded the colt by mistake.

The first time we saw the Two-Bar foreman passing our place Dad went out and hailed him. Hi stopped, turned his pony, and came back. Dad explained about the colt and asked Hi what he intended to do about it. Bernard tried his favorite tactic, a sort of mildly worded bluff.

"Now y' know what we'll do about it, FitzPatrick. Any horse with the Heart brand is Two-Bar property."

"But *this* colt is following its mother, our white mare," Dad objected.

"Well, now, y' and me know how colts are. Liable to foller any mare that will let 'em."

Dad looked at Bernard in amazement. That an experienced livestock man would voice such an idea was incredible. Even I knew better than that. I expected Dad to burst out in expostulation, but after a long silence he said quite calmly: "I don't think you and I can get anywhere talking about this. I'll just let it go until Mr. Haley comes."

What Hi might have said I don't know, for Dad just turned and went in the house. After a few moments Hi turned and galloped to catch up with the other cowpunchers.

I don't remember whether Dad and Haley talked about it or not. But at any rate, we kept the colt, it grew up, was broken to work, and much later was traded for some other animal. I'm fairly sure, though, that it was the only horse wearing the "Heart" brand to be kept by anyone in the region. All the Heart horses that didn't die were shipped to faraway markets; never sold locally.

So, I can say with authority that Ora Haley was a good man to meet, a pleasant guest, and fair in his dealings with us. But he liked money and would do almost anything to make, save and keep it. So it was that he resisted paying taxes and paying fees for grazing his cattle on the National Forest. The confrontation that challenged him and changed his ways was at the Big Roundup. And it *was* a big roundup. Just how big we shall see:

ART was riding with one of the cowpunchers of the Snake River Stockmen's Association. The name of this puncher escapes me. He was a tall, rangy, leather-faced fellow of about forty. He sat a horse as if he were a part of the animal. He had been on famous trail drives from deep in the Southwest to such places as Dodge City, Abilene, and Bovina. When encroaching settlers and the extending railroads brought an end to the trail drives, he drifted into Montana where the cattle business was already well established and big ranchers had taken over.

But Montana was too civilized for this rider so he drifted into the still-raw cattle range of Northwest Colorado. Sitting hip-shot in the saddle atop a ridge while the Association cattle poured through a pass onto the Forest Reserve, he and Art could see the valleys and hills covered by slowly moving animals.

"Take a good look at them there cows, Kid," the big puncher told Art. "You're probably lookin' at the biggest roundup ever seen in any country."

"You think so?"

"Ah shore do. Ah've knowed of some mighty big cattle drives. Ah've seed 'em comin' out of the chaparral and mesquite by the hundreds and coverin' what looked like half a county. But Ah never knowed of any such lot of cows as this. This here is one hell of a roundup."

Art knew this was one tremendous roundup. His curiosity stirred by the remarks of the big cowpuncher, he later asked Bill Wear, the Two-Bar wagon boss, what the total tally was.

"They tallied in 60,000 head," Bill told him, but it was more than that. A lot of cattle got in while the fracas with the Two-Bar and the Foresters was going on. I'd put it at probably 62,000."

I have talked with cattlemen from such places as Argentina and Australia, and others who had been on trail rides. From all I can gather, that roundup in 1909 may well have been the biggest ever held anywhere on earth. I wish I could have been with Art to see it.

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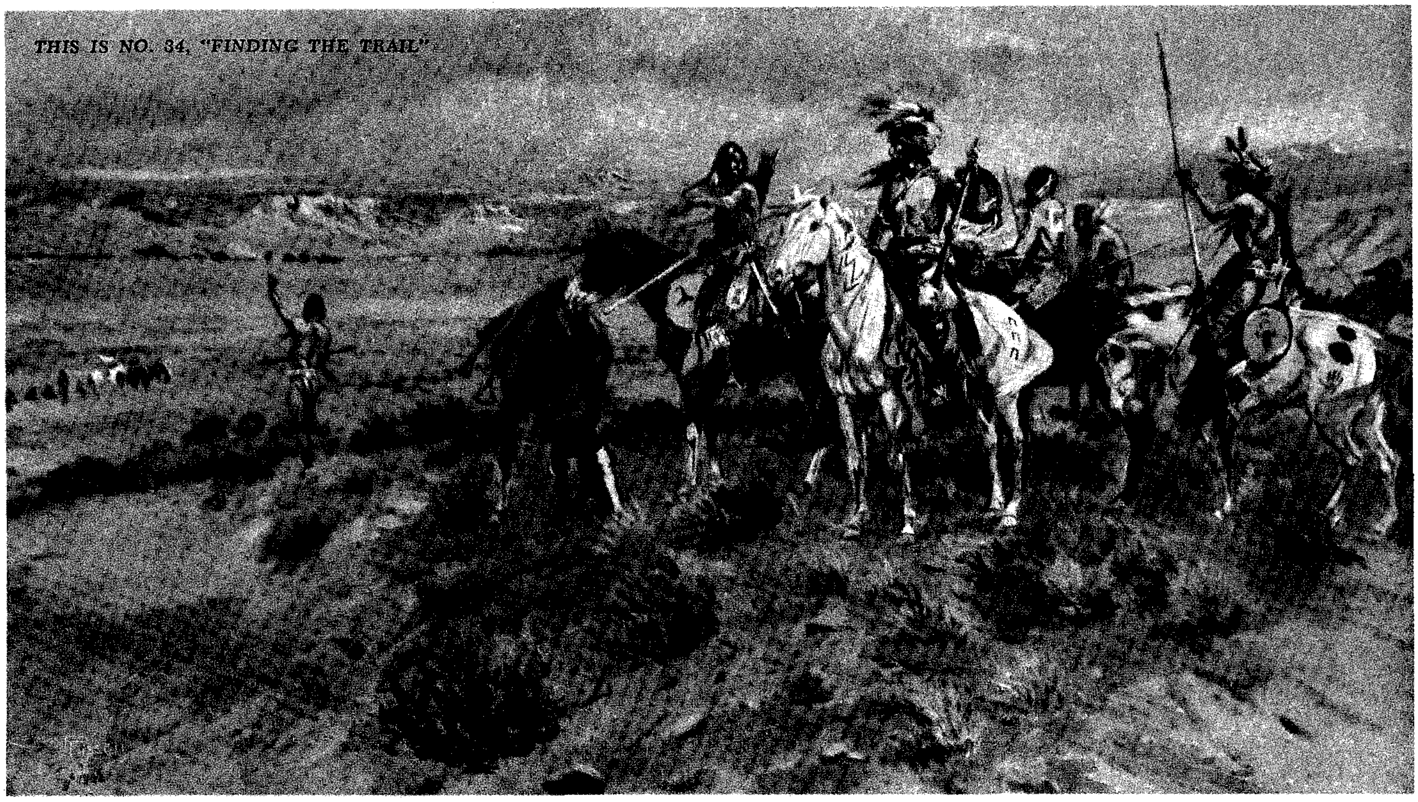

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2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Righ Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 11½x16
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation to the Sun, 11½x16
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 11½x16
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Trail of the Iron Horse, 16x11½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½

74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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